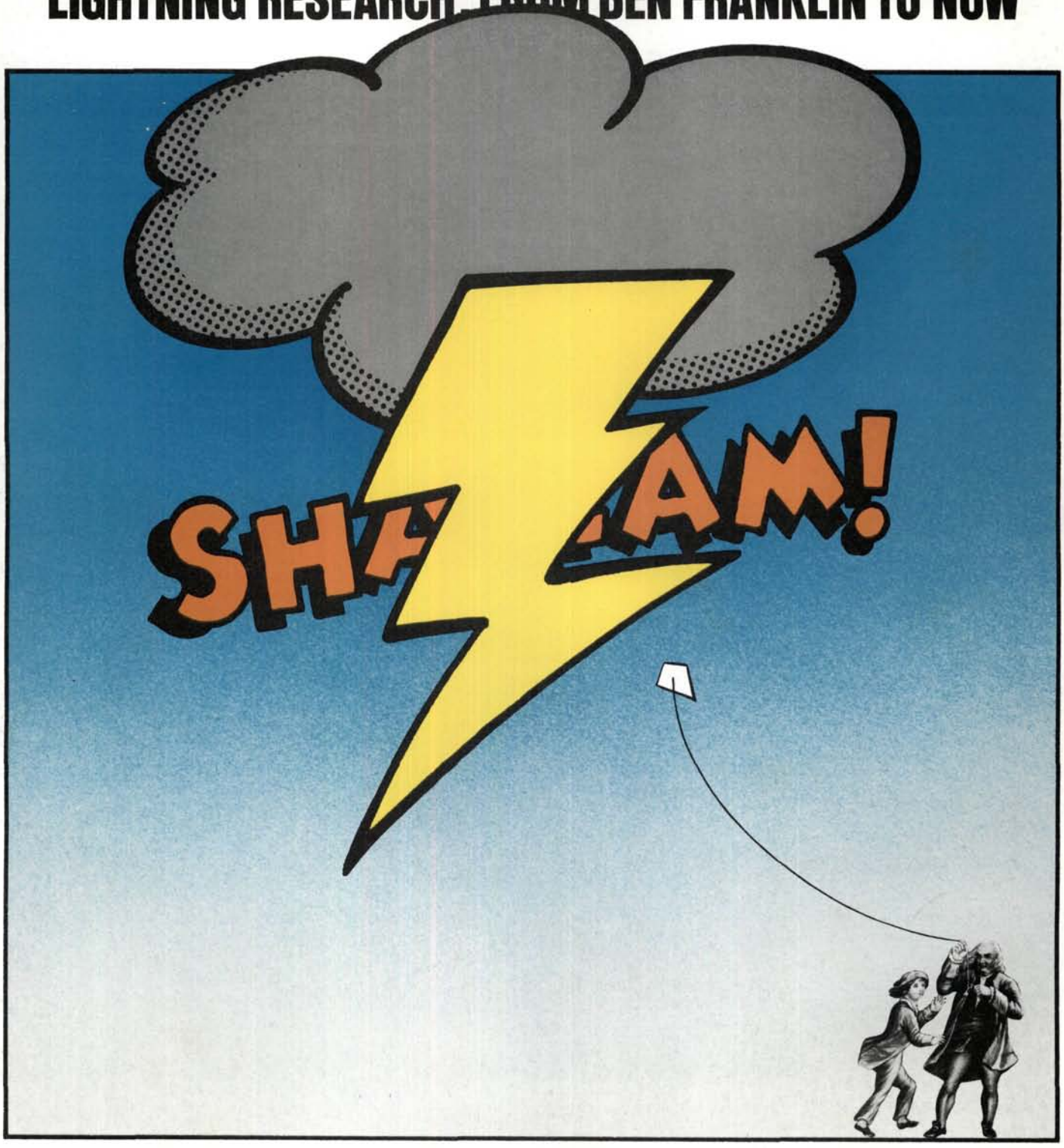
SCIENCE
Saturday Review
MAY 13, 1972 50¢

Strummin' Banjo in North Vietnam by Pete Seeger

LIGHTNING RESEARCH: FROM BEN FRANKLIN TO NOW



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Saturday Review

MAY 13, 1972

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There are a thousand places you haven't seen. And they're all in India. Come now.

Southern India

Change, that's what you need. Someplace really different. And that's India, particularly Southern India, where the ancient past survives in its purest form.

Summer is there now. But joyous spring weather greets you in the "hill stations" with their sparkling streams, alpine forests and modern comforts. Golf, tennis, anyone?

The Classical Dance

Madras, the least-Westernized of the four largest cities in India, is the cultural heart of the south and of India's classical dance, Bharat Natyam.

Film a young dancer as she moves her neck while keeping her head absolutely motionless. (You won't believe it unless you can see it again and again.)

Outside Madras, visit Mahabalipuram. See the world's largest stone frieze and play on one of the world's longest and most beautiful beaches.

City of Festivals

Madurai is a must; city of festivals, site of the Meenakshi temple and continuous, pleasant pandemonium.

Incarnations of several hundred deities from the Hindu pantheon look back at you from the temple walls.

In the month of Chaitra (April-May) there is a ten-day festival here that is perhaps more colorful and elaborate than any you've seen: Meenakshi Kalyanam (the wedding of the Goddess Meenakshi), the deities parading to trumpet and drum.

Lazy Safari

In Kerala, on the southwest coast, you can take what is probably the world's laziest safari. The Periyar Game Sanctuary encircles a long lake, allowing you to lounge in a motor launch as it drifts around bends revealing elephant families bathing, and deer, bison, taking a refreshing drink. You may even catch a glimpse of a tiger.

Western Comforts

Here, then is one small part of India and just a few of its fascinating sights. All along the way there are excellent hotels, restaurants, modern transportation . . . and a million smiling faces.

This friendliness of the Indian people is what you are most likely to remember. In a survey taken about the Indian character, the one trait which polled the highest votes was hospitality.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

"If You Turn on the Heat, I'll Start the Air Conditioner"

The frustrating two-control blanket is here to stay, for the simple reason that most married couples have different personal thermostats. Nobody knows why, but each warm-blooded human being seems to wind up with a cold-blooded mate. And that spells trouble, night and day. When my wife and I aren't doing battle with blanket controls, we're fighting each other over heater and air-conditioner dials. Sometimes we spend a whole day in the house, pitting various heating and cooling devices against each other in a series of moves, countermoves, threats, and counterthreats:

"If you turn on the heat, I'll start the air conditioner."

"Now that you've got that air conditioner going, I'm lighting a fire in the fireplace."

"It's so hot with that fire that I'm opening the refrigerator door."

"Since you've opened the refrigerator door, I'll just turn on the oven."

"Open the oven door, will you? Well, I'll just open the freezer door!"

At this point in the argument, all of our lights have been reduced to a dim romantic glow.

Two-zone heating systems (roasting-freezing) can also be found in family cars. In fact, the most frequent and frustrating Fahrenheit fights take place there. Whenever a man and a woman go somewhere in a car together, it's either too hot or too cold or too stuffy or too windy, and neither can agree which it is.

First, there's the sun problem. The sunny side of the street may be the place to direct your feet, but the sunny side of the car is a different tune by far. On a long, one-direction trip the only solution is either to change drivers or to turn the car around and back up for a while.

Unseen forces work against the traveling couple. For some reason, an open window on the passenger side affects the passenger only slightly, but sends a blast of cold air directly onto the *back* of the driver's head and neck. The reverse is also true: When the driver's window is opened, the driver experiences a pleasant motion of air, but the passenger screams and turns blue. Other interesting effects: Opening the left rear window freezes the passenger's right ear; cranking out the right wing window frostbites the driver's fingers. Science has never explained these phenomena. In fact, automobile designers don't even admit they exist. But it's high time that research on car drafts was started. Driving along with a blanket over your head, while your wife stares dreamily out of her open window, is a safety hazard.

Unfortunately, solving the devious-draft dilemma won't ensure a cozy ride. Nor will a sunless day. My wife and I find that we can spend a cloudy day in a car with all the windows at the same level and still fight over the temperature controls.

Our last vacation trip is a good example. After five minutes on the road, I began to perspire. Keeping one hand on the wheel, ever so slowly I reached over and nudged the "Heat" lever down. My wife's eagle eye detected the move, though. She responded immediately by giving the "Blower" knob a full upward twist, which I countered by pulling out the "Vent" control. That particular combination filled the car with swirling dust, and we shouted and groped for knobs in unison. (Auto manufacturers delight in changing the number, location, and design of heating controls from model to model, keeping everybody guessing. On some of the air-conditioned cars, the temperature and air switches far outnumber the car controls. Some switches aren't labeled, while others bear cryptic men's names like Max, Norm, and Reg.) My wife eventually found the "Defroster" lever, flipped it, and sent out a blast of hot air that knocked off my hat.

Forced by desperation to use an unethical tactic, I cranked my window wide open. The sudden, icy ray from behind stiffened her up so, she couldn't lean forward and reach the heating controls for the rest of the trip.

Men and women display a remarkable inconsistency in their hot-cold relationships. Although my wife was chilled to the bone during our long car journey, immediately upon arriving at our seashore cottage she cheerfully plunged into the cold ocean. Huddled against the sea wind, I stood and watched her from a distance. With only one extension cord for the electric blanket, I couldn't get very far from the house.

Later, I warmed up in front of a roaring fireplace blaze, carefully avoiding the draft from the window my wife had opened in the kitchen. Soon the aroma of a delicious supper wafted by, and all of our differences seemed forgotten. As I sat down at the table, she smiled tenderly at me. Then she slowly reached over and handed me a red-hot plate.

Dereck Williamson

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The story of a man who had to stop being a husband so he could get back to being a man

■ Ever since the *New York Magazine* cover story excerpt from John Koffend's book, A LETTER TO MY WIFE, people have been arguing about what the author did and his reasons for making his personal life public. Here's what it's all about:

A few months ago, John Koffend quit his well-paid editor's job at *Time* magazine, said goodby to his wife of nineteen years, left a terse note to his former mistress and lit out for Pago Pago, American Samoa.

He sold out, gave up, escaped. He succeeded in putting 12,000 miles between everything that might remind him of his marital failure, his professional success and his sexual jitters. He stopped living for other people, and began a new way of life. Dedicated to one person—himself. Was it a clear-cut act of cowardice, or one of a new kind of courage? That's what people are asking now.

A Letter To My Wife

by John B. Koffend

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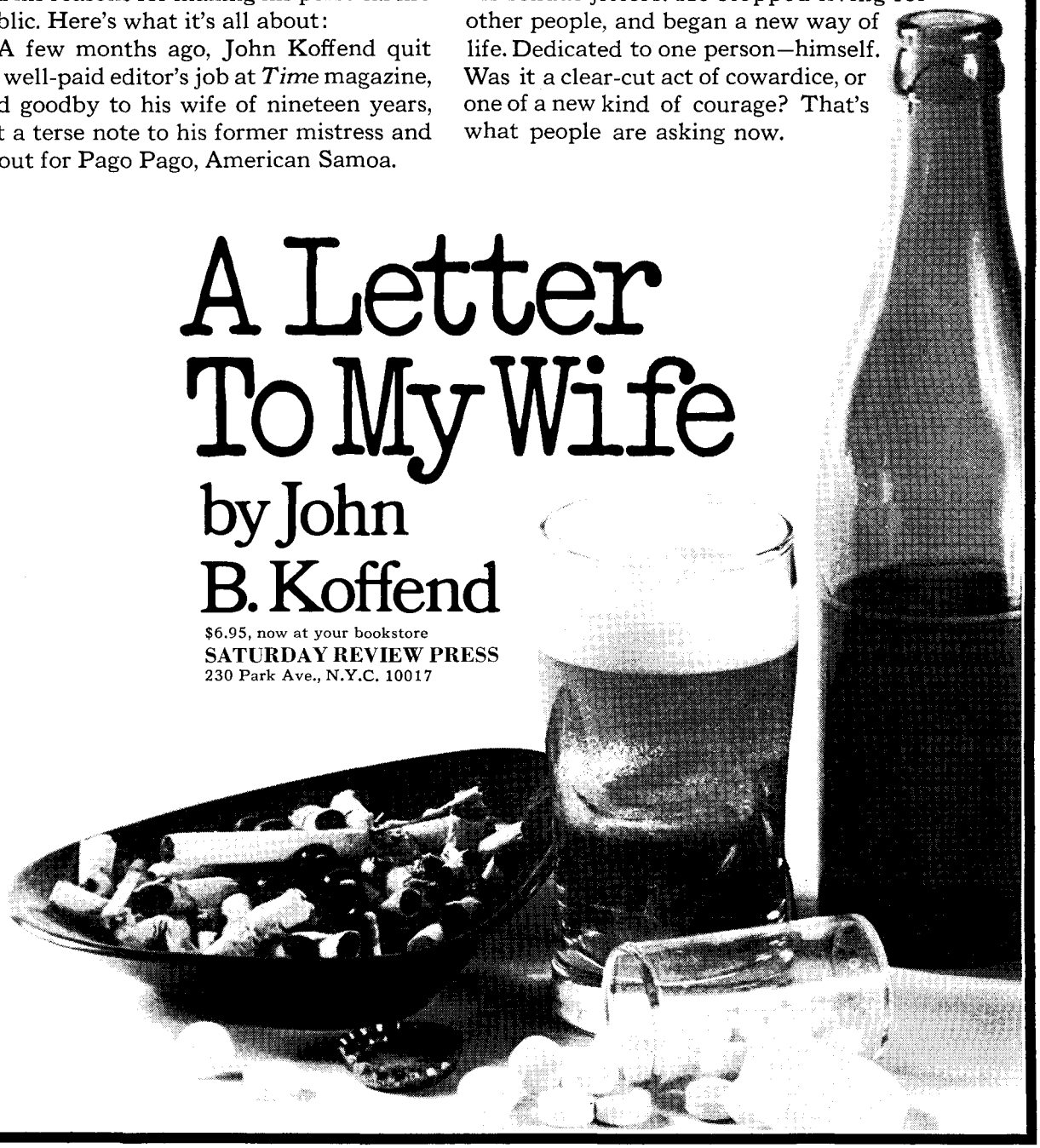

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Disconnect Me if I'm Wrong

Recently there was a spate of letters to the *SR* editor concerning an article by Nicholas Johnson of the FCC in which he suggested that AT&T should be broken up into manageable pieces or at least nationalized. Many of the letter writers agreed with Mr. Johnson. Can I get my ten cents' worth in here? In my usual role as champion of the underdog, I come now to the aid of poor, beleaguered AT&T.

The high rates charged by utilities and the outlandish costs of household repairs have made us all edgy. We rail at the inefficiencies of the big electric, gas, and water monopolies. We rant at private enterprise operators such as the TV repair man, the dishwasher repair man, and especially the plumber, who comes to repair a bathroom fixture at portal-to-portal prices and then notices he has forgotten his plunger and has to go back from our portal to his portal and fetch his plunger back to our bathroom portal.

In all the years we've had a phone, I can safely say that no AT&T man has ever forgotten to bring his plunger. Or whatever. At our office, for example, where there is a two-button dial phone, whenever one button goes out of order the AT&T repair man comes and sorts out the wires, and within minutes the button is repaired.

Once the AT&T man called back to make sure it was working. I thought that was darling. No plumber ever called back to make sure. Oh, I take that back. One did. He called back to ask if he had left his plunger with us. He hadn't. All he had left with us were some dirty footprints on the bath mat —and a bill so high we seriously considered sealing up that room forever.

If you haven't hung up on me yet for championing the phone company, I will admit that I have had some bad moments trying to wake up my dial tone. However, I've grown more reasonable about this. I say to myself (it takes a lot of talking to oneself to be reasonable, but when you talk to yourself you don't have to depend on dial tones)—I say to myself, "They're busy down there, with all those flashing lights and bells ringing." So I wait patiently. Sometimes I forget, and I have been heard to shout into the phone, "Hello, Central—Central, hello."

I can't agree with the letter to *SR* that says: "To the layman, making a phone connection across the country is a marvelous thing. But that is a view Bell has fostered. In fact, the phone system is very simple."

To this layman it isn't. Maybe to you it is. But then, when I took physics in high school and was told by the teacher, on the very first day in class, that a body immersed in water loses in weight by an amount equal to the weight of the water displaced, I quit the course. I just didn't have the chemistry for nonsense like that.

So, when I pick up a phone in New York and in a matter of seconds I am speaking to someone in California, it's a wonderment to me how those millions of little wires got together and rang a bell in a little home in the San Fernando Valley. You call that simple? AT&T has come a long way since A. G. Bell picked up a phone to call a man in the next room and spoke those immortal words, "Come here, Watson; I need you." Even that first call wasn't simple. Old Pa Bell tried many times to get Watson, without even the comforting sound of a busy signal.

If you're not yet convinced, deposit another dime and let me read you part of a letter received from Mr. Lee Kanner, a British reader who lives in a village near Newcastle: "In England the Post Office runs the telephone service," he writes. "And you might like to know how that works out. To begin with, it works out to £25 to get a phone installed; or, more precisely, *if* I could get a phone installed, that's what I would pay. Furthermore, the phone service singles out a newcomer [to the telephone service] for special torment, since in our little village one must be connected via underground cables to the exchange, where the lines are all in use. Therefore, the last person to have received a private phone must relinquish his private line and become a sharing partner with the newcomer."

Oh not to be in England when you have to make a phone call! How would you like it if our President phoned a football coach with a secret play, only to have the opposing coach listening in on the party line? Doesn't that make AT&T seem a little dearer to you?

Or would you prefer to have our efficient Postal Service take over the phone system? Or should the Wage Price Board control the phones, or J. Edgar Hoover, or *Laugh-In*'s Lily Tomlin, or Phase Two, or your teen-aged daughter, or Penn Central, or Lockheed, or any of the other great managerial experts that have proved they know how to operate in the public weal?

Or don't you think we should leave weal enough alone? ☐

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

TV Note of the Week—sent in by Calman Bock, from "Today's Best Bets" in the Los Angeles *Times*:

"The Bombing of Haiphong." 8:30 pm Channel 4 (Special)—The report includes appearances by Secretary of State Rogers and Secretary of Defense Laird before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Preempts the previously scheduled "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Advertisement of the Week—from Mrs. E. W. Humphreys of Ottawa, Canada, and found on, of all things, a postcard:

The Palm Bay Club—260 feet of beautiful white sand beach, a heated olympic-size pool, Hartru tennis courts, sauna baths, exercise rooms, ample covered parking and even his and her yacht basins.

With, we hope, separate sinks.

News Story of the Week—located by Lester Ziffren in the Rhinebeck, New York, *Gazette*:

TIVOLI—Highlighting the regular Mcnday meeting of the Village Board here were plans to "improve the quality of life" for Tivoli residents. Mayor Mortimer Appel reported negotiations with a firm regarding construction of a fire escape leading from the third floor of the village fire house.

We still say they shouldn't smoke in bed.

"I couldn't believe it," said George Small, after winning a National Book Award. "The only reason I wanted it was for what it would do for my subject. I don't even think I should have gotten money for writing the book. It's like getting money for writing the epitaph of a friend."

Mr. Small's friend is the largest animal ever known to have lived on land or sea since the beginning of time. It is also the title of Mr. Small's book, *The Blue Whale* (Columbia University Press).

At the press conference following the announcement that his book had won, there was only one copy of the book handy. And in short order somebody stole it. "The vanishing blue whale," quipped a wag.

When we met Mr. Small a few days later, we found him a dapper-looking fellow in his forties with a handsome goatee. "It covers a scar," he said matter-of-factly. "I was mugged. There were three guys. I got the knife from the guy who had it against my chest, but I apparently missed a knife from one of the other guys. It happened on my wedding day. The Fourth of July, 1970. I had my wedding ring in my pocket, but they were so damned intent on my billfold that they didn't get it."

Born in Malden, Massachusetts, Mr. Small is a product of Brown, the Sorbonne, Columbia, and the University of Geneva. He began teaching at Hunter in 1964 and now teaches at Richmond College on Staten Island. "I am a professional geographer," he told us. "Most Americans don't know what we do."

What do you do, we asked, besides coloring countries on maps? Mr. Small fixed us with one eye. "I believe," he said quietly, "that at Oxford geography has now replaced history as the number one subject. Yet the United States still produces only forty-five a year at the doctoral level. I didn't decide I wanted a Ph.D. until I was thirty-eight, and so I was perpetually broke. When you are over thirty-five, the scholarships are zero, and it all comes out of your own pocket."

While getting his doctorate, Mr. Small got up at 6:30 every day for three years to punch a cash register in a college cafeteria. At noontime he was a short-order cook. In the summertime he worked as a weaver and dyer. What, we asked, were his hobbies?

Mr. Small burst out laughing. "My hobbies," he said, "are sitting and lying. They really are. I like to contemplate nature. Just to sit and look at a tree or the sky. I used to hunt, but I couldn't kill anything anymore."

When, we asked, did he first decide to write about whales? "When I was a student at Columbia, I found out about what man was doing to whales. It was a nightmare. I couldn't believe that people would allow it to go on—just for monetary gain. The biggest thing on the face of God's earth. Why, a female who gives birth and then nurses her young *loses* more weight than the biggest dinosaur weighed! And for what? For the sake of cat food, or Japanese steaks, or Russian sausages! I'm not naïve about it anymore, though. The whalers know exactly what they're doing; they are driving these animals into extinction, and they have no intention of stopping."

Did he, we asked, ever see a live whale close up? Mr. Small nodded. "Yes, once, coming back from Norway. The ship was sailing over the Grand Banks off Newfoundland. I was up in the bow, and I saw a spout about a quarter of a mile away. It was a young fin whale. It was curious and came up right next to ship to look us over, and I got to look it over. If it had been a blue, I think I would have gone right over the side just to touch it.

"I think the saddest thing," Mr. Small continued, "is that we are killing them so cruelly and so stupidly, and really for nothing. If we even killed fewer whales and used them only for food, we could feed twelve million people a year, virtually forever. And that's from just two species, the blue and the humpback. If you added the fin and the sei, you could feed twenty million people every year.

"When I was doing research," he went on, "the State Department wouldn't even give me a copy of the agenda of what the International Whaling Commission was going to discuss in 1954! Last summer I bumped into the U.S. whaling commissioner and remarked about overkilling. 'We are not below the sustainable yield,' he told me. I begged to differ. 'Don't argue with me,' he said. 'I'm a scientist.'"

Mr. Small continued, "The place we've got to get to is the State Department. Since 1952 they have just sat there and done nothing. I have more respect for the Japanese, who at least make no bones about it and appoint a representative of the whaling companies as their whaling commissioner." He paused. "And, at the very least, I would expect the Americans to challenge the right of the Japanese representative to sit on the International Whaling Commission. But they don't even do that!"

Who, we wanted to know, is the man in the State Department who should be handling this? Mr. Small smiled. "I was hoping you'd ask that," he said. "He's a man who seems to think there are ten thousand blue whales left, whereas, the last time they were hunted, only twenty were found."

What, we asked, was his name? Mr. Small puffed on his pipe. "I'm glad you asked that," he said. "His name is Blow." □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1988)

JACK FINNEY:
TIME AND AGAIN

The organ was . . . a little more ornate than the Taj Mahal. It was . . . jigsawed, lathed, and carved beyond belief: Apparently an entire family of demented woodcarvers had gone berserk and would have carved it to a mound of chips if they hadn't been forcibly dragged away.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

The Trouble with "Harvey"

Hallmark Cards suffered a lapse of good judgment, I think, in presenting Mary Chase's *Harvey* as a Hall of Fame special on NBC on March 22. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play concerns an amiable alcoholic who keeps company with a huge, white, imaginary rabbit named Harvey. The alcoholic's sister, in the original Broadway play, decided that her brother should remain in a benign, socially harmless state of self-delusion rather than be restored through shock treatment to a "normal" perspective. Normalcy would have destroyed his genial companionship with Harvey, the benevolent pooka whose mythical origins lay in Celtic folklore. The ethical problem presented by that choice contributed to the success of Ms. Chase's play.

It is still a problem today, in a time when escapes from ugly and absurd reality include not only the oblivion sought in a bottle but also the euphoria brought by narcotics and the distortions of the mind produced by acid, rock, and Asian transcendentalism.

I took exception, when I attended the Broadway original, to the author's implicit value scheme in preferring the permanence of happy hallucination for Elwood P. Dowd, the hero of the play. Time has not mellowed my crusty righteousness. *Harvey*'s television adapters (Jacqueline Babbin and Audrey Gellen Maas) hardly could have changed the play's original ending; but they did, to a significant degree, separate Elwood P. Dowd's hallucination from his alcoholism, and in so doing they can be charged with social deception. They said, in effect: "Elwood, and he alone, sees a white rabbit, and he's a rum pot; but he's kind, gentle, and, as played by Jimmy Stewart, maturely attractive."

One does not see white rabbits, however, or talk to them, as Elwood did, unless one is seriously alcoholic, and that, friends, is no gentle, harmless, benign laughing matter. It's disastrous to the alcoholic, his family, his friends, and society generally. Mary Chase had the good sense to concede much of that argument in her original play, as I recall. Frank Fay played Elwood P. Dowd. The comedian was celebrated for his mimicking of drunks, and his

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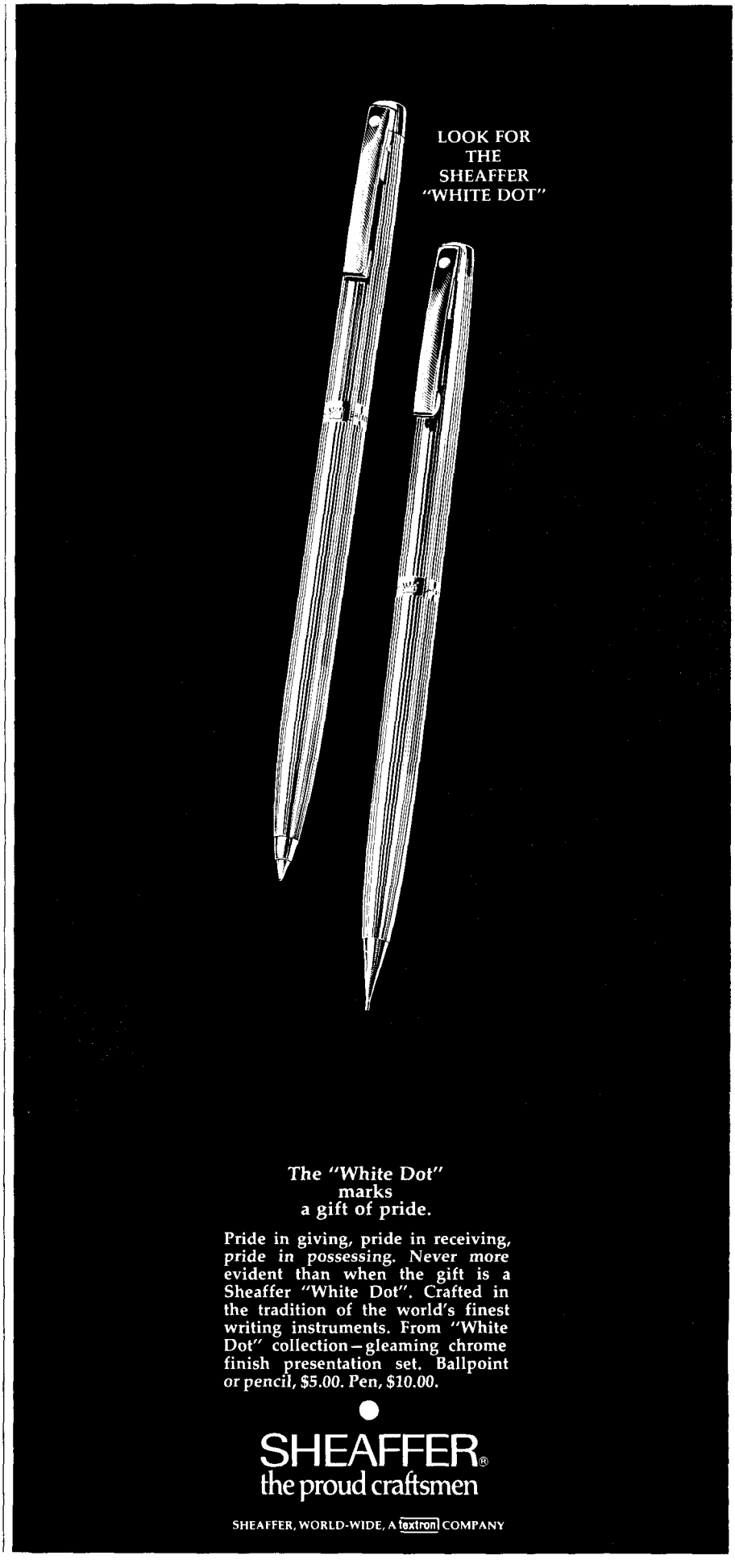
performance was responsible for much of the play's success as a comedy. Jimmy Stewart as Elwood P. Dowd was epitomized as a chronic lush, and he himself talked much about companionable drinking (of beer, I think), but I don't recall his taking any drinks before the cameras, nor did he ever evidence the slightest sign of inebriation.

He was a most handsome gentleman; and if he ever—in real life—introduced his sister's guests to Harvey, I think he'd be the life of the party instead of being a disgrace to her, as he was in the televised play. Having presented my case against the sponsor for collaborating in such hoodwinking of television viewers, especially the younger ones, I have several theories to explain why Hallmark went for the *Harvey* caper. The greeting-card manufacturer, sensing a modern trend, may have wished to exploit the pervasive mood of escapism and to pick up some customers from among the many adolescent greeting-card senders. Elwood P. Dowd, in the Forties, was a premature business-world dropout. Furthermore, rabbits are "a natural" at Easter (to get your brand name in early) for the very young who often are permitted to stay up late to watch Hallmark's family-type dramas.

Contrariwise, Hallmark took something of a commercial risk in associating itself with rabbits (symbols of fertility) and Celtic demigods (paganism). To balance that risk, the sponsor shrewdly announced in the final commercial that Billy Graham had been commissioned this Easter to write some special greeting cards appropriate to the season. Hallmark customarily chooses dramas for Easter presentation that have some connection with this Christian feast. A far-out speculation is that the Hallmark people are secretly pagans at heart, in a mildly hedonistic sense. While I don't mean to suggest that they are worshipers of the goddess of fertility and the god of the hunt, it is entirely possible—as evidenced by this latest Hall of Fame entry—that they value fun and freedom far more than they value their duty and responsibility to the millions of television-viewing families. Past Hallmark presentations have earned the company a reputation of conservative propriety. And so maybe now the Hallmark people are trying to redo their image. Maybe now they are trying to present themselves as the swinging greeting-card company.

These speculations are fun, but they do not refute the seriousness of my original charge that giving viewers a white rabbit unaccompanied by the DTs was socially irresponsible. That is why I will not soon forget the night that Hallmark threw the Christians to the rabbit. □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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Transpo Takes the Field

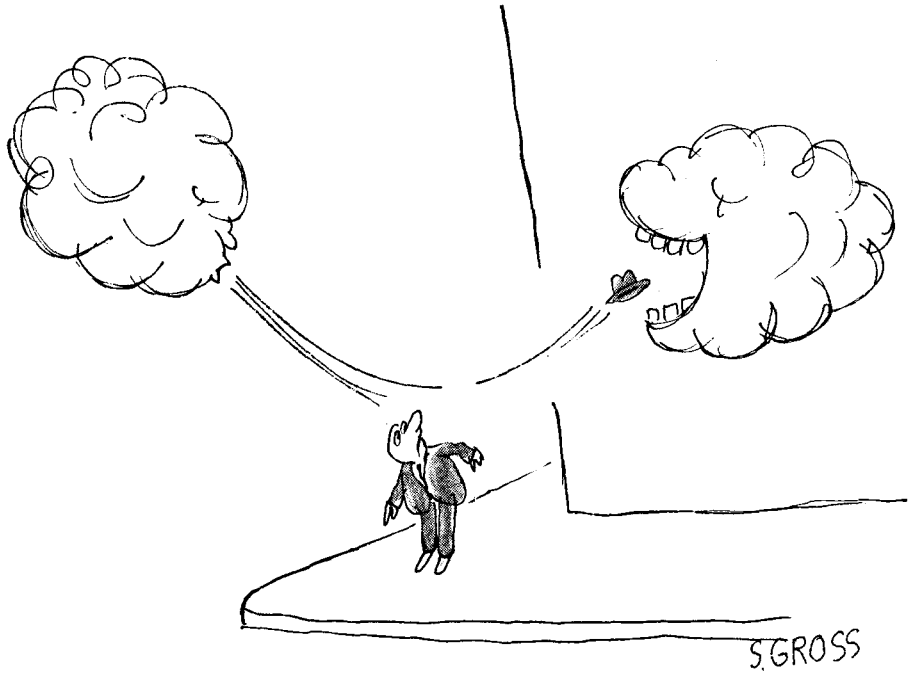
Have you heard about Transpo yet? You will. But by the time the propaganda machinery of government and big business churns into motion in the coming fortnight, you may wish you hadn't. Transpo stands for United States International Transportation Exposition, an extravaganza spread out over nine days between May 27 and June 4 that will bring together the largest collection of modern (and antique) transportation hardware ever assembled in one market place, Washington's Dulles International Airport.

Ironically, Transpo will also bring together one of the biggest masses of traffic ever to hit the Virginia countryside. There isn't much precedence for mob handling at Dulles. National Airport gets most of the business because it's closer to the city. In 1969, though, Dulles drew such throngs to an air show that police referred to the fourteen-mile, two-lane access highway as "the world's longest parking lot." Last fall another tie-up resulted when the Washington Redskins flew back to Dulles from a game in Kansas City. Transpo should attract a far greater crowd, some 50,000 cars and 600 buses a day—if word gets out and the weather smiles.

The Department of Transportation, developer and producer of the exposition, has taken as much care to maneuver traffic as it has to stage the show itself. Secretary John A. Volpe hired a navy specialist, Capt. Edwin Hitchcock, Jr., to control the incoming and outgoing swarms. Seven roads have been added, and 500 Virginia state troopers will be pressed into service to ensure that the flow doesn't stop. If you're insane enough to schedule a flight out of Dulles over the Memorial Day weekend, Hitchcock promises that a special lane will be cleared to the terminal.

"Turns will be kept to a minimum," says Hitchcock, describing his *modus operandi*. "Each lane will be split or fanned out as it enters a lot. There will be no stopping to collect parking fees. Motorists will be directed to a parking spot and will not be allowed to stop, turn around, or try to change their minds at the last minute. Parking fees will be collected after the car is parked."

Transpo will unfold on 360 acres of red Virginia clay, much of it temporarily stabilized by a technique that mixes cement and water with machine-turned soil. On display in four massive exhibition halls and on the grounds will be such devices as prototypical automobiles that run automatically at preset speeds with underground electrical guidance; experimental turbine passenger trains capable of speeds up to 300 mph; futuristic communications systems; antique planes and cars and many contraptions so esoteric that only foreign trade delegations (forty-five are expected) and industry experts will appreciate them. When Congress allocated $5-million for Transpo, the intent was not to put on a big carnival but to stir transit-industry business and cut the U.S. balance of payments deficit.



While the trade delegations are going around kicking tires and being wooed in plush, specially built suites, everyday tourists will be treated to one of the wildest air shows ever sent up in America. There will be thirteen two-hour stunt shows daily—daredevils walking on wings, looping the loop, and generally doing all those things you thought disappeared with the Ford Tri-Motor but that are still enacted at county-fair air shows throughout the summer. The exhibition grounds will close at 6 p.m. each day. A ninety-minute free show will follow, some of which you can observe on your crawl back to town.

Great Britain's stunt-flying Red Arrows, flitting about in tiny Hawker Siddeley Gnats, will make their first U.S. appearance at Dulles. RAF aerobatics began in 1920 when five Sopwith Snipe biplanes buzzed over Hendon, England, at the first RAF Pageant. America will answer with the navy's Blue Angels, who fly F-4J Phantoms in such close company that wings overlap and only three feet separates wing tip from canopy. The air force Thunderbirds, in red-white-and-blue Phantoms, add a note of melodrama with their missing-man formation, during which one plane breaks away from the four others while spectators are asked to pray for the imprisoned and missing in Vietnam. Another group participating will be the Ghost Squadron of the Confederate Air Force, based at Rebel Field, Harlingen, Texas. These flying freaks, dedicated to preserving a complete collection of World War II combat aircraft and led by the mythical Col. Jethro E. Culpeper, will fly over Dulles in B-17s, B-24s, P-38s, P-51s, and other memorable wartime machines.

Robert A. Hoover, a showstopper every time he goes aloft, likes to shut off his twin-engine business plane, feather the props, and glide in on one wheel. "Hoover does such a good show wherever he goes," said a Transpo official, "that even the Blue Angels try to land beforehand and get a good view. It stops the crowd cold. When Hoover comes in, there is absolute silence."

In late March Transpo drew the fire of Senator William Proxmire, who charged that the Department of Transportation was misusing thousands of dollars of public funds by hiring three private-industry executives to produce the exposition. Proxmire claimed that William J. Bird, a vice president on loan from Kaiser Industries, was spending too much money on weekly

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first-class flights between Washington and his San Francisco home and was staying in an $850-a-month suite in the fashionable Watergate Hotel, all of which Volpe defended as necessary. The senator questioned the propriety of awarding a $34,000 contract, plus $5,900 expenses, to Harry Krusz of Long Beach, California, for studies on operational and managerial problems. Also on Proxmire's list was Tommy Walker, president of Walker Enterprises, which stages outdoor spectaculars and other pageants. Walker got his start in these extravaganzas when he put on the opening-day festivities at Disneyland in 1955. He is not riled about Proxmire's charges, nor is he worried about Transpo's flopping, for somehow the sun always shines on his projects.

"We never had a rainout at a Disneyland main event," Walker said in Washington the other day. "I opened the 1960 winter Olympics at Squaw Valley the day of a blizzard. But the moment the ceremony began, a beam of light shone down through the parted skies, and the weather turned perfect. They still call it the Miracle of Squaw Valley. When we opened the London Bridge at Lake Havasu City, Arizona, we suddenly lost contact with the Sky Typers sky-writing planes flying in from California. But they came over perfectly. At the 1970 Super Bowl in New Orleans there were thunderstorms before the game, and we had to put on the pregame show without a field rehearsal. There were sixty million people watching, more than saw Tiny Tim get married, or the first moon landing. Just before the game, the weather cleared."

Tommy Walker is still as excited today as he was the week Disneyland opened in Anaheim. "The press really teed off on us that time for not having enough drinking fountains, but there had been a plumbing strike, and Walt said if he had a choice at the last minute of building drinking fountains or latrines, he'd take the latter. They called that one Black Sunday, but I think we came off pretty well."

For Transpo, Walker will add a few new wrinkles. "We want the President to open it, but he'll have to do it from Moscow by *Telstar*. First we'll have a fanfare, and then he will push a button which will electronically fire some rockets which will cut a ribbon which will release one hundred thousand multicolored balloons. Kind of Rube Goldberg. Then after the invocation and the playing of 'God of Our Fathers,' the Sky Typers will put out a welcome in five-story-high letters."

Sprinkled with a little Disney stardust, honored with the Ghost Squadron of the Confederate Air Force, and buoyed by those Hawker Siddeley Gnats, how can Transpo miss? □

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Whose Gay Divorce?

A certain amount of folklore already has begun to gather about divorce American-style, even though the divorce rate has accelerated appreciably only within the last decade or so. At this point—if we are to believe the *Playboy* cartoons—the divorced male is no lost and pitiable figure but a highly eligible, experienced bachelor on the loose, a satyr who knows that the shortest distance between the parlor and the bedroom is a smooth line. The divorcée, at least as depicted in popular fiction, is a predatory, man-hungry animal with sexual appetites that would shame the great whore of Babylon.

Inevitably, the screen has done its mite to preserve and project these stereotypes, although policy generally has dictated that the philandering male return to his mate, while the woman usually is tottering on the brink of her first indiscretion just when she realizes that the one she really loves is her former husband. In either case, both return home virtually intact, and with a special blessing from Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America.

Two new films, however, look at divorce from totally disparate points of view and—each in its own way—attempt to undermine the popular image. Certainly, the more successful is Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam*, an absolutely hilarious parody of every possible cliché ever invented about the American male *dégagé*. It begins with the final reel of *Casablanca*, when, for Ingrid Bergman's sake, Bogart magnanimously gives his free passage to Paul Henreid. Intercut are close-ups of Woody Allen, not simply enthralled, but moving his lips to the well-remembered dialogue.

Woody, it transpires, not only writes about movies for esoteric magazines but recently has suffered a traumatic divorce from Susan Anspach. She doesn't find him exciting anymore. "For God's sake, don't take it personal!" she tells him. A married couple, Tony Roberts and Diane Keaton, try to supply suitable replacements—a glamour girl, a hippie girl, a nymphomaniac. Allen scores zero with all of them. But Roberts, an earnest young executive who scatters a trail of telephone numbers behind him, begins to bore his own wife, and she takes a livelier interest in Woody's psychological problems. Husband's best friend or no, he ends up in bed with her—and disengages with appropriate lines from *Casablanca*.

What makes this all work, apart from Allen's adroit dialogue and perfect timing, is a kind of pitiable truth to the character that he portrays. He wants desperately to impress each new chick he meets. He wants even more desperately to score. His very eagerness is his undoing. When a girl requests that he turn down his hi-fi, he removes the record from his phonograph, replaces it in its jacket, then with a superb gesture of resignation sends the disc flying across the room—crashing into everything. When Andy Warhol *protégée* Viva announces that she is a nymphomaniac, he attacks her so vehemently that even she turns him out. He is the classic clumsy, unable to use a hair-dryer without having its jet stream turn his bathroom into a disaster area.

Through it all, Bogart, his movie idol (well impersonated by Jerry Lacy in the customary trench coat and slouch hat), keeps reappearing to whisper slightly sibilant words of encouragement into Allen's eager ear. Although filled with self-doubts—"I wonder if she had a real orgasm in the two years we were married, or was she faking that night?" he ponders at one point—Allen establishes himself as the most cockeyed optimist since *South Pacific*. Despite all evidence to the contrary, he manages to convince himself before each new date that he is utterly irresistible to women—and when, despite Bogart's patient coaching, they resist, he is still able to launch himself upon a new conquest before the scars of the last rejection have quite healed.

Allen, who directed himself in such previous outings as *Take the Money and Run* and *Bananas*, was either more fortunate or more prudent in *Play It Again, Sam* and left the directing chores to Herbert Ross. Allen may well be one of the world's cleverest, driest wits as a writer, and one of our funniest contemporary performers, but the improvisational style that he used when directing his two earlier efforts led to an uneven pacing and a curiously flat, head-on photographic style. Ross, who did so well for Barbra Streisand in last year's *The Owl and the Pussycat*, makes this comedy truly sparkle with his adroit camera moves and quick shifts of emphasis within the shots. In addition, he seems to have a certain knack with actors. Certainly, Allen never was so droll or so touching under his own direction; and Diane Keaton, the girl he reluctantly renounces, not only manages to be completely charming at all times but repeatedly accomplishes the difficult feat of pretending that Allen's protracted conversations with Bogart, his alter ego, are the most natural thing in the world. Brightly photographed by Owen Roizman, crisply edited by Marion Rothman, and stunningly designed, *Play It Again, Sam*, coming so closely after the hilarious *What's Up, Doc?* is proof that lightning can strike twice.

What Allen seems to be saying, with whatever seriousness that may be lurking beneath the comedic surface of his film, is that divorce can be a traumatic experience for a man, summoning doubts about his virility as well

"Hold it, 270. Some crackpot just called in and said a bomb has been planted on your aircraft."

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as his compatibility. David Seltzer's screenplay for *One Is a Lonely Number*, although hardly comic, presents a number of astonishing parallels as it looks at divorce from the deserted wife's point of view. Just why dewy-eyed Trish Van Devere lost her English-teaching husband to another, younger girl is never explained (and it might have helped the film a bit if it had been), but the script chooses to concentrate upon the impact of this sudden void in the life of a still-attractive young woman. An art history major, she is singularly unprepared for any white-collar work and finds employment as an attendant at a public swimming pool (meanwhile fighting off the unwelcome attentions of her employment agent). As in *Play It Again, Sam*, well-meaning friends rally round to supply a series of unsatisfactory dates for "poor Amy," including one who is already married. Naturally, he (Monte Markham) is the one she falls for.

While this may sound like a conventional tear jerker, it isn't. For one thing, there is Janet Leigh as the salty, pragmatic president of the Divorcées League of Marin County. Devoted to wresting from errant husbands every last cent that the law will allow, she brings the film very much into the present with her uncompromised portrait of a liberated woman—tough-minded, foul-mouthed, and determined to humble all males. For another, Mel Stuart, long a director of documentaries, has kept the edges hard as he unfolds his story. The characters on the screen may weep from time to time, but Stuart never urges his audience to join in. And, finally, there is the film's denouement. I can't think of a single instance prior to this when divorce has not ended in a reconciliation. In *One Is a Lonely Number*, however, just as the big reconciliation scene seems at hand, Trish walks away from her husband and back to her friends at the swimming pool. Her future may be indeterminate, but she has discovered her own independence and a sense of identity that will, presumably, prevent her from ever again living in the shadow of a man. Women's Lib, take heart!

Trish Van Devere, in the demanding central role, proves once again that she is one of the most capable, as well as one of the most attractive, young actresses around today, just as Melvyn Douglas again reminds us that he has become one of our most reliable character actors. And David Seltzer, who last year wrote *The Hellstrom Chronicle*, suggests that it is possible to work ideas into a script without being pedantic about it. *One Is a Lonely Number* brings a new connotation to that much-abused term "a woman's picture." □

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Bing Gala

There are galas, and there are super-galas. The old Metropolitan had many of both, the last and the greatest of which was the concert that marked its end as an opera house in 1966. No one who was there will ever forget it. Now there is a new house, and it too will have its unforgettable evenings. The first came late in April when the stars gathered in clusters and the audience marshaled its means to be present for a joint farewell to Sir Rudolf Bing.

Whatever the charge for tickets, it was not enough for an alphabet of artists, ranging from Arroyo, Martina, to Zylis-Gara, Teresa. Who can remember hearing such a rank of tenors as Domingo, Pavarotti, Di Giuseppe, Tucker Vickers, McCracken, Kónya, and Corelli on one program? Those who were present on sufferance, as guests, could only pay their tribute in thanks for a mammoth benefit evening (8:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.) of cheers, tears, a few laughs, and a perpetual parade of reasons—all of them human—why opera is so fascinating an art form.

Taken together, it might be described as a singular exercise in group therapy. Each of the thirty items on the program offered an opportunity for as many fantasies in self-identification. Sometimes it took the form of garb, such as the yards of white in which tiny Teresa Stratas swathed herself to match the huge sound she poured out in Mimi's "Addio" from Act III of *Bohème*. Sometimes it was in the choice of vocal material. With the world of La Belle France to choose from, Régine Crespin elected to sing "Je t'aime" from Oscar Straus's *Trois Valses*. She did it not only beautifully, but adorably, to the sound of a hundred *bravas*.

This, in a way, was the index to super-success in this super-gala. Enthusiastic applause was to be taken for granted on an evening that began with Roberta Peters and Sherrill Milnes singing a duet from *Il Barbiere* ("Dunque io son?"). It burgeoned into something like an ovation for Arroyo's voluminous version of "Tacea la notte placida" (from *Trovatore*) but first attained *bravo* territory in the partnership of Pavarotti and Joan Sutherland in "Sulla tomba" from *Lucia*.

Allotting high marks in memorability must, of necessity, invoke personal preference. Was Thomas Stewart entitled to more than he received, early in the evening, for his powerful delivery of Iago's "Credo" (*Otello*), or were Franco Corelli and Zylis-Gara slightly overvalued in the applause that greeted their version of the duet that ends Act I of the same work? Robert Merrill and Richard Tucker, looking for all the world like a new version of the old "Happiness Boys," earned one kind of response for their duet from *Forza* ("Invano Alvaro"), Jon Vickers and Leonie Rysanek another kind for the heroic scale of the Wagnerism they summoned for the first-act finale of *Die Walküre*. But there was no sound more caressing to the ear than Pilar Lorengar's "Glück, das mir verblieb" from Korngold's *Die tote Stadt*, as Maria Jeritza, who had sung it at her Metropolitan debut in 1921, applauded.

Caloric input produced the first emotional outburst in the dramatic energy Montserrat Caballé and Placido Domingo applied to "Tu, tu, amore? Tu?" One rarely hears it sung with so much commitment in a staged performance; but, then, one does not often hear *Manon Lescaut* conducted with the commitment James Levine provided. And it was certainly one of the artistic triumphs of the evening for Regina Resnik, a veteran of five Met seasons before Bing, to step before the curtain in the imperial uniform of Prince Orlofsky and hold her audience in thrall as she half-sang, half-spoke John Gutman's entertaining parody of "Chacun à son goût" (*Fledermaus*). Truth and poetry were blended in the quatrain descriptive of Bing that went:

> He's a reasonably good fellow
> we care for him a lot,
> when he ages, he might mellow,
> and then again—he might not.

Resnik's feat was all the more notable for having followed the evening's highest of high lights: a stage full of stars and supers, great names and no-names applauding the appearance of the evening's honored guest. All the words of commendation did not measure Bing's contribution to the Met's future as accurately as the mass of talent gathered within the framework of Robert O'Hearn's setting for the second act of *Der Rosenkavalier*. They give Göran Gentele, Bing's successor who stood beside him, something even more precious to start with than money in the bank.

Included among these assets are Levine, the young conductor who opened the evening with a swinging version of Verdi's *Luisa Miller* Overture, and Birgit Nilsson, who ended it with the final scene from Strauss's *Salome* in a performance that exceeded, in vocal plenitude, anything that had preceded it. It is an old tradition that one Met regime endows another, as Maurice Grau gave Caruso to Conreid, and Gatti-Casazza passed on Kirsten Flagstad to Edward Johnson. The Bing legacy is among the richest of all.

Doubtless, some among the performers were facing a Met audience for the last time. But many, many more will be giving Gentele the means to build high levels of achievement in his own image. In this respect, this super-gala served a critical as well as a financial and sentimental purpose in setting forth a high going standard of Metropolitan Opera vocalism. It is a plateau from which the next assault on that ever elusive target, perfection, may safely be launched. □

Rudolf Bing (right). Left to right George S. Moore, Met board president, Bing's successor Göran Gentele, Gabriella Tucci, Anna Moffo, Grace Bumbry.

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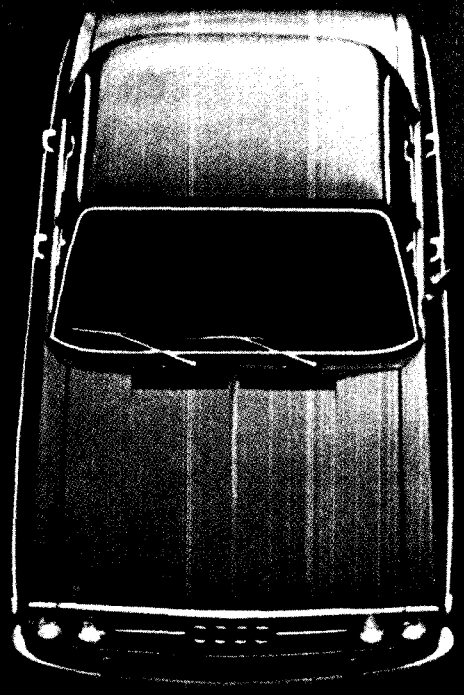

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

On Swindling for Fun and Profit, but Whose?

I read in the papers that Clifford Irving, due for sentencing on June 16, is a third of the way through a manuscript to be published as *The Book About the Book.* Irving, who estimates that he will owe about a million-and-a-half in fines, legal fees, and incidental expenses, clearly needs the royalties, and I hope they follow. There is no chance, however, that the book will earn a respected place in the annals of bunco.

Retrospect is, of course, the supreme prophet. Beware the smugness of the reverse foreseer. Yet, with every allowance made for the impeccability of hindsight, the attempted McGraw-Hill swindle, looked at backward or forward, comes out as a mug's game.

I am not myself incorrigibly honest. I once reported in this column my encounter with a banker at a cocktail party. "Do poets steal?" he asked. He was trying to get me to declare higher principles than I could defend. But I eluded him. "What have you got," I asked, "that would be worth the time it would take me to steal it?"

I have remained reasonably—at least legally—honest only because theft has never turned out to be worth the attention it would require. I must, nevertheless, confess to a certain admiration for some swindlers. The surviving street urchin in my psyche rejoices in the Texan—his name now forgotten—who leased 10,000 acres of state land at about $5 for the year and then put something like 40 per cent of it in the Federal Soil Bank at something like $40 an acre. Even at approximate figures, $40 times 4,000 comes out to $160,000 and $5 times 10,000 comes out to $50,000—a beautiful mathematics, I submit, in return for shuffling two sets of papers in an entirely legal way.

Yellow Kid Weil, a turn-of-the-century master of bunco, was another with a true sense of the shapely idea. He bought up a parcel of land in northern Michigan, subdivided it into endless lots, made up a brochure describing an ideal vacation community, printed up a supply of deeds, and gave "choice" lots away to Chicagoans who would make "desirable neighbors." Everyone, it turned out, was a desirable neighbor, and the lots were, in strictest fact, free. But Weil had arranged with a confederate, who was both the local recorder and county clerk, to charge $30 for registering the give-away deeds and $25 for an abstract, and to split the fees. He bought land at $1 an acre, divided it into lots, and turned each lot into an average profit of about $20.

And it was legal. The police did in time persuade him to cease and desist, and Weil was a reasonable man. He pocketed his loot and closed the land office a happy man.

Irving, I submit, cannot begin to claim any standing in such company. Not only is he an affront to the profession of bunco, but he turns out himself to be the mark while everyone else does well. The $750,000, though impounded by the Swiss, is virtually intact and will eventually be returned to McGraw-Hill, Inc., which is planning to go ahead with the publication of the fake book on the simple American assumption that anything that has been sufficiently publicized is salable—even when it has been publicized as a fake. On the same basic American principle, Nina van Pallandt, who flitted through the edges of the plot and onto the front page, has a nightclub contract with one of New York's poshest clubs. The newspapers have had a field day. Even the stand-up comics have acquired a new routine or two. Everyone wins but the swindler, alas. It's humiliating.

All that Irving has out of this is an impending jail sentence, that million-and-a-half in red ink, and one-third of a manuscript of a book about the book. He may (or may not) pick up some royalties on the McGraw-Hill publication of the fake autobiography. He will make a little on *The Book About the Book.* But add the loot to any dream figure: He still comes out, not as the swindler, but as the mark.

Even were *The Book About the Book* to emerge as a masterpiece, no sensitive man could imagine putting it on the shelf with *The Memoirs of Yellow Kid Weil,* or with any history of Texas. And as a final affront to the profession of bunco, Irving submitted himself to actual labor in the process of swindling himself. Besides everything else he did, he did actually write a book.

I once asked Don Pierce, the author of *Cool Hand Luke,* what he had done to get put on a Florida chain gang. Don smiled ruefully. "I was the clumsiest teen-aged safe-cracker in the history of Florida," he said. Don has become another—and a whole—man since. Let me hope Irving's ineptitudes lead to half as much in time. I am afraid, however, that he is simply going to continue making mistakes. He was offered $100,000 to do a TV commercial for a headache remedy.

He should have taken it. No man should reject what he is best qualified to do. □

"This calls for protective reaction. Kill it!"

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Letters to the Editor

Intelligence

As a fascinated follower of the Jensen/Shockley/Herrnstein affair, I was very much interested in Thomas J. Cottle's "The Edge of the I.Q. Storm" [*SR*, April 15]. In effect, Mr. Cottle implies that Hindi Buchanan's tears constitute a valid criticism of Herrnstein's (and Jensen's) position on the correlation of I.Q. with race.

The I.Q. question has generated an astonishing amount of intellectual dishonesty. Social scientists and others in the scholarly community seem to take the untenable position that the theory can't (mustn't) be true and that, even if it is true, Jensen and company should keep quiet about it. (Witness current attempts by the American Philosophical Association and the American Historical Association to censure Jensen and Shockley.)

The most troublesome question here—aside from that of academic freedom per se—is this: How can we help human beings to flower and realize to the greatest possible degree their potentialities if we refuse to pursue all conceivable avenues to understanding them?

With respect to Hindi Buchanan and the "born dumb hillbillies," it is certainly possible that there is a deteriorating gene pool in parts of Appalachia. Harry Caudill, himself a native of the Kentucky hills, says as much in his book *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*. Perhaps Hindi knows something that Cottle doesn't know—and doesn't want to know. Of course this child may be wrong. Of course Jensen, Shockley, and Herrnstein may be wrong. And of course racists may misuse their findings. But what if the theory is correct? Isn't a better understanding of the nature of intelligence one basis for improving our educational system and, in the long run, for enhancing the lives of all our children?

Carolyn Bennett Brown
Auburn, Ala.

Marihuana

I have three answers for the excellent questions Dr. Lester Grinspoon raises in his editorial "Half a Loaf: A Reaction to the Marihuana Report" [*SR*, April 15], which was about the apparent irrationality of the National Commission's recommendations.

First, it should be recognized that alcohol and tobacco are very important sources of tax revenue for the federal and various state and other governments. Any substance that promises to be at least a partial substitute, and that probably cannot be effectively regulated and taxed, must cause much fiscal alarm.

Second, the alcohol and tobacco industries have a natural vested interest in the status quo and should be counted on to do all they can to suppress a rival—unless they can capitalize upon it.

Third, it is a remarkable, but seldom remarked upon, fact that our human experience is such that the bulk of mankind habitually seeks out substances that alter experience and the perception of it. This seeking often is felt to be morally or ethically wrong; speaking generally, this "puritan" approach often colors the feelings of many people about our trio of alcohol, tobacco, and marihuana.

I suggest that the above elements constitute the "political realities" that Dr. Grinspoon hints at.

Carl S. Webber
Wayne, Pa.

What sort of society do we want? The choice is not, as the editorial implies, between alcohol and pot, but between one of them and both (and then how many others?). I do not want our society to take this direction. I want to live in a culture where people are working, creating, improving, not seeking escape. I wish the energies of the pot legalizers could be directed toward building that kind of society.

Elizabeth Erickson
Sunnyvale, Calif.

An Acquiescent Majority

Re: John Lear's "Where Is Society Going? The Search for Landmarks" [*SR*, April 15]. Implicit throughout the article is the assertion that social goals are self-validating, desired, and useful either on their face or as interpreted. The substance of the article presented its own dilemma. On the one hand, research indicates that there is a general acquiescence of two-thirds of the population. On the other hand, Mr. Lear states that social indicators that are "capable of guiding town, city, county, and state governing bodies in their everyday decisions" would be valuable. Will an acquiescent majority be able to distinguish between what is most satisfying and what is best for it in the utilitarian long run?

The question is not rhetorical, and in fact it has greater relevance today when our techniques for achieving social goals will have an enormous impact well into the future. One does not have to accept Ortega y Gasset's "massification thesis" to see that contemporary public opinion may be, and probably is, shortsighted. Opinion remains just that: a belief or judgment that rests on grounds insufficient to produce certainty. Considering the critical balance among our social, economic, political, and natural environments, we should expect to have more certain grounds for guiding governmental decisions.

Gene M. Owens
Washington, D.C.

Baby Grammar

Both your letters to the editor column and some of the mail I have received about my article "The Innate Grammar of Baby Talk" [*SR*, March 18] have surprised me by naïve references to the notion that words began as a response to the sucking drive. Like most guesses about the origin of language, this one does not provide the slightest clue concerning the source of grammar. The suckling theory, however, raises a further question: Since all mammals suckle their young, why don't they all develop at least one word like "mama"? I am willing to entertain the speculation that the mutation that produces babbling is somehow tied to the genetic structure that leads to suckling, but the story is more complicated than these correspondents suggest. Any account of language must explain why speech is a universal *and* exclusive property of the human species. Suckling might explain universality, but not why babbling is a species-specific trait.

Edmund Blair Bolles
Los Angeles, Calif.

Northern Ireland

Re: Miriam Reik's "Ireland: Religious War—or Class Struggle?" [*SR*, March 18]. Miriam Reik and others like her who appear to have studied only one side of the problem give the impression that the Catholics in Northern Ireland are persecuted and that the administration is sectarian, but the facts speak differently. During the fifty years of Irish independence there has been a 13 per cent increase in the number of Catholics in Northern Ireland, and over the same period a 60 per cent drop in the number of Protestants in the Republic of Ireland.

There is no sectarian legislation in the North of Ireland, but there is a great deal in the Republic, where Roman Catholicism is the official state religion, and it is impossible to get legislation through the Dublin Parliament without the approval of the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Northern Ireland government controls six counties out of a total of thirty-two in Ireland. So perhaps from the foregoing it will be realized that the Protestants here are trying only to hold on to an ever diminishing front against the all-powerful hegemony of the Roman Catholic Church. Now even ordinary democratic rights have been taken away from the Protestant people, and they have been given an overlord against the express wish of their legally elected government, which was installed as the result of an election in which everyone over eighteen years of age had one vote.

Alex Brotherston
Belfast, Northern Ireland

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Inquiries should be sent to "Reader Services." While we are no longer seeking unsolicited poetry, article suggestions, manuscripts, and cartoons should be sent to our "Contributors Department." The address for all the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts and cartoons will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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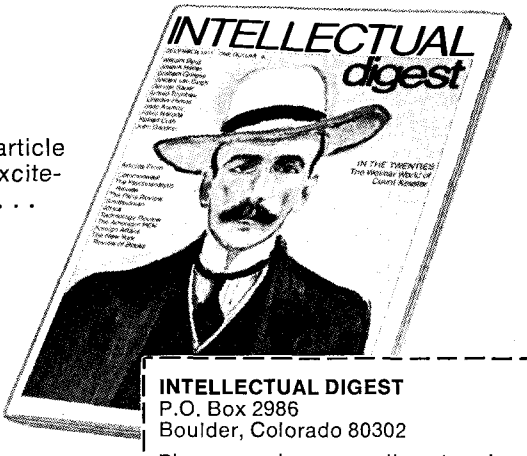

Maybe, without realizing it, you've been sitting on the sidelines while some of the greatest intellectual adventures of all time are taking place.

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Kenneth Clark tells why he opposes black studies programs. (Antioch Review)

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Editorial

How to Take the Profit Out of Hard Drugs

The author of the following editorial is a teacher, business consultant, and social philosopher whose books include The Effective Executive *and* Age of Discontinuity.

The greatest threat to our cities is not air pollution, the poor, the blacks, the white racists, the automobile, or "the system." The greatest threat is our present narcotics laws. They make the 99 per cent of us who are free from addiction the main victims of this monstrous plague.

It is fear that is destroying our big cities: fear of the mugger, the holdup man, the petty burglar—knife in hand, half-crazed by an uncontrollable drug need. There are only a few, a very few of them. Even in New York, which, we are told, harbors half of all the hard-drug addicts in the United States, they amount, at most, to one in fifty, a mere 2 per cent of the city's population. But this handful of desperately sick people makes the cities unlivable for the rest of us.

A city is not livable if people are afraid to walk the streets, if the parks have become places to be dreaded rather than enjoyed, and if even the well-to-do cower at night behind barred doors. And so everyone who can flees, leaving behind only a very few rich and the very many poor who have no place to go. Yet this flight is self-defeating. Just as the nobles who fled plague-stricken medieval Florence carried the infection with them to the countryside, so the panic-stricken who flee from our cities to the suburbs take with them today's epidemic—to Scarsdale and the Oranges, to Winnetka and Palo Alto, to Wellesley and Philadelphia's Main Line. And the suburbs are threatened with rapidly becoming as unlivable as the inner cities—and for precisely the same reason.

It is not addiction that makes the drug taker violent. On the contrary, the drugs themselves, and especially the opiates such as heroin, induce apathy, docility, listlessness. The drug addict becomes violent for one reason only: the need, the overpowering need, to get the $75, $100, or $150 it takes every day, day in and day out, to pay for his fixes. Virtually all of this is profit to the drug traffic. Incredible though it seems, the true cost of a kilogram of heroin is approximately the same as the cost of a kilogram of potatoes. But when the kilogram of heroin reaches the streets of our cities, it fetches as much as $50,000. And as long as there is this fantastic profit to be made by a whole galaxy of "middlemen"—processors, smugglers, wholesalers, and small dealers—the narcotics laws must remain self-defeating.

There is only one way out: Take the profit out of hard drugs. And this means making them available to the addict free or at cost. I am concerned here with only the opiate drugs, especially heroin. I am arguing neither for nor against "legalizing" marijuana or the amphetamines. I detest and distrust all "mind-stretching" drugs, addictive or not. In view of the severe personality deformations that have been caused by hashish throughout the Middle East and India for 2,000 years or more, I am unimpressed by all the studies purporting to prove that pot is harmless. And the amphetamines are at least as toxic to the user as the opiates (though far less addictive). But these drugs harm the user alone; the opiates and only the opiates maim the nonaddict and threaten the fabric of city and community.

If our narcotics laws kept the opiates out—as those of Japan still do, for instance—I would be all for their vigorous enforcement. But the narcotics laws, despite strenuous efforts, have failed in the United States, at least for the present. All they do now is make the traffic in opiates irresistibly profitable. And it is the consequence of this failure against which the innocent, healthy nonaddict needs to be protected.

The legalization of drugs is, of course, not a new proposal. But in the past all proposals regarding the treatment of drug addiction focused on the addict or, as our laws do, on the pusher. It is time to realize that this is looking at the problem through the wrong end of the telescope.

The problem is not the curing of the addict; the problem is the protection of the healthy. The priority is not to stop the drug traffic; it is to save our cities. Subordinating the welfare of the addict may be callous. But it is far more callous to punish the 99 per cent of our population who are not addicts for a disease from which they do not suffer. Permitting narcotics to be dispensed legally may be immoral. But it is far more immoral to permit the existence of a legal situation that so royally rewards trafficking in drugs and, as a result, threatens the destruction of our cities by making life unbearable for so many of their inhabitants.

Hard-drug addiction is the leprosy of this civilization. Like leprosy, it is a loathsome, horrible disease. Like leprosy, it makes no distinction between rich and poor, white and black. Indeed, by now it may well be a disease more of the young, middle-class white than of the poor black in the inner-city ghetto. As with leprosy 700 years ago, we neither understand the cause nor know a cure.

But we do know the right policy for an epidemic. The first requirement is to protect the healthy. And the second is to contain the epidemic's spread. Our narcotics laws have failed to do either. What is more, they make the healthy suffer, and they abet the epidemic's spread. Indeed, they make its spread inevitable, for they generate the profits of drug addiction and at the same time force the addict to spread his disease to the healthy.

Figures are notoriously untrustworthy on so emotion-laden an issue as the drug problem, which involves a criminal activity as well. Of course, there are no published, audited reports, but there is little doubt that one hard-drug addict is "worth" something like $5,000 a year to the pusher and probably a good deal more to the higher-ups in the drug traffic. Recently, narcotics agents caught the man who reputedly had headed the drug ring in a large industrial complex in an eastern city for a little over two years. In this short time he is said to have made profits of $2-million. Even if the real figure is only one-tenth of this, it is more than enough to tempt any gangster to take the risk of a few years in jail. And the drug ring in the area was back in business within a few weeks, as active as before.

With so much money as bait, it takes only a handful of professional criminals to keep the traffic booming. But it is not only the professionals who find such profit irresistible. It is far too great a temptation for the decent but weak: the airline stewardess who can earn a year's salary by putting into her flight bag a small, neatly wrapped, brown-paper parcel; the nineteen-year-old student who runs out of money on a European trip; the Florida fisherman who finds deep-sea charters scarce in a recession winter.

Above all, with so much money to be made so easily, creating new addicts becomes irresistibly attractive, especially to the addict who desperately needs a considerable amount of money to satisfy his own craving. Much, perhaps most, of the alarming invasion of the schools, down to the elementary-school level, by hard drugs is through "induced addiction"—that is, the deliberate "creation of customers" by means of purposeful, systematic attempts to lure children into "getting hooked" and thereby becoming significant revenue

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and profit producers for older addicts.

Paradoxically, every "victory" in the "war against narcotics" increases the profitability of this trade and soon creates new pushers, more addicts, and bigger profits. When the narcotics agents "smash a drug ring" and confiscate fifty kilograms of heroin, the drug temporarily becomes scarce around Manhattan, in downtown San Francisco, or on Harvard Square. The price goes up—and with it the profit for the drug rings whose sources of supply are still intact. Addicts become more desperate. Crime and violence—and with them, fear—rise more sharply. More people are lured by their own need and by the high profits into becoming peddlers and pushers, producing still more addicts.

Making narcotics legally available to the addicted is unlikely to unleash a drug epidemic. It may even be the one way to contain and control it. If it is not profitable to make an addict out of a teen-ager, there won't be many pushers around the schools talking students into "trying" the stuff. There won't be many part-time or amateur smugglers. And crime syndicates are unlikely to have much interest in a trade that no longer produces big payoffs. Drug education in schools may have a chance if the addicts themselves, who know only too well the danger and torture in which they live, warn youngsters off. The victims of bad LSD trips did just that and were largely responsible for the decline in the use of that drug on the campuses.

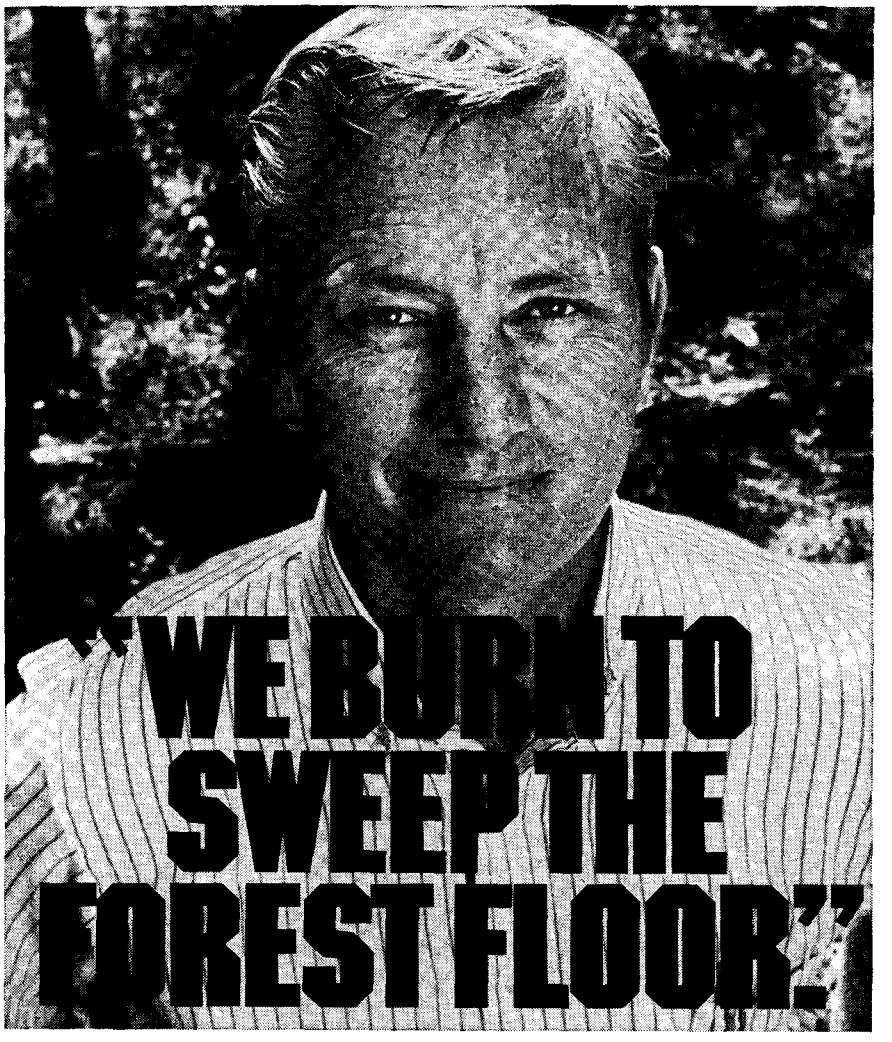
But, above all, the addicts' need for money will diminish, and with it the muggings, the burglaries, and the robberies for the sake of a few dollars. And when this occurs, the fear that is sapping our cities and is beginning to sap the suburbs will also begin to diminish.

I am not a public health expert and do not pretend to know how narcotics should best be made available. Undoubtedly, there will have to be strict supervision. Undoubtedly, we should experiment with several modes of delivery—in the neighborhood mental health center, in special outpatient departments in the community hospital, through such programs as New York's methadone experiment, and so on. There will have to be control lest supplies be diverted to the black market—though as profits disappear, so do black markets.

But all this, bluntly, is completely secondary. The first and overriding concern now must be the nonaddicts. The first task is to make the city livable again.

The first prescription for the survival of our cities is not "Law and Order"; it must be "Freedom from Fear."

Peter F. Drucker



If they saw me out there in the woods with a backfire torch, some people would be convinced that this was irresponsible forest management. But a carefully controlled burn is actually a valuable tool to help encourage new trees and support the growth of more mature stands.

You see, we aren't burning the *trees*; we're burning the old, tough underbrush that crowds out seedlings, competes for nutrients and moisture—and provides a perfect setting for one of Nature's disastrous wildfires. *We* only burn when wind, temperature, and moisture conditions are right to minimize smoke and keep the fire's heat low enough to cause no damage to trees or wildlife. And by clearing out this inedible undergrowth, we're also making room for the plants and shrubs that turkeys and squirrels and deer need for food.

I guess you might say that what we're really doing is sweeping the forest floor. I just wish more people saw it that way, that they understood how safely controlled burning is done—and why it's done. When you *are* a forester, you know what you're doing is right, but it's still good to feel like other people know it, too.

Jim Nicholson

Jim Nicholson, Forester
International Paper Company
Alabama

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Strummin' Banjo in North Vietnam

The lovely, young Vietnamese girl wears baggy coveralls of army green and is introduced as a "fighter from the South." She speaks deliberately, with poise.

"At one time I hated all Americans, but last year at a youth conference in Europe I met an American student. And this week I heard your songs. Now I know that what Uncle Ho said is true. There is another America different from the one we have known."

I heard these words in March when my wife, Toshi, my daughter, Tinya, and I spent ten days in Hanoi at the invitation of the Musicians Union of the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam. On our U.S. passports is printed "Not good for travel to North Vietnam, Cuba, Albania, North Korea," but the Supreme Court ruled in 1967 that the State Department cannot prevent U.S. citizens from visiting those countries. I took banjo and guitar, but mainly we went to listen and learn. Here are excerpts from my letters to family and friends.

Friday, March 10—The land of "The enemy"? We are greeted by thirty members of the Committee for Solidarity with the American people. Huge bouquets of flowers are put in our arms, and we are kissed and hugged.

First impressions of Hanoi: a city (one million) on bicycles. Mostly manufactured here with imported steel. An amiable, courteous people, small in size. A love of color in spite of little money—it takes two or three months' Vietnamese wages to buy a bicycle.

Trees everywhere. Also bomb shelters. The city has not been bombed since 1968, but the people believe an all-out attack may yet come.

We visit a temple-pagoda, one-thousand years old. It was destroyed by the retreating French and rebuilt after 1954. We visit a lovely park, created by thousands of volunteers who made a lake from a swamp, put in flowers, pavilions, goldfish—wow. What can be done with little money if you have love and perseverance.

On a lawn someone has sculptured bushes to look like ostriches, lions, and deer. We see "elephants" that were formed by growing four small pine trees and weaving their long branches into legs, torso, head, and trunk.

Saturday—A conference with our hosts, planning the week. Two young interpreters become our guides, but we are often accompanied by writers or musicians as we travel.

We next visit a museum that combines archeology with crafts, modern painting, and sculpture. A small museum compared to the Metropolitan Museum in New York, but one of the best we've ever seen. Many of the original sculptures have been stored away to protect them from bombs.

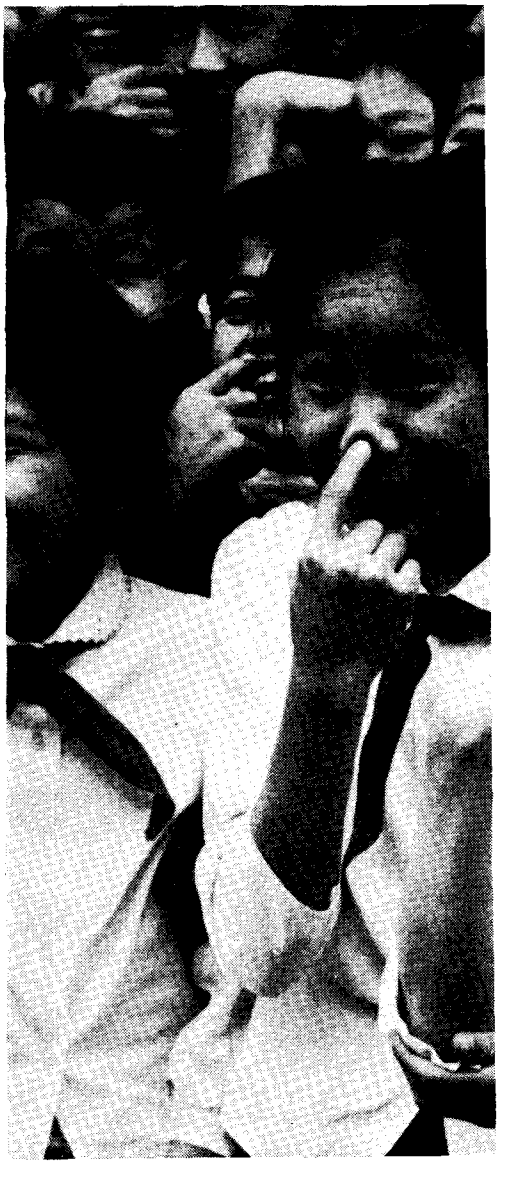
In the afternoon we visit The Exhibit of War Crimes. We see the latest ingenious bombs and antipersonnel devices designed to carry on computerized electronic warfare from the air.

In the evening we go to the circus. Young performers, but high quality. Trained monkeys on tiny bicycles. Great clowns. A skit ridiculing a U.S. Army MP who comes into a barber shop and has his revolver stolen by the "chair" (person under a sheet) he is sitting on. MP runs off, followed by shots. Two thousand in audience. Highest price tickets cost the equivalent of thirty cents. The circus performs in Hanoi two or three months every year, then visits other cities. This country is at war, but the people are not grim about it.

Sunday—A three-hour session at the home of the Artists Union, a big, old mansion, once the home of a French family. We hear a great variety of Viet-

Pete Seeger has been singing old and new American folk songs across the United States and throughout some forty countries overseas for the past thirty years.

At left, Seeger plays a tune to members of the Musicians Union, which invited him to Hanoi. Children below respond to a verse from Woody Guthrie's "Put Your Finger in the Air."



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namese music ranging from Western-influenced modern compositions to ancient traditional music. They mix it up, alternating old and new, almost as I do in my concerts.

One instrument is a beautiful bird-like flute. The player tells us of having performed for soldiers in areas where U.S. chemical sprays have killed all the birds. His birdcalls were the only ones to have been heard there in years.

Later on, while I nap, Toshi and Tinya go shopping. For fifty cents they get a neat, little bamboo seat for carrying a baby on one's back while riding a bicycle. And sandals made from old tires. Uncle Ho used to wear 'em. Nowadays, 50 per cent of the people in Hanoi wear plastic sandals. A few kids go barefoot. A few, middle-aged or more well-to-do, wear leather sandals or shoes.

This country may be Communist, but the streets have many sidewalk vendors. Plentiful vegetables. No one seems underfed. Though few houses have running water, we smell no sewage, as in Indonesia and India. Streets are very clean. No trash at all. No one is unfriendly, but everyone's eyes follow me because I am so tall—as conspicuous at a seven-footer would be in the U.S.A. I smile and get big grins in return.

Sunday evening I do a fifteen-minute TV show (improvised but with good cameramen and director) and a musical session at the adjacent radio station. After toasts have been drunk in Vietnamese beer and after much handshaking and many smiles, we go back to the hotel with armfuls of flowers.

Monday—At breakfast we meet the American journalist Seymour Hersh, here for two weeks to do a series of articles for *The New York Times*. He says, "Do they keep you guys as busy as they do everyone else?" We say yes. He has been to Haiphong Harbor and is amazed at the speed with which the Vietnamese unload large boats and disperse materials from the docks.

At 7:30 we're off with cameras, tape recorder, and musical instruments to visit a village twelve miles outside of Hanoi. One hour of winding between bicycles and bullocks and occasional

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trucks along a smooth two-lane blacktop road. We are treated like VIPs and are allowed to pass ahead of a long military convoy.

The main street of the village that we visit is barely one lane wide. We are welcomed warmly by the chairman and village council members and by swarms of curious children. We visit a school and a hospital, both of which serve this "village" of 6,000.

Actually several small hamlets combine as one village. Here's their school: 500 kids aged eleven to fourteen, studying math, geography, history, literature, etc. No glass in windows, very simple fixtures, but all is clean and neat. A picture of Uncle Ho on the wall. The kids sing us some songs and dance. I sing them a couple, including Woody Guthrie's "Put Your Finger in the Air" (second verse: "Put your finger on your nose"). Grownups and children alike join in with musical sign language. Toshi really leads the song, sitting on the railing of the classroom's porch. The kids stand in the courtyard. When she raises her foot ("Put your finger on your toe"), the kids all exclaim with delight to see that she is wearing rubber-tire sandals like Uncle Ho's.

Their English teacher, in front of all, tells us that the children have demanded he prove he really can speak English. He haltingly reads a short English greeting to us—poor pronunciation but perfect grammar. We compliment him. Great cheers.

No bell in this school. Signals are given by a huge homemade drum made out of a wooden barrel and hung from a tree in the courtyard. Nearby is a war memorial: part of a U.S. jet shot down over the village. Its shiny aluminum, machined by the world's most advanced technology, contrasts with the mud, brick, and wood of the school and also attests to its failure to put the village out of business.

The hospital next door is also simple but very neat and clean. Twenty beds, glass in windows. On the wall is list of rules and prices: forty cents for a maternity stay of three to seven days.

A village banquet. Vietnamese food is really very good. As in a New York Chinese restaurant, all dishes are on the table, so one can pick and choose from chicken, fish, four kinds of meat, plus vegetables and rice. Standard Vietnamese dessert is bananas, small and flavorful. The custom is to drink coffee *and* tea, one right after the other. Very strong coffee, like Cuban coffee. Hanoi beer is also excellent—Pilsner-style.

I find out from our hosts that the town council is elected annually. Men and women over eighteen may vote, and anyone over twenty-one may run for office. The village is one big cooperative, a production unit as well as a political unit. Public works are paid for out of profits from the village industries and agriculture. People build and own their homes. No taxes. School teachers' salaries are paid by the central government, but the local people built the school buildings.

I say to my hosts: "I must ask you, because people in America will ask me, if any of you were forced to join the cooperative. Americans are told that President Ho was a dictator."

General smiles and merriment and shaking of heads. "Our cooperative was voted in 1957. Some people were against it then, but nobody is now."

They ask what I think of their village. I reply I can see they are proud of their progress, but that further progress will bring new problems. For example, what about the population problem?

General nodding of heads. "We now realize this. Five years ago we had a four per cent annual birth rate. Now it is down to three per cent, but much needs to be done. We urge women to wear the ring [IUD] after two or three children, but if they don't like it, it can be taken out. Of course, our chairman here is not a good example—he has eight children—but no new ones in the last five years." Much laughter, and a few blushes.

After lunch we hear some songs in "Quan Ho," the local style for which this town is famous. Two people stand looking into each other's eyes, smiling and sometimes gently touching hands or arms while they sing in lilting unison. Voice tone is slightly reedy but not harsh. Typical subject of song: A boy and girl, much in love, lived on opposite sides of a river. Every day they came to its banks and spoke to each other longingly. They would sip of the river, saying that with each sip, they drank of each other's love, and if ever one of them couldn't make it to the river, the other should sip the water anyway. But once, when the girl didn't come, the boy sipped, and sipped more, and more, and still he couldn't get enough.

On the way home our interpreter says, "I really think this style of music would have died out if not for the revolution. But the government encourages the spring festival. It lasts for two days, sometimes all night, with hundreds of singers participating."

In the evening I sing for 400 in Hanoi, mostly cultural workers. As in Japan, a tremendous eagerness to learn, a boldness and willingness to attempt any

Pete tries out a bike. The Vietnamese carry loads of up to 800 pounds on platforms hung low on each side. More commonly the load is another person: Men drive their wives, young people their grandparents.

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"Our small country has suffered countless invasions. But still we remain optimistic."

strange thing. We end by all singing the African song "Wimoweh" together.

Tuesday—A five-hour drive, but worth it, to one of the beauty spots of the world: Hon Gai Bay, filled with several thousand steep, rocky islands, average height 400-600 feet with fishing junks sailing between. The local chairman and the women's leader have supper with us. "We anticipate several million visitors a year," they declare, "once our railroad from Haiphong is finished and peace is established. Oh yes, Americans too."

Wednesday—At six a.m. I take my banjo on a stroll to the beach. Get smiles from passing cyclists as I strum along. A twenty-six-foot fishing junk eases up to the sand, stern first after anchor is tossed from bow. I exchange smiling greetings with a man, aged about thirty-five, his wife, and their five children. He offers me a cigarette. I play 'em a tune. Man and wife go ashore to gather some plants while I sketch boat.

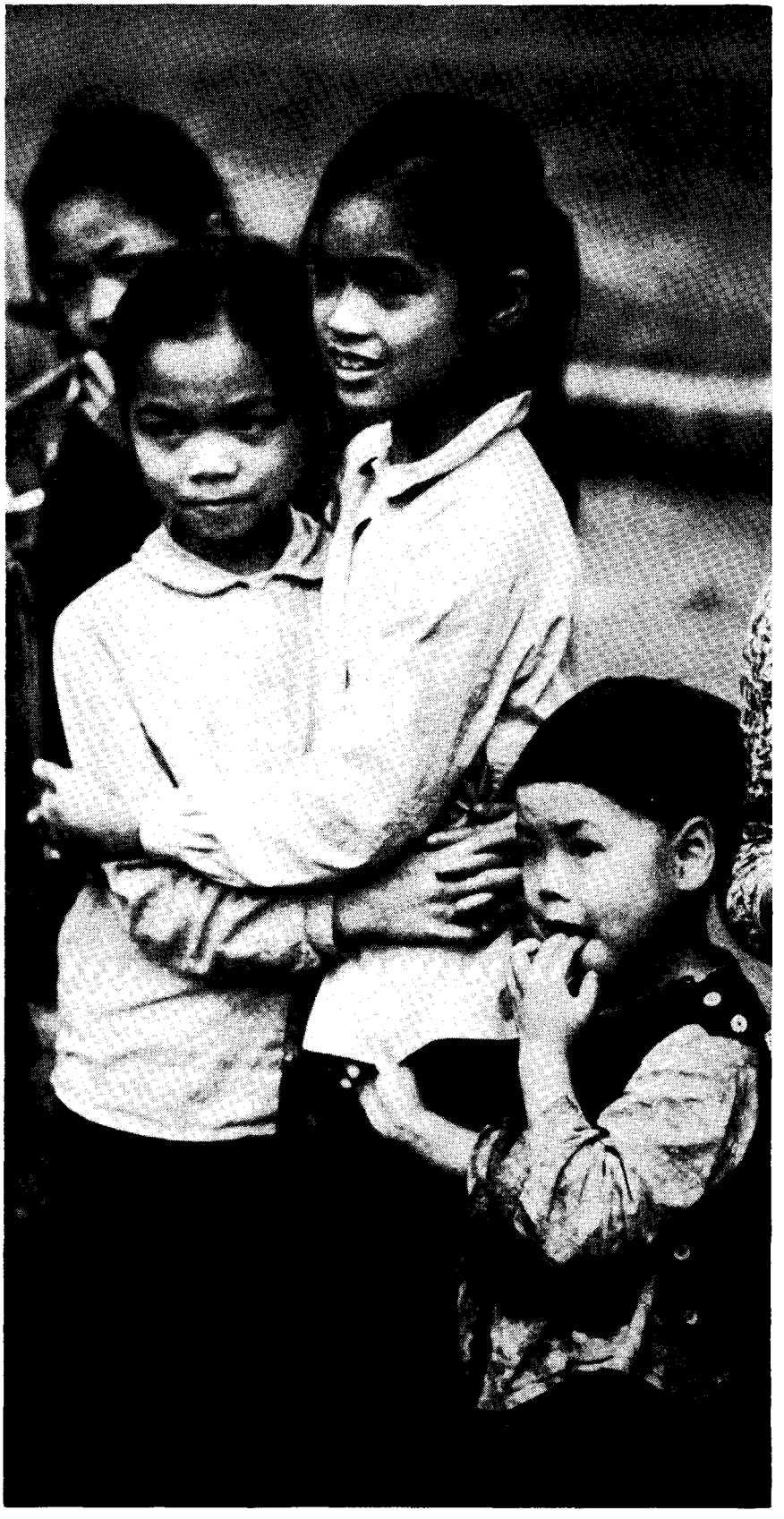
Between Haiphong and Hon Gai we see 'em building a road, *by hand!* Only piece of heavy machinery is a steam roller. Rocks eight inches in diameter are carefully packed on roadbed first, then three-inch rocks, then one-half inch gravel, then tar: Old man MacAdam's technique.

Between 1966 and 1968 many bridges were bombed out. The big one at Hanoi, one mile long, was rebuilt three times. We walk over it often. It shakes when trains and trucks go over but otherwise seems okay. I notice big bolts used instead of rivets in places. Railing was patched with baling wire.

Near the river are swarms of people repairing a dike. Volunteer teams from local villages do most of this work, it seems. Most of them smile and wave as we drive past, but one cocky teen-ager pushes his handcart deliberately in front of us and with a faint smile dares these VIPs to run him down.

Just after driving back from Hon Gai Bay I am invited for a three-hour session at the legation of the PRG (Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam).

Toshi stays at the hotel with Tinya who (temporarily) has an upset stom-



Both children and adults demonstrate sincerity by physical contact. Embraces, kisses, and handshakes often accompany a hello or good-by, even when the separation is for only a few hours.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOSHI AND TINYA SEEGER

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"The U. S. A. has a long stick, but a man can't dance in a small house carrying a long stick."

ach and a fever. I am welcomed into the house and sit down for the customary tea with about twenty people, mostly young, some in fatigue uniforms.

The chairman, a guy about my age (early fifties), introduces all. Most belong to a troupe of musicians invited here to perform. Some others are in Hanoi for special hospital treatment of wounds. Their leader, a wiry, intense man, is a prominent writer who knows the literature of Europe and the Americas well.

It is a fascinating talk for about an hour and a half, with my interpreter busy as hell. We have a big buffet supper—Vietnamese meats and dumplings, plus much wine, beer. Many toasts, and then the singing really gets going, a regular hootenanny.

Evening ends with much handshaking, embraces, and kisses, even from one girl, half of whose face was very pretty, the other half being one huge, livid mass of scar tissue.

Thursday—I tape three fifteen-minute programs for Hanoi radio to be heard throughout DRVN (every village has a loudspeaker). A studio audience (very sharp gang) helps me out with the handclaps for "Bennington Rifles" and in the singing of "Guantanamera" and "Give Peace a Chance." The last is the song by John Lennon and Yoko Ono that was sung by 500,000 at Washington, D. C., in November 1969. In Washington some poor, lone hard-hat carried a sign "Tell it to Hanoi." Well, I've done just that, and they sing along with me.

Friday, March 17—We've now been here a week.

Toshi and I have a session with Che Lan Vien, a poet who tells us many stories about Vietnam. He has a great sense of humor, and we swap anecdotes for three hours.

"We say," he tells us, "if there is some skin, the hair will grow. If there is a branch, the tree will grow. Our small country has suffered countless invasions. One year we had twenty hurricanes. But, still, we remain optimistic. Your Hamlet said 'to be or not to be,' but we say, 'to *be*, to *be*.'"

We hear many stories about President Ho. It seems he had a great sense of humor and was not above playing small practical jokes on people. For example: A big reception was once planned for him at a military base. In the front row were officers; in the back row, privates. Ho arrived at the back door, announced "About Face!" and gave his speech with the privates in the front row.

The state publishing house owes him $350.06 royalties for a book he has written. They send a check for $350. Ho writes back, "Where's the six cents? It's not so much, but I am afraid you may escalate."

At a big dinner Ho went to the kitchen. "Now tell me honestly," he asked the cook, "do you yourself normally eat this well?" The cook replied no, so Ho brought him out to the banquet. "Now you sit beside me and eat the chicken."

Ho was really a poet. He once told his people: "The U.S.A. has a long stick, but a man can't dance in a small house carrying a long stick."

Saturday—A walk around Hanoi. A few large shops are state-run, but there are hundreds of little stores in each neighborhood: barbers, bicycle repairmen, and vegetable sellers squatting by the curb. We visit an "embroidery cooperative"—thirty women in a storefront workshop, all stitching gold lettering on banners. I sing 'em a song. Much noise and laughter as they argue what song to sing for me. I hear an old folk song and a modern patriotic song.

Saturday afternoon Toshi and I have a long interview with another writer our age, Luu Quy Ky, the head of the journalists' association. We learn there are seventy magazines in DRVN, mostly monthly or bimonthly, a newspaper in each province and four in Hanoi.

Luu tells us that after the U.S. and the "puppets" are defeated, some have predicted trouble in the south. "There has been much corruption by the dollar. But we know that the job is to rebuild, not recriminate. Six hundred years ago, after we defeated the Mongol army of Kublai Khan, the King's minister brought a large box into the court of the King. 'This box,' he said, 'contains names of all those who collaborated with the invader.' The King ordered the box to be burned in full view of the court. So, today, the NLF proposes that there be no reprisals against the puppet mercenaries."

On Saturday evening we visit the gallery of the government art export agency. Lots of great folk art and excellent contemporary painting on silk, which gives very soft lines and no hard contrasts. I think it suits the Vietnamese character.

Around Hanoi, in villages and along highways, there are occasional paintings of remarkably high quality, some on brick-and-plaster billboards. Some are cartoons, some give production statistics or information from the fighting fronts with maps, but most are of people at work. "Who paints these?" I ask. "Our local people, workers."

Sunday—We visit a zoo-park. Big crowd (two or three thousand) listening to free entertainment. Traditional music by the one-stringed "dan-bau" gets applause. So do circus acrobats. Then a man steps up with an accordion and belts out "Beer Barrel Polka." In a small building two men play checkers, and a PA system announces the moves to the crowd outside.

Socialist cooperation: Most all children's swings are used by two or three children at once. Three ladder-rungs above the seat help.

Monday—I do two twenty-minute broadcasts that will be broadcast to GIs over "Voice of Vietnam." I have been thinking all week about what I will say and sing and, after talking with Seymour Hersh and Toshi, decide to stay strictly away from political explanations of any sort.

I start with the song, "Turn, Turn, Turn" ("To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven"). Then I say, "Yes, this is Pete Seeger from Beacon, New York, and some of my friends listening will say, 'What the hell are you doing up there?' Perhaps the question is, What are any of us doing in this part of the world? Mainly, I've been singing, the exact same songs I've sung in the U.S.A. and other parts of the world. That first song was written by the well-known subversive song writer Ecclesiastes. The next one is a subversive revolutionary song—written in 1776 by soldiers in George Washington's army."

Tuesday, March 21—Farewells at the Hanoi Airport with much kissing, embracing, and waving, waving, waving. Vietnam is a great country for kissing. When you say good-by for a few days or more, embraces and kisses on both cheeks and handshaking are very common among good friends, fellow workers, and fighters.

When talking, there is a desire to be much closer than the four or five feet customary with North Europeans. Seated next to me, a Vietnamese would often place his hand upon my knee emphasizing or, rather, empathizing.

Vietnamese must surely think Yankees are cold and brusque. □

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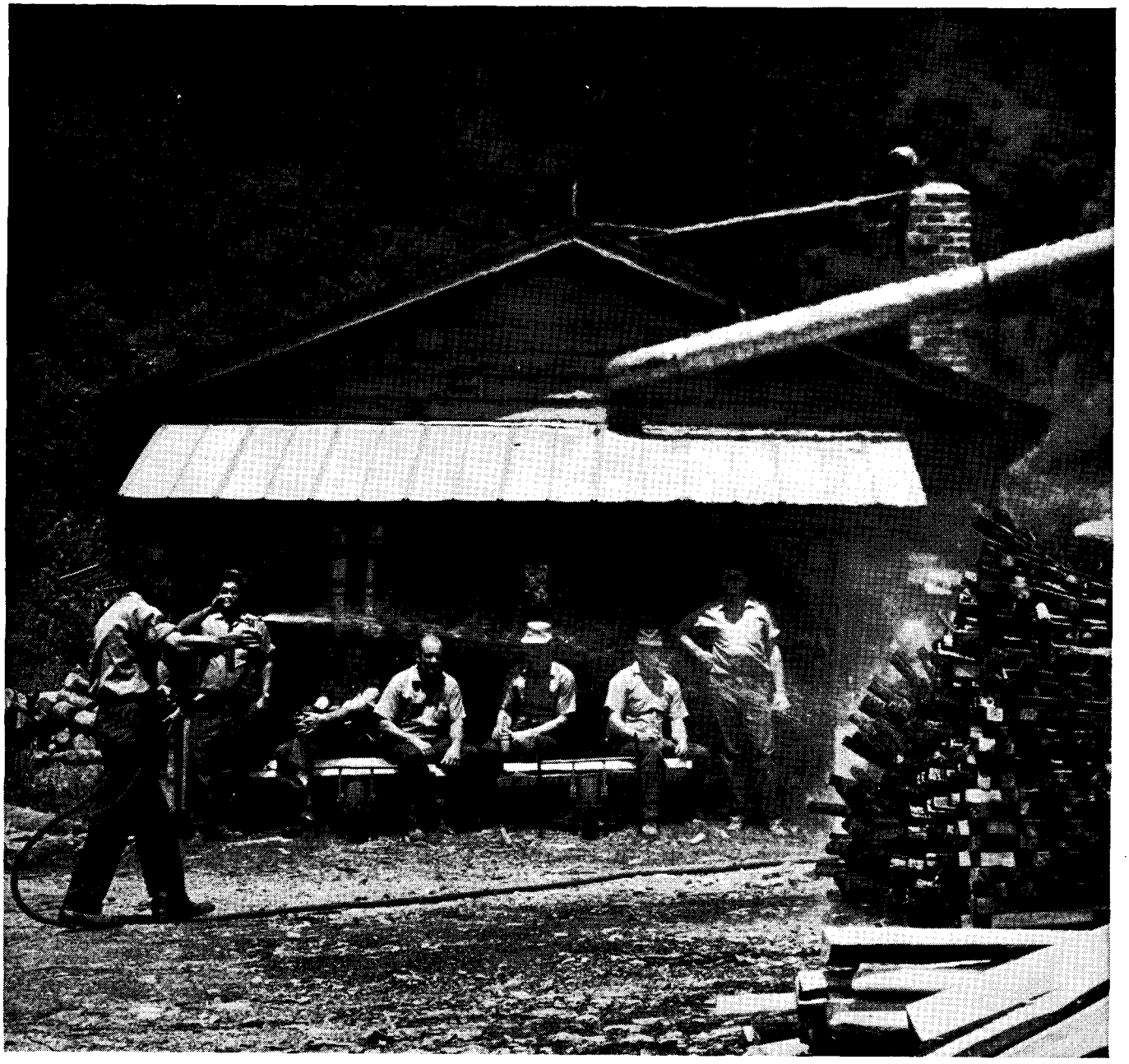

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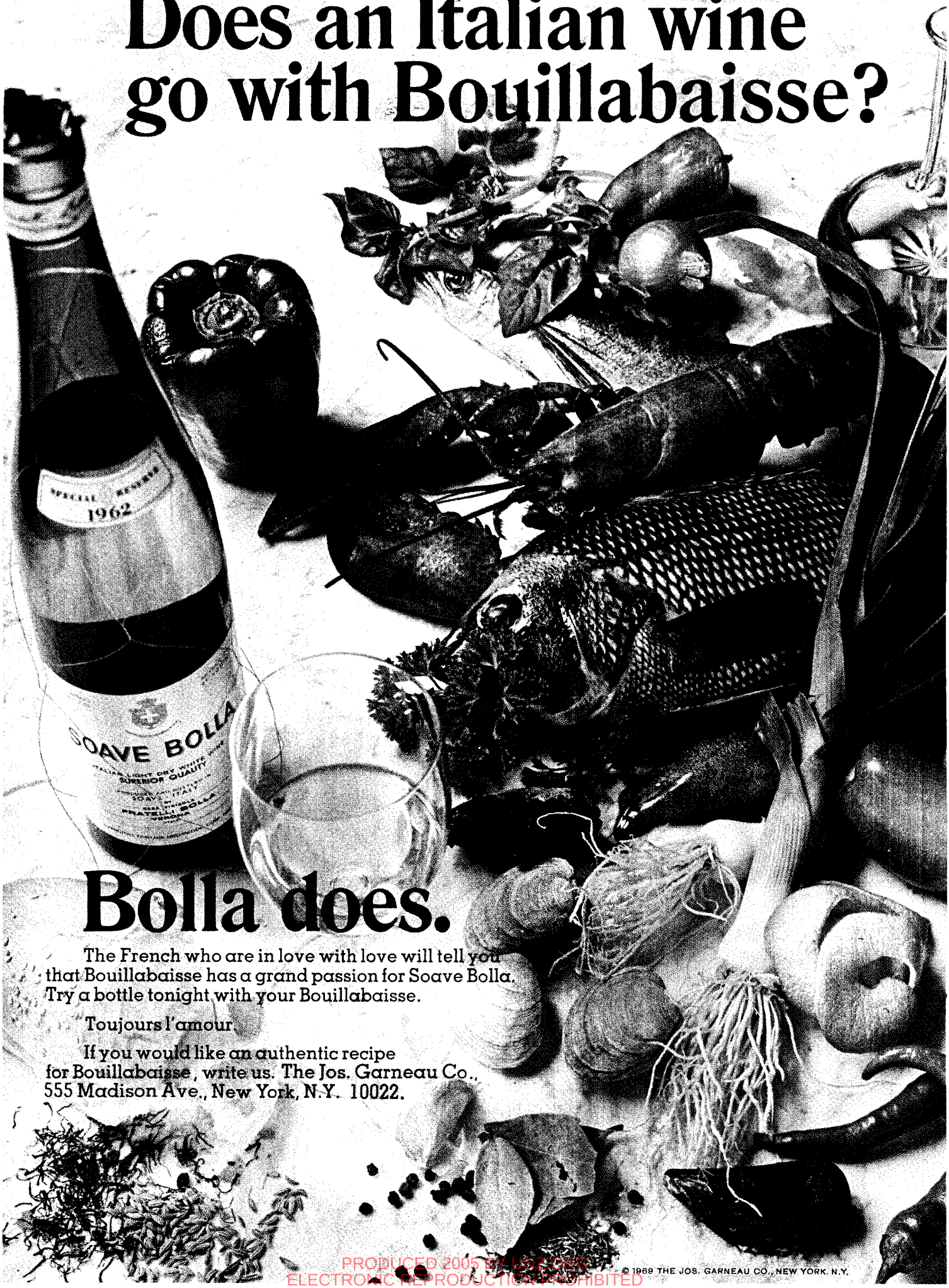

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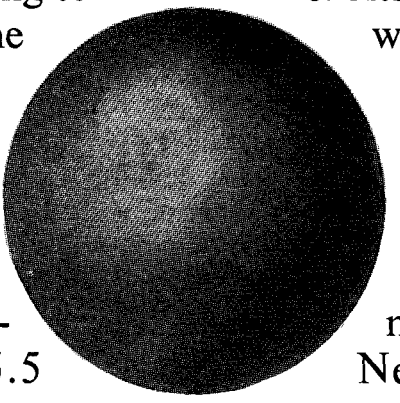
Saturday Review of
SCIENCE

THE TENTH PLANET

Call it Planet X. No one has seen it, even with the most powerful telescopes, yet according to Joseph L. Brady of the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory at the University of California at Livermore, Planet X is probably out there, orbiting beyond Pluto some 5.5 billion miles from the sun. Brady also suggests that it is a large planet, three times as massive as Saturn.



The calculations that led to the prediction of the existence of Planet X, as well as of its size and distance, evolved from studies of Halley's comet, which visits our part of the solar system once every seventy-six years. (It is due again in 1986.) The orbit of Halley's comet displays mysterious deviations called perturbations and, according to Brady, these deviations can be explained by the existence of a tenth planet —Planet X. Furthermore, the existence of Planet X would explain the perturbations in the orbits of other comets and would not contradict what is known of the orbits of the existing planets.

The prediction of unseen planets is not new. The location of Neptune, for example, was predicted in 1846 on the basis of perturbations in the orbit of Uranus. The detection of perturbations in Neptune's orbit subsequently led to the prediction of Pluto in 1915, although it was not sighted until 1930. Since then, several astronomers have suggested a tenth planet.

Brady expects that his prediction will stimulate a search for Planet X but warns the search may be a long one. "The proposed planet is located in the densely populated Milky Way," he says, "where even a tiny area encompasses thousands of stars. If it exists, it will be difficult to find."

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EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT LIGHTNING BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

It causes static on your AM radio, "snow" on your TV screen, and occasionally kills people and starts forest fires. But we still don't know exactly how it works.

BY MARTIN A. UMAN

Let us now explain thunder and lightning. . . . As we have said, there are two kinds of exhalation, moist and dry; and their combination (air) contains both potentially. It condenses into clouds . . . and the condensation of clouds is thicker toward their farther limit . . . but any of the dry exhalation that gets trapped when the air is in the process of cooling is forcibly ejected as the clouds condense and in its course strikes the surrounding clouds; and the noise caused by the impact is what we call thunder. . . . As a rule, the ejected wind burns with a fine and gentle fire, and it is then what we call lightning. . . . Lightning is produced after the impact and so later than thunder, but appears to us to precede it because we see the flash before we hear the noise.

—Aristotle

We know today that lightning is nothing more than a giant electric spark, the big brother of the spark that jumps from your finger to the light switch after you shuffle across a nylon rug in winter, and that thunder is the noise created by the spark as its hot gases expand against the surrounding air. Yet as obvious as these facts may seem now, some 2,000 years elapsed between the time Aristotle penned the above words in the fourth century B.C. and the time evidence was produced to show that lightning is indeed electrical. In fact, as late as the eighteenth century, church bells, often inscribed with the words *"Fulgura frango"* ("I break the lightning"), were rung in order to disperse lightning. Ironically, there are many recorded instances of bell ringers electrocuted by lightning at their ropes.

It was Benjamin Franklin who finally showed that thunderclouds are electrically charged. He also discovered that the primary charge in the bottom of typical thunderclouds is negative and deduced that lightning is a long spark that discharges the clouds. In 1750 Franklin wrote, "To determine the question whether the clouds that contain lightning are electrified or not, I would propose an experiment to be tried where it may be done conveniently. On the top of some high tower or steeple place a kind of sentry box . . . big enough to contain a man and an electrical stand [an insulator]. From the middle of the stand let an iron rod rise and pass bending out of the door, and then upright twenty or thirty feet, pointed very

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sharp at the end. If the electrical stand be kept clean and dry, a man standing on it when such clouds are passing low might be electrified and afford sparks, the rod drawing fire to him from the cloud." However, Franklin thought of an easier way to test his theory before he could get around to performing this experiment.

In the summer of 1752, during a thunderstorm, Franklin flew his famous kite, and when sparks jumped to his hand from a key tied to the end of the kite string, his theory was verified. Franklin was indeed lucky for a number of people have been killed flying kites in thunderstorms. His work, including the invention of the lightning rod (still used today in essentially unaltered form), made him the forerunner of modern lightning research.

There are a number of different types of lightning. The most common, called intracloud lightning, occurs within the thundercloud itself. However, we will be mainly concerned here with another common type—cloud-to-ground lightning that carries a *negative* charge to the ground. Most of the available information on lightning relates to this variety, for it is the most amenable to photographic studies. Other, rarer types include ground-to-cloud lightning and cloud-to-ground lightning that carries a *positive* charge. Also, thunderclouds are not the only source of lightning. It can occur in snowstorms, sandstorms, near erupting volcanoes and nuclear explosions, and even on a clear day (thus the phrase "a bolt from the blue").

A cloud-to-ground lightning discharge is made up of one or more partial discharges. The total discharge, the time duration of which is on the order of 0.2 seconds, is called a *flash*. The component discharges, which generally last less than one one-thousandth of a second, are called *strokes*. Most of us have seen lightning that appears to flicker. In these instances the eye is discerning the individual strokes that make up the flash.

The usual cloud-to-ground discharge probably begins as a local discharge between the small pocket of positive charge at the base of the cloud (the p region) and the primary region of negative charge (the N-region) above it. This local discharge frees electrons (fundamental particles that carry the smallest known unit of negative electrical charge) in the N-region that previously had been attached to water or ice particles. These electrons overrun the p-region, neutralize its small positive charge, and then continue on their trip to the ground.

The vehicle by which these electrons move from the cloud to the ground is called a *stepped leader*, and its exact operation still is not understood. (When it is, it may well be possible to stop or alter the stepped leader and thereby control lightning.) What is known is that the stepped leader moves from cloud to ground in rapid, luminous steps that are about fifty yards long. Each step occurs in less than one one-millionth of a second, and the time between each step is about one fifty-millionth of a second. The stepped leader, moving at a velocity of about 200 miles per second, takes about one one-hundredth of a second to travel from the cloud to earth. Measured photographically, the stepped leader is between one and ten yards in diameter. It is thought, however, that most of the current flows down a narrow conducting core that is less than one inch in diameter, and that the large, photographically observed diameter is due to a luminous electrical corona surrounding the conducting core.

When the stepped leader nears the ground, a relatively large negative charge—about 5 Coulombs—is distributed over its length. (A Coulomb is the amount of electricity transferred by one amp in one second.) This negative charge induces large amounts of positive charge beneath it—especially on objects projecting above the earth's surface. Since opposite charges attract, the positive charge attempts to join the negative charge, and in doing so it initiates upward-moving discharges. One of these upward-moving discharges contacts the stepped leader and thus determines the point at which the lightning will strike. (Lightning rods are used to instigate significant upward-moving discharges and thereby provide the lightning with a safe path to ground.) A typical upward-moving discharge is thirty to fifty yards long.

When the stepped leader contacts an upward-moving discharge (and through it is attached to the ground), negative charges at the bottom of the leader violently move to ground, causing large currents to flow and the channel of the stepped leader near the ground to become extremely luminous. This high luminosity (and the high current) then moves up the leader channel and out its branches at somewhere between one-half and one-tenth the speed of light. This movement from ground to cloud is called the *return stroke* and is actually the dazzling display we recognize as lightning. The eye is not fast enough to resolve the movement of the return stroke, and so it seems as if all points of the channel become bright simultaneously. Similarly, we do not visually detect the stepped leader itself, for the eye cannot resolve the time between the stepped leader's trip to earth and the illumination of its path by the return stroke.

After the stroke current has ceased to flow, the lightning flash may be ended, in which case the discharge is called a *single-stroke flash*. However, most flashes contain three or four strokes—some as many as twenty or thirty. Subsequent strokes are initiated only if additional charge is made available to the top of the previous stroke channel less than about one-tenth of a second after current has stopped flowing in the previous stroke. These additional charges are usually captured by electrical discharges (called K-streamers and J-streamers) that move upward and outward from the top of the previous return stroke into untapped areas of the N-region of the cloud. When additional charge is available, a *continuous* (as opposed to stepped) leader called a *dart leader* moves down the defunct return stroke channel, depositing negative charge along its length. The dart leader thus sets the stage for the second (and any subsequent) return stroke. Dart leaders generally deposit smaller amounts of charge than stepped leaders do, and, as a result, subsequent strokes generally lower less charge to ground and have smaller currents than first strokes.

Most lightning flashes to relatively flat areas or small structures occur in this fashion as do a small fraction of the discharges to tall buildings and mountains. However, most flashes associated with tall buildings and mountains are the result of a reverse process. They are initiated by stepped leaders that move upward from ground to cloud. For example, 75 per cent of the lightning discharging on the Empire State Building is upward-moving. Ground-to-cloud stepped leaders can carry either positive or negative charge and do not initiate return strokes when they reach the cloud.

It is easy to distinguish cloud-to-ground lightning from ground-to-cloud. In the cloud-to-ground variety the flash is branched downward because the stepped leader branches downward. Ground-to-cloud lightning, on the other hand, branches upward because the stepped leader is branched upward.

How do we know what we know about lightning? Researchers studying lightning today primarily employ five diagnostic techniques—photography, electric field measurement, current measurement, spectroscopy, and thunder measurement.

Obviously, one major determinant for the study of lightning is the presence of lightning, and flashes are more common in some areas than in others. For example, Java is one of the most active lightning regions on earth. In Java thunder is heard on the average of 223 days per year, and where there is thunder there has to be lightning. Central Florida is the most active region in the United States. Here

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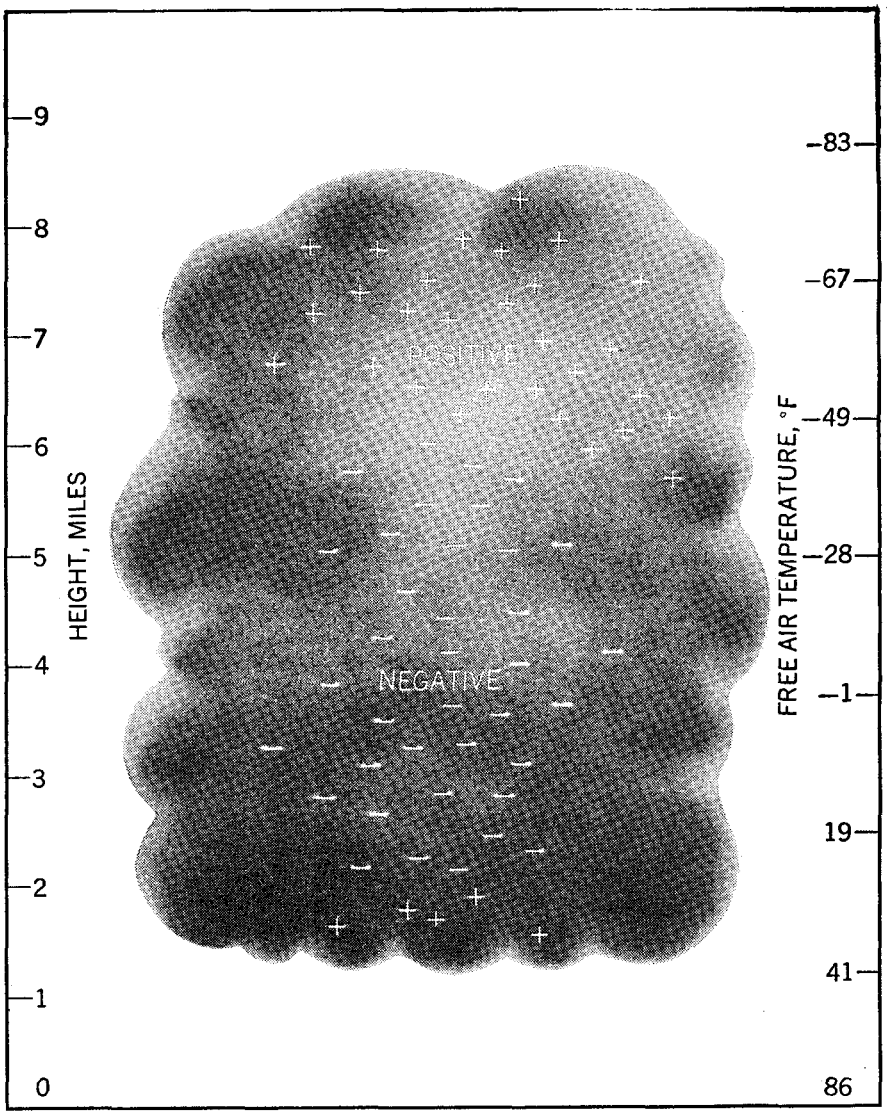
The probable distribution of electric charges in a thundercloud is shown in the drawing at right. The primary region of positive charge (the P-region) is located in the top of the cloud with the major region of negative charge (the N-region) below it. At the bottom of the cloud is a small pocket of positive charge (the p-region).



thunder is heard on the average of ninety days per year. The coastal regions of northern California, Oregon, and Washington have the least lightning activity in the nation.

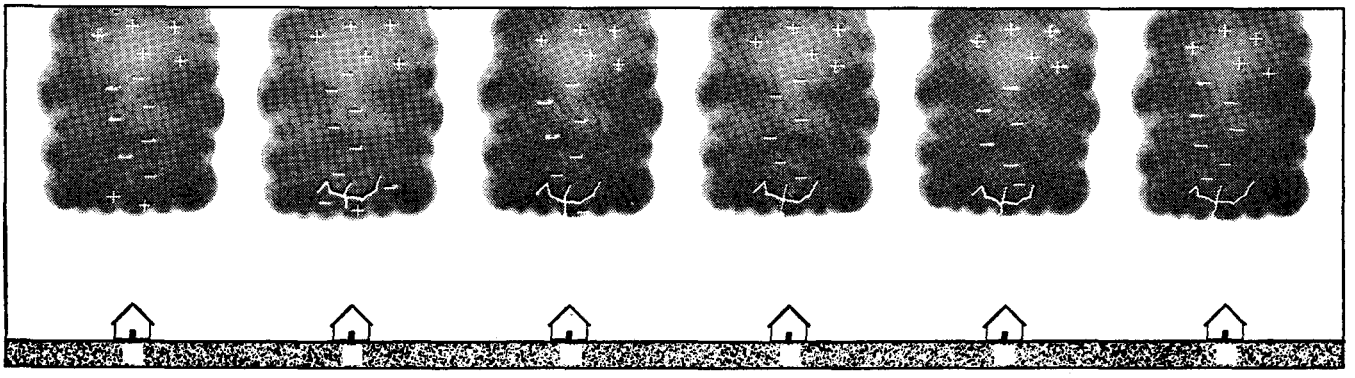
Much of what we know about lightning comes from studies conducted at places where it strikes over and over again. The Empire State Building in New York City, for example, has been struck as many as forty-eight times in a single year and is therefore a favorite location for lightning study. Another choice spot is Mount San Salvatore near Lugano, Switzerland. Instrumented towers on Mount San Salvatore have recorded more than 100 strikes in a single year.

The probability of a structure being struck by lightning depends on its height. In moderately flat areas the expected number of strikes per year is about one for a 300-foot structure, three for a 600-foot structure, five for an 800-foot structure, ten for a 1,000-foot structure, and twenty for a 1,200-foot structure.

It is a simple matter to photograph lightning if you do not wish to capture its component parts. Just set an ordinary camera on a tripod or other firm base on a dark, stormy night, open the shutter, and leave it open until lightning occurs in the field of view. However, if the shutter is left open for too long a time, the film will fog. The amount of fogging depends on the length of time the shutter is left open and the ambient light level. This should not be a serious problem because during an active storm lightning occurs about once every twenty seconds. You also can photograph lightning by snapping the shutter (set at 1/30 second or slower) when lightning is first seen. If it is a single-stroke flash, your reflexes will not be fast enough to snap the shutter in time, but if it is a multiple-stroke flash, as most are, you should catch a subsequent stroke. Since subsequent strokes are generally unbranched, the resulting image will be unbranched.

To separate the components of a lightning flash, however, requires relative motion between the film and the lens. In the late nineteenth century researchers accomplished this by moving ordinary cameras (with open shutters) back and forth in the horizontal plane on nights when lightning was occurring. Using this technique, they were able to identify the individual strokes in a flash and the leader preceding the first stroke. Then, early in this century, the English scientist C. V. Boys invented a camera—now called the Boys camera—that has since provided almost all of the photographic information on cloud-to-ground lightning presently available. The Boys camera utilizes two rotating lenses and stationary film. Today many researchers also use what is called a "streak" camera. In the "streak" camera the lens is stationary and the film is motor-driven horizontally at high speeds behind it.

One of the most important areas of lightning research today is electric field measurement. The presence and



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motion of electrical charges in the atmosphere, for example, can be monitored by measuring the electric fields produced by the charges. These electric fields are similar to the fields that carry radio and TV programs from the station's transmitter to your receiver. The "radio waves" of lightning appear as static on your AM radio and as "snow" on your TV screen.

The study of the electric fields associated with lightning was started by the eminent physicist C. T. R. Wilson who, in two classic papers published between 1910 and 1920, showed how the amount of charge lowered from cloud to ground by lightning could be determined from a measurement of the change in the electric field many miles away from the flash. On the basis of his field measurements, Wilson also suggested that the distribution of electric charge in a thundercloud took the form of a vertical dipole with the positive charge on top. In other words, the major region of positive charge (the P-region) is located at the top of the thundercloud while the prime area of negative charge (the N-region) is located in its lower portion. Although there is still considerable controversy concerning the exact magnitude of these charges, most researchers today agree with Wilson's notion of a vertical dipole.

Lightning electric fields are measured with an antenna coupled to suitable electronics. The system is similar to—but generally simpler than—an ordinary receiver. The antennae used are sometimes vertical whips exactly like car antennae, but more often are flat plates oriented parallel to the ground. The disadvantage of the vertical whip is that in studying close lightning it often develops a corona, or St. Elmo's fire, a luminous discharge that envelops the antenna. The corona signal then overwhelms that of the lightning.

At present, scientists at New Mexico Tech are studying electric fields in order to determine the exact location of the charge centers that feed lightning. And here at the University of Florida we are measuring electric fields in order to plot the currents in the lightning channel on a millionth-of-a-second time scale. Although to the layman many of the results of these studies probably would seem to be little more than confusing tangles of electrical jargon, they are vital, for example, to the design of better lightning-protection equipment for such things as power lines and storage magazines for explosives. They also are helping us determine the characteristics of lightning "radio noise," characteristics that are of considerable interest to the designers of communications equipment. Lightning, for example, is the largest source of natural communication noise in the VLF (Very Low Frequency) radio band.

Another important area of lightning research involves measuring the amount of current that flows at ground during a flash. The first such measurement was made by the German scientist F. Pockels. In 1897 Pockels discovered that rock (basalt) in the vicinity of several trees struck by lightning had been magnetized. Assuming this was due to the magnetic field associated with the lightning current, Pockels deduced that peak currents of 5,000 to 10,000 amps must have been present. (A conventional household electric circuit will carry up to 15 amps. A 100-watt light bulb uses about 1 amp.) A few years later, Pockels placed samples of the same magnetizable rock an inch or so from a lightning rod and from the induced magnetism measured peak lightning currents of 11,000 amps and 20,000 amps in two flashes.

Pockels' peak-current measuring technique was revived in the 1930s in the form of the *magnetic link*, a piece of magnetizable material, such as cobalt steel, that is constructed in the laboratory. Magnetic links still are widely used for measuring lightning current. One of the more sensational recent measurements was made at Cape Kennedy a few weeks prior to the lift-off of Apollo 15 in 1971. Magnetic links attached to the launch umbilical tower recorded a peak current of almost 100,000 amps during a lightning strike. Although lightning peak currents generally fall in the range of 5,000 to 20,000 amps, currents of more than 200,000 amps are sometimes reported.

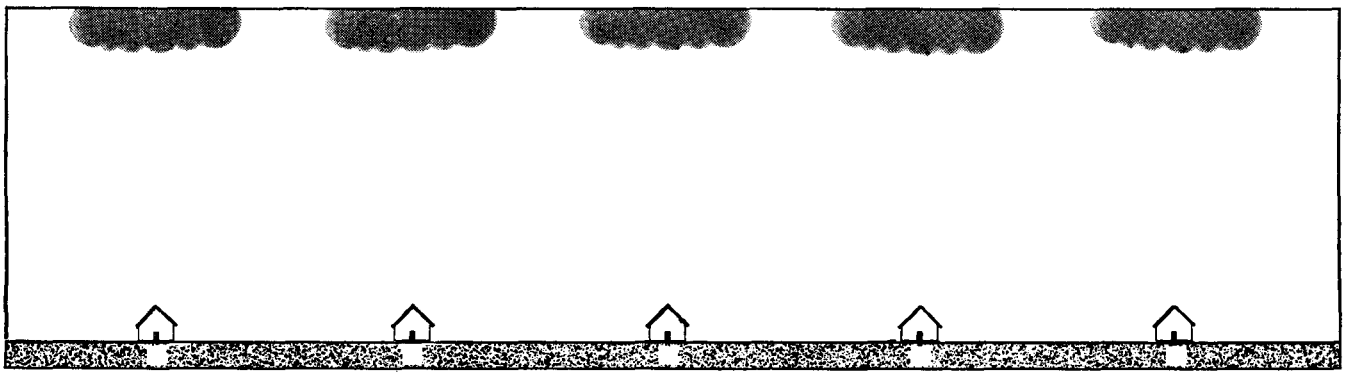
One of the most common injuries to persons in the close vicinity of a lightning strike is broken eardrums. The lightning shock wave is the culprit.

The first stroke of a lightning flash usually carries larger current than subsequent strokes. The current of a particular stroke reaches its peak in a few millionths of a second and then decreases. It generally terminates in one one-thousandth of a second unless continuing current flows. Continuing current (typically 100 amps) may last for one- or two-tenths of a second. About one-half of all lightning flashes contain a continuing current following one of the component strokes.

Lightning flashes that contain continuing current are commonly called *hot lightning*; flashes that do not are known as *cold lightning*. Hot lightning sets fires; cold lightning does not. However, the temperature of both hot and cold lightning is the same—15,000 to 60,000 degrees F. (The temperature of the sun's surface is about 11,000 degrees F.) The difference is that the temperature of hot lightning is maintained longer—tenths of a second versus thousandths of a second for cold lightning. It is this duration that causes hot lightning to start forest fires.

It would seem obvious that lightning-induced forest fires should be suppressed, but this is not necessarily the case. In California until recently, for example, frequent fires kept the forest

The drawing below illustrates the initiation and propagation of the lightning stepped leader: a) Cloud charge distribution just prior to p-N discharge; b) p-N discharge; c)-f) stepped leader moving toward ground in fifty-yard steps. At lower right the return stroke is described: a) final stages of stepped leader descent; b) initiation of upward-moving discharges; c)-e) return stroke propagation from ground to cloud.



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floor clean; the fires were small and did not damage the trees. Ironically, efforts to prevent and contain forest fires in California enabled the brush to grow more thickly on the forest floor, and, as a result, most fires are now big ones. In fact, we may be indebted to ancient forest fires for California's giant sequoias. The seedlings of these trees can germinate in ashes but not under the thick layer of needles covering an unburned forest floor.

Perhaps the most talked-about aspect of lightning has been its celebrated by-product, thunder. Aristotle, for example, thought that thunder was the noise created when "dry exhalation" (according to Aristotle, one of the constituents of air) was forcibly ejected from one cloud and struck another. Lucretius later claimed that thunder was caused by clouds banging together. The mathematician Descartes, writing in 1637, suggested that thunder was produced by an organ-pipe effect—the resonance of air between two clouds that occurred when a high cloud descended upon a lower one. Interestingly, all of these early theories associated thunder with clouds rather than with lightning.

In 1749 Benjamin Franklin wrote that lightning and laboratory sparks were similar in that they both made "a crack or noise in exploding." Franklin, at least, was on the right track. The correct meaning for Franklin's term "exploding," however, was not established until the twentieth century. In the mid-nineteenth century the accepted thunder theory seems to have been that lightning produced a vacuum along its path and that thunder resulted from the subsequent motion of air into the vacuum. It was also suggested that thunder was the chemical explosion of gaseous materials created by lightning or the result of steam explosions along the lightning path.

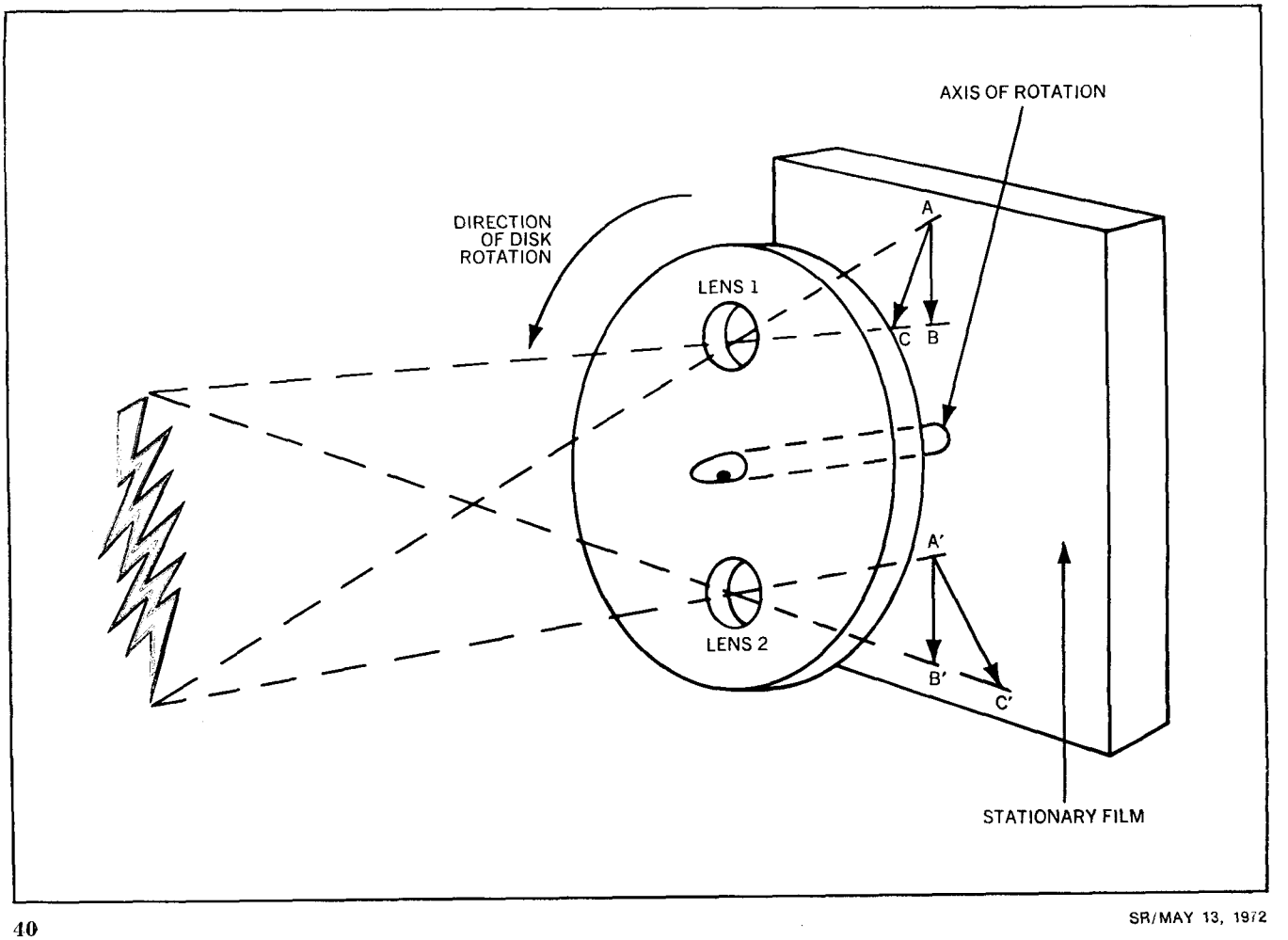
It would seem obvious that lightning-induced forest fires should be suppressed, but this is not necessarily the case.

Today we know that thunder is produced by the expanding return-stroke lightning channel that acts as a cylindrical piston creating an outward propagating shock wave. If the shock wave is generated by a given straight section of the channel, it will be a cylindrical wave until it is farther away from the channel section than the length of that section. Beyond that point the shock wave becomes a roughly spherical shock wave and eventually a sound wave. And since the lightning channel is very tortuous, the thunder we hear is composed of many sound waves that are produced at all points along the channel.

As straightforward as this description might appear, the exact physical mechanism of thunder and even its properties are still the subject of dispute. The thrust of the dispute centers on whether or not thunder exhibits high or low frequency peaks. However, what may be the resolution of the dispute has been reported by scientists from New Mexico Tech. They have concluded that thunder exhibits both high and low frequency peaks—the high due to channel expansion and the low to processes occurring inside the cloud during a lightning flash.

While much is known about lightning, there is still much to be learned. Probably the most serious deficiency in our understanding of lightning is the lack of good quantitative theories to describe leader and return stroke formation and propagation. Also poorly understood is the interaction of light-

The Boys camera (diagram below) utilizes stationary film and rotating lenses to separate a lightning flash into its component parts. When the two lenses are in motion during a lightning flash, the first stroke (ab,a'b') can be distinguished on film from a subsequent stroke (ac,a'c').



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ning with the thundercloud that produces it. Such understanding might make possible the control of lightning in a few tens of years.

But in the meantime, one fact remains certain: Lightning watching is fun. Lightning is a visual display much more dazzling than any of the pyrotechnics created by man. In this sense it is appropriate that this article appears when it does. The lightning season is about to begin. □

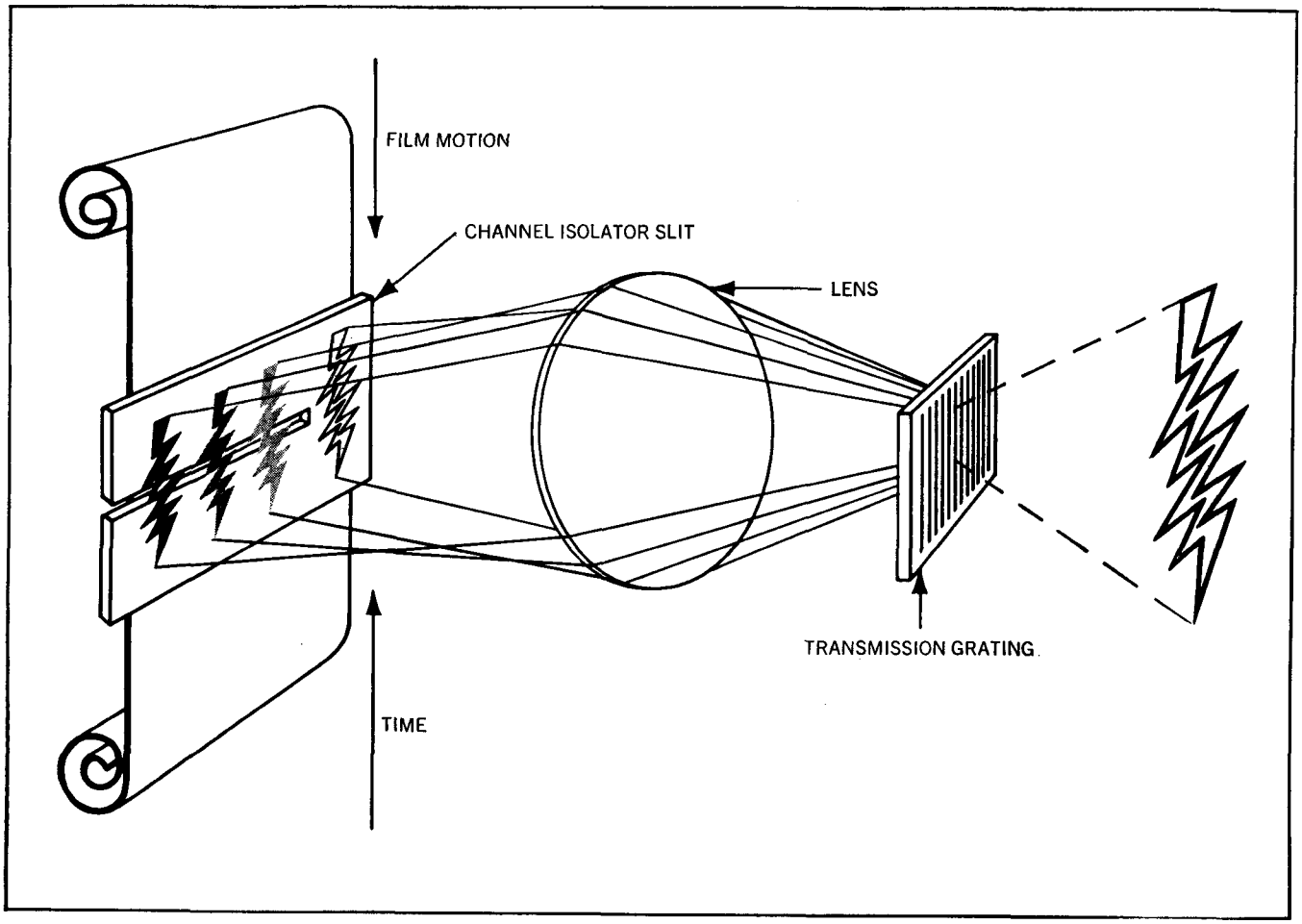
Martin A. Uman has spent most of his adult life studying lightning. He is the author of *Lightning*, a technical book published by McGraw-Hill in 1969, and *Understanding Lightning*, a nontechnical book published by Bek Technical Publications in Carnegie, Pennsylvania. Dr. Uman currently is a professor of electrical engineering at the University of Florida.

The illustration below describes the workings of a lightning spectrometer. The lightning image is broken up into its spectrum by the transmission grating (similar to a prism). The lens focuses the spectral images on the channel isolator slit assembly. Each spectral image then passes through its designated slit and is recorded on the moving film. By measuring the intensity of the various spectral images, the temperature of the lightning channel can be determined.

LIGHTNING QUIZ

1. Does lightning ever strike in the same place twice?
   yes □ *no* □
2. Does it always strike the tallest object?
   yes □ *no* □
3. Can there be thunder without lightning?
   yes □ *no* □
4. Can there be lightning without thunder?
   yes □ *no* □
5. Should you seek refuge under a tree during a thunderstorm?
   yes □ *no* □
6. Should you swim during a thunderstorm?
   yes □ *no* □
7. If you wear rubber-soled shoes, are you safe from lightning?
   yes □ *no* □
8. Does lightning strike airplanes in flight?
   yes □ *no* □
9. Does lightning occur only in thunderstorms?
   yes □ *no* □
10. Can lightning start forest fires?
    yes □ *no* □

Answers are given on page 62.



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MANFRED CLYNES AND THE SCIENCE OF SENTICS

Love, anger, sex—you can express them with your fingertip

BY GERALD JONAS

Even among his most ardent admirers, Manfred Clynes is not known for his modesty. But then—as even his most emphatic critics would concede—he does not have that much to be modest about. As a teen-ager, he was acclaimed one of the most promising young pianists in Australia, where his parents settled after they fled from Fascist Hungary in 1938. While an undergraduate at the University of Melbourne, he majored simultaneously in music and engineering, and he won honors in both. Since then he has toured the major cities of Europe as a concert pianist, and has a sheaf of laudatory newspaper reviews to show for this. He has done significant research in neurophysiology, and he invented the Computer of Average Transients (CAT), which has become standard equipment in many research laboratories. (The CAT improves the signal-to-noise ratio of a recurring electrical signal such as an EKG reading by automatically averaging the values of each point in time.) Clynes has chatted about music and theoretical physics with Albert Einstein and is on intimate terms with Pablo Casals. In his spare time he paints and writes poetry. In short, he has spent most of his life with one foot in each of the "two cultures," the arts and the sciences.

Now, at age forty-six, Clynes has worked out what he believes to be the foundation of a whole new science that aims at the precise measurement of emotional expression, and of those qualities of expressive form that we "intuitively" recognize in a great work of art. The science is called sentics. He has also discovered, as a by-product of his research, a simple method of relieving nervous tension and depression, which in certain subjects produces a remarkable sense of physical and mental well-being—without, as he notes, "the use of any particular dogma or drug."

Clynes is well aware that his claims of even limited success in such areas are bound to rub a lot of people the wrong way—especially coming, as they do, from a researcher whose professional qualifications do not include an M.D. or training in psychology or psychiatry. (Clynes has a B.S. in engineering and a doctorate in physiology from the University of Melbourne, and an M.S. in music from The Juilliard School in New York.) Some of his own staff at Rockland State Hospital in Orangeburg, New York, where he is chief research scientist and director of the biocybernetics laboratory, have made it clear that they prefer not to take part in any work on sentics. "There is a mistaken attitude," says Clynes, "that emotions are vague, ill-defined, and not very appropriate entities for scientific research." The fuzziness of our everyday language contributes to this attitude. It is further reinforced by observations of people under emotional stress: One person says he is "angry" and turns pale; someone else says he is "angry" and turns red; a third person exhibits first one, then the other reaction when provoked, yet insists that he is not "angry" but only "annoyed." As a pianist, Clynes has long been aware that emotions *can* be expressed and communicated with great precision through the medium of music. As a scientist, he has searched for a key to this precision in the fundamental structure and organization of the human nervous system.

Man's brain is so complex that any attempt to compare its workings to other natural or man-made phenomena inevitably results in drastic oversimplification. Nevertheless, as long as the limits of the comparison are recognized, most researchers in the field would agree that there is an instructive analogy to be drawn between the functioning of the brain and the functioning of an electronic computer. The most sophisticated computer is nothing but a mass of inert hardware until a program, a set of step-by-step instructions, is fed into it. To transform the raw data of a problem into a useful solution, the program determines exactly what operations a computer will perform, and in what sequence it will perform them.

Obviously, the human organism starts life with many complex operations already "programed" into it. Everyone's kidney is kidney-shaped because the human embryo develops according to quite specific instructions encoded in the DNA molecule; barring genetic damage, everyone's DNA contains a similar set of instructions on how to build a kidney. One of the great questions of the life sciences is: How far does such preprograming go? More specifically, the science of sentics asks: If certain "shapes in space," such as the kidney, are determined genetically, what about certain "shapes in time," such as the characteristic slow caress that a loving mother uses to soothe her fretful infant? According to Clynes, for each primary emotion, or "sentic state"—love, hate, anger, joy, grief, and so on—there is an innate brain program that provides a "command shape" for all expressions of that emotion. This command shape does not vary from individual to individual any more than the shape of the kidney does. Of course, the same emotion may be expressed at different times through different outlets—hand gestures, facial movements, tone of voice—just as a computer that is programed to add up a column of numbers may print out the result on a typewriter keyboard, or punch it out on an IBM card, or record it on a spool of magnetic tape. Since our genetic endowment includes a capacity to learn from experience, an individual may come to modify, inhibit, or even repress entirely certain forms of emotional expression. (A public manifestation of grief, for example, is encouraged in some cultures, severely frowned upon in others.) But, according to sentic theory, *every* individual, no matter where he lives or how he is brought up, carries around inside his head the same neurophysiological reference for each primary emotion. This means, for example, that everyone is born with a similar potential to express and communicate love, and to recognize and respond to a loving gesture or tone of voice.

Like proponents of nineteenth-century instinct theory and modern ethology—not to mention Noam Chomsky

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP KIRKLAND

Gerald Jonas is a staff writer for *The New Yorker*. His book on visceral learning and bio-feedback will be published next winter by Viking Press.

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and Claude Lévi-Strauss—Clynes emphasizes the innate (unlearned) elements of human nature. The difference is that Clynes has worked out an ingenious method of testing his theories in the laboratory. Although his interpretations of the results are highly controversial, his work itself has created a flurry of interest in the scientific community; several studies have already supported his basic findings.

Clynes's original approach to the objective measurement of subjective feelings was as bold as it was simple. In order to provide a standardized mode of expression for all emotions, he asked his subjects to express their feelings through the touch of one fingertip on a pressure-transducer, a standard laboratory device that transforms variations in physical pressure into variations in electrical current. To someone who has never tried it, the idea of expressing strong emotions such as anger and love with nothing but a fingertip sounds absurd. But if emotions are really generated by basic brain programs, it should be reasonable to ask a subject to express any given emotion with virtually any part of the body, just as an actor in a workshop exercise may be asked to express "anger" with nothing but his eyebrows, or "love" with nothing but his feet. In fact, highly unconventional modes of expression—those that have not had a chance to be complicated by learning—should provide us with the most direct insight into the brain's genetic programing. According to Clynes, this is exactly what happened in his early experiments.

The subject in a typical experiment was seated in a firm but comfortable chair with the middle finger of his right hand resting on the smooth plastic surface of the transducer. The subject's instructions were to keep his eyes closed and to listen carefully to a tape recording that Clynes had prepared. The tape consisted of a nondescript voice pronouncing the name of a particular emotion, followed by a series of soft clicks at random intervals of three to twelve seconds. As soon as the recorded voice said "anger," the subject was expected to "fantasize" that emotion—i.e., to summon up feelings of anger. Every time he heard a click, he was to try to express anger as precisely as possible by pressing his fingertip on the transducer. After some thirty clicks, there would be a brief pause, signifying the end of the anger sequence; then the voice would pronounce the word "hate," and the subject was to prepare to respond to the next series of clicks with a finger pressure expressive of that emotion. The tape recording lasted about fifty minutes and took the subject through two complete "sentic cycles." Each cycle literally ran the gamut of emotional expression, from "no emotion" (a cue to press down in a purely mechanical way as if striking a typewriter key) through "anger," "hate," "grief," "love," "sex," "joy," and "reverence." How each subject summoned up these different feelings was his own business. (According to their later reports, most subjects began by imagining themselves in an emotionally charged scene with someone they knew.) The essence of the method was that all the subjects were cued in exactly the same way and were required to express their feelings through a single, standardized outlet.

The transducer that Clynes had rigged up for these experiments was sensitive to pressure in two dimensions —vertical (straight down toward the floor) and horizontal (toward or away from the subject's body). The corresponding electrical signals—which could be immediately displayed as transient traces of light on an oscilloscope—were permanently recorded as two wavy lines of ink on a roll of graph paper. The shape of the "no emotion" response served as a kind of control. For example, every little change in finger pressure during the subject's attempt to express anger showed up as a change in the contour of one line or the other. The resulting shape was assumed to be a "self-portrait" of the brain program for that emotion. (Significantly, responses to emotionally neutral words like "chair" or "table" came out looking like the "no emotion" response.)

To get a clearer picture of how each subject tried to express an emotion such as anger, Clynes used a CAT and averaged fifty successive responses in the anger sequence. The result was a pair of smooth curves showing one person's characteristic ups and downs and ins and outs of finger pressure during the two-second interval after each click. As these curves were analyzed and compared, a definite pattern emerged: Not only did one subject's smoothed-out anger curve look the same from session to session (even when the sessions were held weeks or months apart), but the contours varied very little from subject to subject. And the curves for hate, grief, love, joy, sex, and reverence showed the same kind of stability and consistency. Clynes refers to these curves as "essentic forms," and he believes that they are the key to man's ability to communicate his feelings precisely to another human being.

Like many scientists, Clynes has a penchant for inventing new words and phrases to explain his experimental data. For instance, he describes an *essentic form* as the spatiotemporal shape of an *acton* whose duration and contour have been modified by an *idiolog* of a particular *sentic state*. He argues that this new vocabulary is needed to embody the new *biocybernetic* view of man—a systems approach that tries to bridge the gap between the purely "psychic" and the purely "physiologic" aspects of human nature. (An *acton* is defined as a voluntary movement of a limb or muscle, *together with* the decision or mental command to execute the movement; an *idiolog* is defined as the thought or fantasy of a quality—such as "red," or "anger"—*together with* the associated chemical and electrical changes in the brain.)

Clynes insists that these concepts are an improvement upon such conventional terms as "gesture" and "idea." For a more precise account of the psychophysiologic reality of the functioning human organism, however, he says we must turn to the language of mathematics. Of all his work so far, Clynes considers his most important achievement to have been the formulation of a single differential equation that can be used to generate all the empirically determined essentic forms.

Clynes readily admits that his selection of seven primary emotions for the sentic cycle was quite arbitrary. He says that other emotional cue words, —"disgust" or "embarrassment," for example—might have done just as well. Moreover, he explicitly warns that the fantasized emotions cued by the tape must be "differentiated from similar emotions experienced in daily life," but he also points out that most experimental subjects, by their own testimony, during sentic cycles have experienced feelings of anger, hate, love, etc., that are very close to the real thing. About a fifth of all subjects have burst into tears during their first attempt to express grief. Many subjects who have gone through more than one session report that they find themselves looking forward to the "love sequence." One psychiatric patient—who was taught in childhood that "nice people" do not get angry—said that she felt anger for the first time in her adult life, while going through a sentic cycle.

Even more impressive in some ways, although even harder to account for, is the cumulative, cathartic effect that the entire experience seems to have on some subjects—an effect that Clynes discovered for himself during his earliest attempts to refine the experimental procedure. Since he had no one else to use as a guinea pig, Clynes would sometimes sit in his laboratory for hours at a time, a fingertip on the transducer, going through sentic cycle after sentic cycle. At the end of the day he noticed a curious thing. "Instead of being exhausted, I felt surprisingly refreshed. At first, I thought this was simply due to a feeling of satisfaction at having put in a good day's work. But I soon realized that there was more to it than that.

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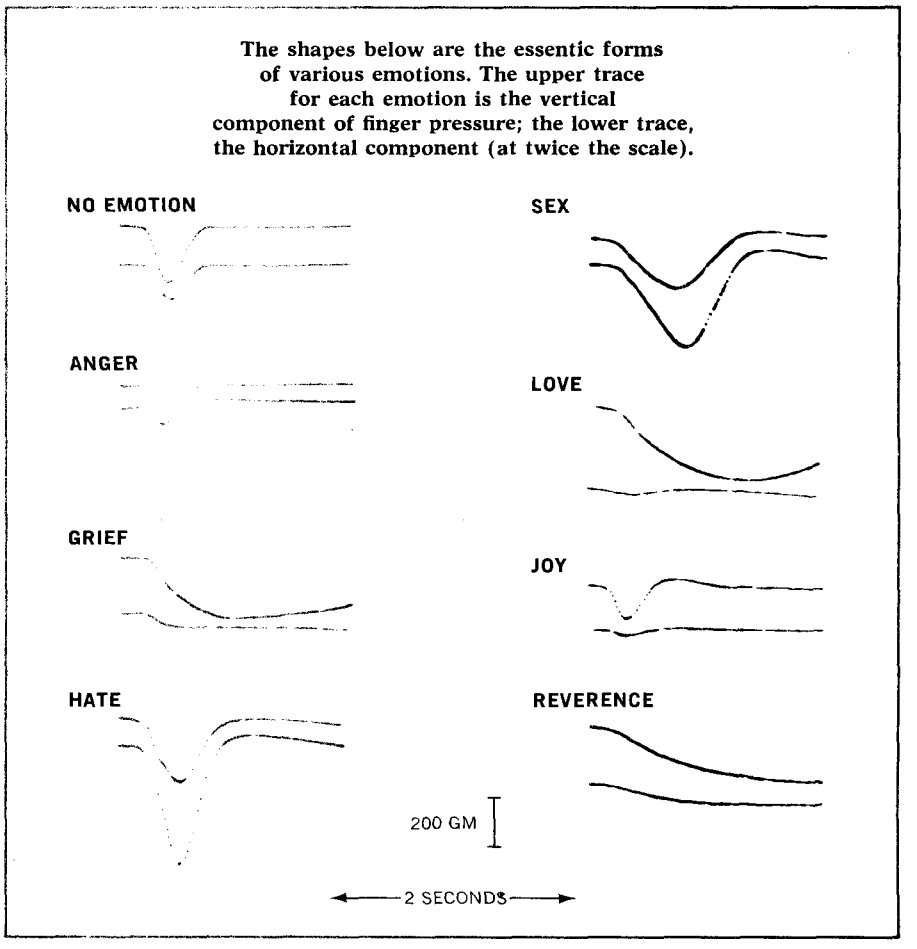
My sense of well-being seemed to have something to do with the sentic cycles themselves." The effect generally lasted from three to twenty-four hours. After an initial period of calmness, Clynes noticed a "marked increase in psychic energy, physical activity, creativity, and spontaneity." He also found that he needed less sleep and that the sleep he did get was much more restful than usual. Other subjects reported similar experiences. A few compared the sensation to a marijuana high. Some spoke of feeling pleasantly "drained" and peaceful. Clynes thinks that the general cathartic effect may be related to the old adage about chopping wood to "work off anger"—except that, "as in a musical, dramatic, or dance performance," it is the "*quality* of the expressive act, not the quantity of physical energy in it," that discharges the pent-up emotion. As an example of the communicative and cathartic powers of precisely expressed essentic form, Clynes has included in several of his scientific papers a description of an experience he had during an extended visit to Pablo Casals's home in Puerto Rico in the winter of 1966:

The Master was giving cello lessons. On this occasion an outstanding student played the theme from the third movement of the Haydn Cello Concerto, a graceful and joyful theme. Those of us who sat there could not help admiring the grace with which the young master cellist played—probably as well as one would hear it anywhere. Casals listened intently. "No," he said, and waved his hand with his familiar, clear, definite gesture. "That must be graceful!" And then he played the same few bars—and it was graceful as if one had never heard grace before—100 times more graceful—so that the cynicism melted in the hearts of the people who sat there and listened. That single phrase penetrated all the defenses, the armor, the hardness of heart which we mostly carry with us, and with its power transformed us into people who were glad to be alive.

What was the power that did this? A slight difference in shape between the phrase as played by the young man and by Casals. A slight difference—but an enormous difference in power of communication, evocation, and transformation.

To Clynes, the transcendent quality of such an experience is as valid a subject for scientific inquiry as any other natural phenomenon. "When we hear Casals and we're in ecstasy, is that not a fact?" he asks. Although he was certainly not aware of it until recently, Clynes's entire life seems to have been spent in developing the sensibility and the intellectual tools to come to grips with facts such as these.

Clynes was born in Vienna in 1925 of a well-to-do Jewish family. One of his earliest memories is of crawling around under a grand piano in the living room while his mother sang Schubert lieder. His father was a naval architect and an inventor; among other things, he designed a submarine for underwater exploration in the Adriatic and a coin-operated food-and-drink dispenser for an "automat" in Budapest. Clynes's parents moved to the Hungarian capital in 1930 for business reasons; eight years later the entire family—including Manfred's maternal grandfather, who was also an inventor—emigrated to Australia.


The shapes below are the essentic forms of various emotions. The upper trace for each emotion is the vertical component of finger pressure; the lower trace, the horizontal component (at twice the scale).
NO EMOTION
SEX
ANGER
LOVE
GRIEF
JOY
HATE
REVERENCE
200 GM
2 SECONDS

Although he could barely speak English when he stepped off the ship, the young Clynes soon distinguished himself in high school and was admitted to the University of Melbourne at the age of sixteen. On his graduation in 1945, he turned down a good job offer in engineering, entered a national music competition, and won a graduate fellowship to study piano at Juilliard. After receiving a master's degree from Juilliard, Clynes studied music and taught for several years at the University of Melbourne, and while there he married a former childhood sweetheart in 1951. He later taught music at Princeton University, where he met Albert Einstein. At the same time he was beginning to build an international reputation as a concert pianist.

But Clynes, who had a wife and two children to support in New York City and who was sending money to Australia to assist his relatives there, found that teaching and performing were insufficient for making ends meet. Rather than look around for an "angel" to bankroll his musical career, he decided in 1954 to "make a pact with the devil." He would answer one of the help-wanted ads for engineers in *The New York Times*, work for three years, save up $20,000, and then return to music full time. His lack of experience notwithstanding, he obtained a job as a computer specialist with Bogue Electric, a company in Paterson, New Jersey, which manufactures electric-control systems. His assignment was to operate a new analogue computer that the company had just installed.

"No one there knew anything about computers, including me," Clynes recalls. "I used to go to work with my knees shaking, afraid that they'd find out I was a musician." Within three months, however, Clynes had published a paper on improved methods of control-systems analysis and had worked out a much faster and more efficient way to "stabilize" the electric-control systems that Bogue manufactured.

In spite of his new-found success as an engineer, Clynes hated what he was doing because he felt himself to be "a traitor to music." Then in 1956 he met

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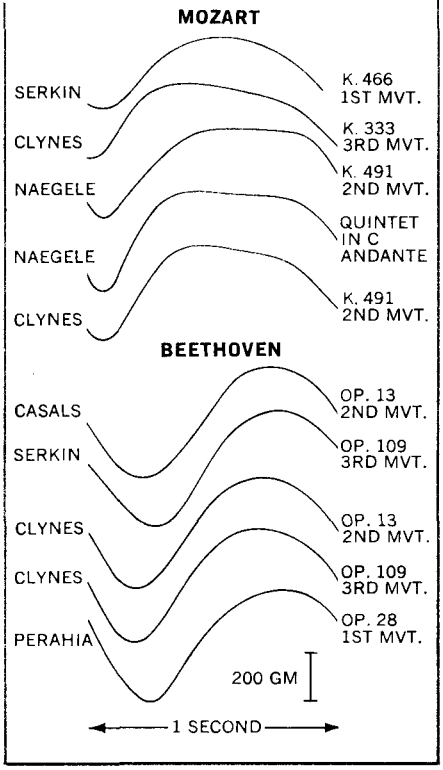
Dr. Nathan Kline, director of research at Rockland State Hospital, who suggested that Clynes make an effort to apply control-systems analysis to problems in psychiatry. Clynes said that he couldn't see how it was possible to do that, but that he did see a possible application to the study of the homeostatic control mechanisms that regulate heart rate, blood pressure, body temperature, and other internal functions. Although he had never taken a course in physiology, Clynes was soon making significant contributions in this field. (The University of Melbourne later awarded him a D.Sc. on the basis of his published papers.) To facilitate his research, he invented several data-processing and recording devices, including the CAT; with the backing of his associates at Rockland State, he formed a company to manufacture his inventions. He later sold the company and his patents to a larger electronics firm, ending up with a handsome paper profit. But by now he was so engrossed in a number of research projects that he found it impossible to simply walk away from his scientific career.

Most of Clynes's research was concerned with the ways in which the structure of our nervous system determines the "structure" of the world we perceive and relate to. In 1961 he published a paper on an experimentally observed phenomenon called unidirectional rate sensitivity—which he went on to identify as a basic principle of biologic design. This principle states that, because of inherent physical limitations, there is no way for information about increases and decreases in the rate of change of a stimulus to be transmitted along a single neural channel. As a result, it is only when two separate channels work in tandem—such as when one kind of receptor senses an increase in temperature and another kind senses a decrease—that we are aware of opposing sensory qualities ("hot" and "cold"). In a single-channel system (touch or smell), the removal of a stimulus conveys no new information; this is presumably why we have no concept of the "opposite" of smell or touch.

Clynes was also interested in the neural representation of perceived color and form. By attaching a ring of electrodes to a subject's scalp, he was able to demonstrate in a series of experiments that the perception of distinctive color patterns and clearly defined shapes is associated with distinctive patterns of electrical activity in the human brain. (In fact, a computer programed to scan the "evoked potentials" was able to determine, with remarkable accuracy, which particular stimulus pattern out of 100 possible choices the subject had been looking at.) Clynes interpreted these findings as

Clynes believes that all the music of a composer has a specific "inner pulse." The "inner pulses" of Mozart and Beethoven, produced by various musicians, are shown below.



further support for his view that the human nervous system processes the incessant barrage of incoming stimuli according to a limited number of innate organizing principles, or brain programs.

If this level of organization were demonstrable for color and form, Clynes reasoned, there might be other measurable brain programs for other "sensory qualities," including those subtle properties of musical sound for which we have no suitable word in any natural language but which Clynes believed could be precisely delineated if only the right tools were made available. While he was teaching music at Princeton in 1953, he had come across a provocative book by a German musicologist named Gustav Becking (*Der musikalische Rhythmus als Erkenntnisquelle,* published in 1928). According to Becking, when a knowledgeable musician was instructed to "follow" a piece of music with rhythmic movements of his index finger, certain consistent movement shapes appeared, which seemed to be correlated with the music of specific composers. Clynes was intrigued by Becking's attempt to find an objective correlative for what he as a musician had always sensed intuitively: that the "living presence," or personality, of each great composer was somehow embodied in every musical phrase that he wrote. Clynes later had occasion to ask Casals how he went about studying a relatively unfamiliar piece of Beethoven. Casals replied, "Oh, Beethoven is an old friend of mine."

Finally, in the spring of 1967 Clynes decided that he had the tools to put his musical intuition to a rigorous scientific test. The first step was to bring Becking's crude experimental procedure up to date by using a CAT and a pressure-transducer. Clynes's idea was to have a musician mentally run through a piece of music, while pressing with one fingertip against the transducer.

Clynes's first subject, naturally enough, was himself. By computing an average of fifty separate "pressure transients" (each lasting about a second), he came up with a smooth curve that graphically represented variations in finger pressure during a typical second of a particular composition. He called this curve the "inner pulse form" of that piece of music. To his delight, every Mozart score that he "recorded" on the pressure-transducer yielded a similar pulse form, one that was quite different from the equally consistent curve for all the Beethoven scores. The inner pulse form for each composer seemed to be independent of standard time signatures or notations for tempo; it remained virtually unchanged through early and late periods, fast and slow movements, comic and tragic themes. Clynes's experimental procedure was obviously measuring *something.* But what exactly did those two pulse forms stand for? Did they reveal anything about the music of Mozart and that of Beethoven, or were they simply a reflection of Clynes's subjective attitudes toward those composers? The next step, obviously, was to see whether the experiment could be replicated with other musicians.

The first person who agreed to try his hand at the experiment was the pianist Rudolf Serkin. The experience was nerve-racking, Clynes says, because he felt that he was placing on the line his lifelong belief that sensory qualities have objective reality, that they are not merely "matters of taste." Serkin himself was very cooperative, although he kept trying to tap on the transducer as if it were a piano key, and this made accurate measurement impossible. When he learned to keep his finger in contact with the surface and to modulate the pressure rhythmically while going through a score in his mind, the curves that he produced for the music of Mozart and the music of Beethoven (and of other composers) were very close to the curves that Clynes had already produced. The results obtained with other musicians, including Casals, showed the same close match. *(Continued on page 51)*

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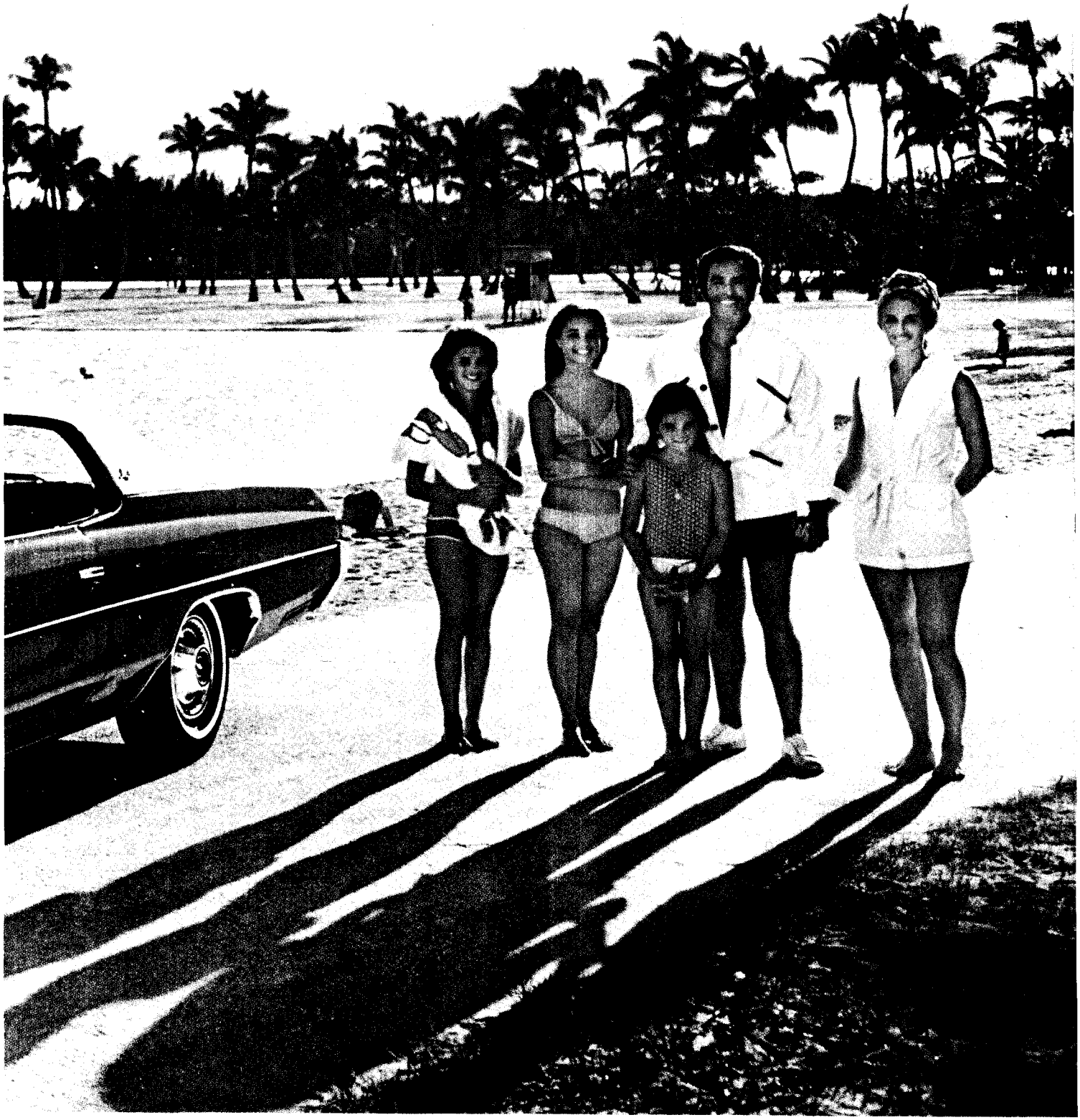

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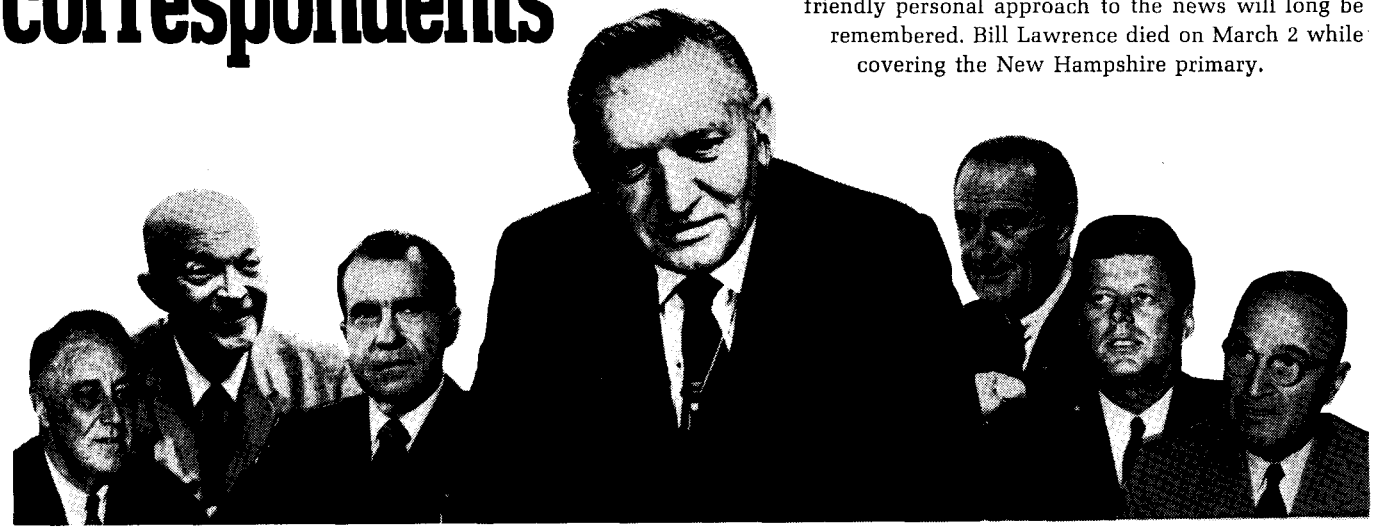

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According to Clynes, the consistency of the inner pulse form for a particular composer is not simply the result of tradition or style. "Mozart and Haydn have very different pulse forms," says Clynes. "So have Debussy and Ravel." Clynes himself has difficulty explaining the phenomenon. He speculates that each composer has somehow translated a characteristic brain program into an arrangement of sounds and silences for which the standard musical notation is only a rough approximation. Through some manner not yet understood, the sensitive performer grasps this implicit brain program and is able to re-create it so that the sensitive listener says, "Yes, that is Mozart."

In the winter of 1968 Clynes presented a paper on inner pulse forms to a conference of leading researchers in the biological and information sciences. As he describes it, "the paper was greeted with a substantial amount of laughter and derision." With only a few exceptions, no one seemed to have the slightest idea of what he was talking about. Then someone in the audience asked him, half-facetiously, what practical applications his work might have, and he replied off the top of his head, "I think it can be used to study the language of emotions." Within a few months he had formulated the basic principles of sentics.

Since then Clynes has put himself through literally hundreds of sentic cycles, and his curves for the basic emotions have remained remarkably stable. To prove that this stability was biologically determined, and not the result of cultural conditioning, he made two field trips in the summers of 1969 and 1970 and recorded the sentic expressions of forty different subjects in Mexico, Japan, and Bali. The selection of equivalent cue words for the foreign-language tapes presented some problems; for instance, there appeared to be no word for "hate" in the Balinese language and no exact counterpart for the word "joy" in the Spanish spoken by the inhabitants of a tiny village in central Mexico (a location that Clynes chose for the test because it was far removed from most manifestations of the dominant North American culture). Nonetheless, where reasonably accurate translations were available, it turned out that the essentic forms did not vary any more from culture to culture than they did from person to person within a culture.

In the last two years Clynes has accepted numerous invitations to explain the theory and techniques of sentics to scientific convocations of one kind or another. Last August, for example, he prepared a paper for the Ninth International Conference of Medical and Biological Engineering in Melbourne. In November he spoke at the Fifth World Congress of Psychiatry in Mexico; in December he chaired a two-day symposium on "Sentics, Brain Function, and Sources of Human Values" at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Philadelphia; on May 4 he was in Dallas to take part in a panel on sentics at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association.

Just before he steps out to a large audience to read a paper or to give a speech, Clynes invariably retires to his hotel room to run through twenty minutes of sentic cycles, using a small tape recorder that he carries in his suitcase. "I used to be very nervous when I stood up to speak," he says. "I find this calms me down without making me less alert."

One point that even his scientific audiences have trouble understanding is that the subjective effects of going through a sentic cycle are entirely independent of the recording of the subject's responses with pressure-transducers, computers, polygraphs, and the like. It is true that without this elaborate instrumentation Clynes could never have worked out the method in the first place; but to get the full experience of a sentic cycle, the only apparatus a person needs is a tape recorder with a properly programed tape, a straight-backed armless chair, and the right kind of surface to press his fingertip against. Surfaces that are too uneven, too sticky, too yielding, or too hard can interfere with concentration and attenuate the effect. Clynes uses a small, hollow, plastic knob that feels "neutral" to the touch and that can be firmly attached with a blob of window putty to any convenient table top of the right height. The most important factor of all is the *random* spacing of the clicks. If the subject tries to initiate each expressive act on his own—rather than by responding to an unpredictably timed stimulus—the effect disappears entirely.

Clynes, who has applied for a patent on the method itself, has set up the American Sentic Association (Box 65, Palisades, N.Y.), which provides tapes to qualified researchers and psychotherapists for $15 each. Though he has not ruled out the possibility of making the tapes available to the public at large, with all profits to go to support further sentic research, he is worried that sentics might become a fad, like alpha-wave conditioning. "For a couple of years," he says, "I was very perturbed about how to introduce this material. I could have gone on television—on one of the talk shows—and shown how the tapes are used. But I didn't want to cheapen it. On the other hand, I felt bad about holding it back, because I knew that there were people who could have benefited from it immediately. You can understand the heaviness of such a responsibility."

Recently, however, with the upsurge of interest in sentics among his fellow scientists, Clynes says that he feels as if "a great burden has been lifted from my shoulders." The fourteen papers presented at the AAAS symposium on sentics dealt with a wide range of possible applications in the fields of psychology, psychiatry, social anthropology, and esthetics. One paper, by Dr. Alfred French of the Sacramento Medical Center, reported on the use of sentic cycles in the treatment of psychosomatic illness; preliminary findings indicated some success in alleviating anxiety, depression, chronic facial tics, and sleep disturbances. Dr. French is now experimenting with sentic-cycle therapy for schizophrenics.

There was also much talk at the AAAS symposium about the broader cultural implications of Clynes's work. If the brain programs for all emotions can be expressed through any medium, does this mean that a truly precise "language" of touch can be learned? On a visit to the Esalen Institute, Clynes was impressed by the ability of some instructors to convey complex feelings with a simple caress, and he has suggested that sentic cycles can help in "opening up" a person to the possibilities of nonverbal communication. (There is also a danger, he says, that a knowledge of sentics will make it easier for people to "lie" to each other nonverbally, by enabling them consciously to mimic essentic forms in gestures and caresses without any accompanying emotion.)

Another area where Clynes's work might be applied is that of the visual arts. In a number of his published papers Clynes has reproduced a pair of drawings by Picasso—a Mother and Child, and a piping Pan—to show how a great artist can intuitively capture the essentic forms of love and sex in a few strokes of his pen. Referring to the practice of sentic cycles, he says: "In attempting to obtain pure essentic forms, one is not too far removed from the aspirations of the artist."

Although Clynes's scientific aspirations have not yet been confirmed fully by the scientific community, several speakers at Philadelphia paid him the supreme compliment of using his name as a lower-case technical term, on the order of the watt, the ampere, and the volt. As Dr. French said, for example, "In this paper we will use the term 'clyne' as a verb, meaning 'to carry out the sentic method of Clynes.' A subject may thus be said 'to be clyning' or 'to have been clyned.' We also use the term as a simple noun, as in 'the subject has completed his fourth clyne.'"

Out of modesty, perhaps, Clynes has refrained from adopting this usage. □

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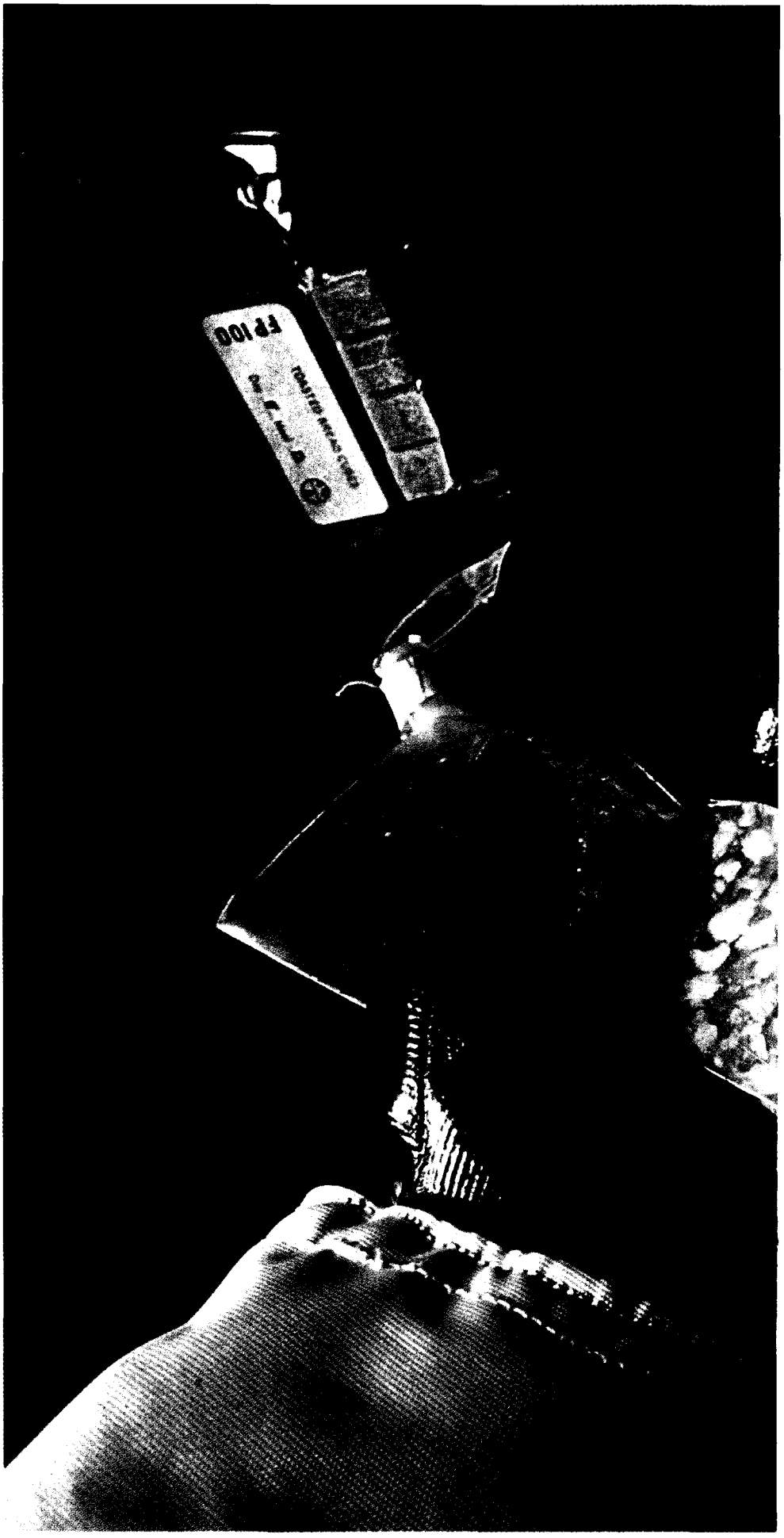
DINING OUT IN SPACE

Freeze-dried, frozen, or canned, space cuisine is definitely improving.

BY BARBARA FORD

Although a spacecraft is not likely to rate three stars in the *Guide Michelin* in the near future, mealtime in space is definitely improving. Aboard Skylab, the orbiting laboratory slated to be launched in 1973, astronauts will eat with forks and spoons from trays in a designated dining area. The tableware, trays, and dining area will all be firsts in space. The food will be homelike and ample, as a typical dinner menu for Skylab indicates—turkey and gravy, mashed potatoes, peaches, cookies, and coffee.

The meal will not excite a Julia Child or M. F. K. Fisher, particularly when



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During early space flights, astronauts could not even take off their helmets at mealtime. Aboard Skylab they will use forks and spoons and eat from trays in a designated dining area.

you consider that every item will be either frozen, canned, or freeze-dried, but the fare on Skylab will be a big improvement over what was available on early space missions. In those pioneering days astronauts simply squirted food into their mouths from tubes. Later, food cubes or squares augmented the squeeze tubes. Practically all the food was dehydrated by freeze-drying to reduce bulk.

Cubes and squeeze tubes were used on early space flights because under zero-gravity conditions objects do funny things. If you're eating a spoonful of peas, for example, you have to move the spoon to your mouth in one smooth motion. If you stop your hand for some reason, the peas keep right on traveling—individually. (On Skylab peas will be in a sauce designed to hold them together.) Liquids ball up into one big sphere or a lot of little spheres.

The favorite food on the early Apollo flights was the bacon square. "Happiness was an extra bacon square," says Dr. Malcolm Smith, chief of food and nutrition for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). The astronauts may have gobbled up this item, but they left a lot of other food untouched. Strawberry cubes, for example. Although perfectly formulated and designed from an engineering and nutritional standpoint, the strawberry cubes—in fact, most of the cube foods—simply failed to please the astronauts after a few days in space. NASA had so many strawberry cubes left over that officials passed them out as souvenirs at a recent press conference. For the journalists, the strawberry cubes were somewhat unappetizingly sealed in blocks of Lucite.

Dissatisfaction with available cuisine undoubtedly resulted in weight loss among astronauts, although part of the loss was probably due to the "full feeling" that astronauts claim accompanies weightlessness. Luckily for the space program, this "full feeling" seems to wear off in a few days. The average weight loss per man on U.S. space missions has been about three to four pounds, with some men losing as many as ten pounds. It should be remembered, however, that missions to date have been fairly short. (The longest at this writing was that of *Apollo 15*, which lasted two weeks.) By *Apollo 15*, space foods had been improved considerably, and the astronauts ate almost all the food available. Their favorite—space sandwiches with real, nondehydrated bread.

Despite the marked improvement in space food, NASA planners face much larger problems with Skylab than with past missions. Skylab will serve as a habitat for one mission of twenty-eight days and two missions of fifty-six days each. And studies indicate that after even a short time in a confined habitat, the most motivated crewmen begin to grow bored and mildly depressed.

Aboard Tektite, for example, an experimental underseas habitat in which several NASA researchers were confined, aquanauts made out lists of what they missed most. Items one, two, and three were, respectively, family, sex, and creative activities. Item four was milk and ice cream. Item five was fresh fruits and vegetables. Alcohol was seventh, and tobacco ranked fourteenth.

NASA psychologist Charles C. Kubokawa, who participated in one Tektite mission—on which most of the food was frozen—reports that after eight days of frozen fare the aquanauts began skipping breakfast and lunch. They snacked periodically during the day until dinner. According to Kubokawa, the big problem with frozen meals is monotony. Even a bottle of soy sauce he brought along didn't help. Wine, he believes, definitely would have —"101 per cent."

Harry H. Watters, another NASA observer on Tektite, claims that the impact of frozen fare would have been more favorable if the aquanauts had been able to select all of their own food. When the crewmen chose their own food, he noted, they complained less.

The astronauts aboard Skylab will select all of their own food, but the selection process itself creates problems. Skylab, like all space missions, is planned long in advance, and the crews will have to select their menus some eighteen months before launch date. As one NASA official put it, "Can you imagine what you'd like to eat on a Tuesday in July 1973?"

On Skylab the astronauts will take food from a storage compartment, fit the containers into trays, and carry the trays to the dining area. There each astronaut will latch his tray onto one of three pedestals, then throw a switch to heat the foods that require it. Freeze-dried items require different treatment. Using a special water gun, the astronauts will inject plastic bags of dehydrated foods with water according to directions on the bags and then knead the contents to the right consistency.

The type of food planned for a space mission—frozen, canned, or freeze-dried—has much to do with the vehicle's water supply. Aboard the Apollo flights and the space shuttle scheduled for the late 1970s, water is plentiful—a by-product of the fuel cells that generate the spacecrafts' electricity. (In a fuel cell, hydrogen and oxygen are combined, and electricity is produced. The combination also produces water —so much that it has to be dumped. The process is called reverse electrolysis.) Obviously, freeze-dried foods are desirable for these missions, since they have little bulk and weight and because water is plentiful. Electricity for Skylab, however, is to be produced by solar batteries. All the water for Skylab will have to be launched from earth, so the advantages of freeze-dried foods are greatly diminished. As a result, on Skylab the food will be primarily frozen and canned.

In confined habitats snacking has proved to be one of the most popular pastimes. In fact, one four-man crew in a space simulation ate 800 chocolate bars in ninety days. As a result, candy bars, dried fruit, and cookies are scheduled to be part of the larder of Skylab and the space shuttle. Ice cream has also proved to be a popular favorite. Aboard Skylab, equipped to handle frozen foods, ice cream will be no problem, but the situation is somewhat different for the proposed space shuttle. Because of power requirements, the shuttle will not be able to carry frozen foods. However, NASA seems to have the problem solved. The solution—rehydratable ice cream. Just add cold water.

It should be said that space food is not cheap, although it is cheaper than it used to be. It will cost about $75 per day to feed each astronaut on Skylab, compared with $142-$190 per day for Apollo crewmen and a staggering $300 per day for each Gemini astronaut. Interestingly, only a small part of the cost is the food itself, which is often donated by the manufacturers. Inspection, controls, packaging, design, and other operations account for most of the expense. Still, as Dr. Malcolm Smith of NASA says, "If you put a ten-cent meal on Skylab that messes up a multimillion-dollar program, you'd feel awfully bad."

There is much talk today about international cooperation in space and, in fact, space missions with international crews. Imagine what might be on the menu then: freeze-dried sweet and sour pork? frozen paella? canned caviar? *Bon appétit!* □

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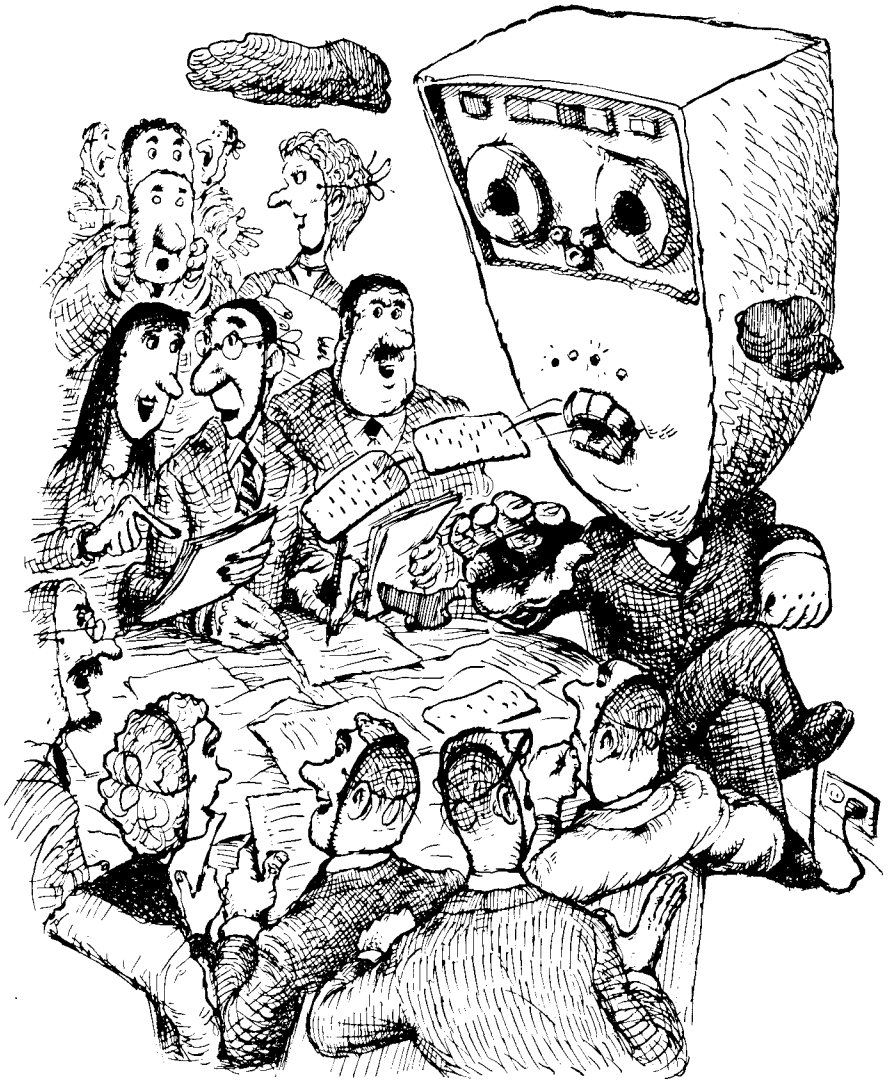
APEX

It's a computer simulation game. It's a hypothetical urban area. It's a happening.

BY SALLY LINDSAY



APEX is an acronym for Air Pollution Exercise, a $1-million training tool developed jointly over a period of four years by the universities of Southern California and Michigan. Paid for by the Air Pollution Control Office of the federal Environmental Protection Agency, it was designed to give those studying to become air pollution control officers a feeling for what a medium-sized community is like and how it operates. The game comes as close to reality as its designers could manage.

Imagine a metropolitan area essentially based on the demographic characteristics of Lansing, Michigan, and the weather patterns of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. That's APEX county. Population—227,000; climate—temperate. APEX consists of a central city, a suburb, and two townships. It has a business district, a ghetto, elite residential areas, and the problems and tensions of contemporary America—all programed into a computer. When you role-play in the exercise, you function against this background.

There are five basic roles in the APEX game: air pollution control officers, city and county politicians, city and county planners, private developers, and industrialists. Players taking these parts begin the game with computer readouts that tell them the pertinent record of their roles for the preceding year and what happened in the community at large. The actions players take during each cycle or run of the game are coded and fed into the computer, which then generates new printouts for the next cycle. Each cycle of the game represents a year in the life of the community but in actuality usually lasts from three to four hours.

In addition to the computer-linked roles, the game has subsidiary roles, the players of which influence the community solely by personal interaction. These parts include representatives of various pressure groups, members of the press and broadcast media, and lawyers and judges.

Almost any number can play APEX, but fifty to sixty is considered the optimum. There is no prescribed number of cycles. Once the game begins, it could, theoretically, go on forever. In practice, it lasts as long as those using it decide to play. There are no rules in the traditional sense, and, although there is winning and losing—politicians win and lose elections, litigants win and lose suits, developers and industrialists win and lose money—no one wins or loses the game itself. What takes place is that players make decisions suitable to their roles as they see them (and by interacting with one another) and then learn the results by rapid feedback from the computer.

All this had been explained to me when I first expressed interest in the game, but I still didn't get the picture. I had no idea what it was like to play a computer simulation game. In an effort to find out, I recently attended a two-day demonstration of APEX held at Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science & Art in New York City.

The demonstration was sponsored by the Environmental Protection Agency and the Middle Atlantic States Consortium on Air Pollution—a group of eleven colleges and universities that have joined forces to train students in air pollution control. Cooper Union is a consortium member. The game took place in the lounge of the school's mod-

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I was trying to think the way I thought a cement manufacturer would think.

ern engineering building, across the street from the block-square Cooper Union hall where, in February 1860, Abraham Lincoln made the famous speech about slavery in which he said, "Let us have faith that right makes might."

"Would you mind playing an industrialist?" I was asked as I registered. On the spot I became a general manager of the Dusty Rhodes Cement Company and was handed a player's manual full of information about the plant. I then joined some seventy other players and assorted observers and advisers who were milling around in the lounge. They were primarily university professors, graduate students, and enforcement people from local, state, and federal agencies with a professional interest in air control. They had been invited to the demonstration to see firsthand whether or not they could use APEX in their own training programs. Many came from other cities and states. They were on the town, ready for fun as well as games.

The lounge had been cleared to make room for several large work tables—one for each role-playing group—identified by big hand-lettered signs. Two television monitors were mounted on pedestals at opposite sides of the room. I made my way to the industrialists' table, where fourteen other players were already seated, two of them also assigned to Dusty Rhodes Cement. We were to work as a team. The other industrialists were similarly teamed up to manage four other companies. One player seemed well into his role. He was smoking the smelly stub of a cigar. "In the interests of air pollution control, would you mind putting that thing out?" said an imposing pants-suited woman with mock severity. He stared at her stonily.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention, please," said a bearded young man talking into a microphone. "I'd like to introduce your game overall director—known as GOD. In addition to running the cycles, he will play the federal and state governments, and the Ford Foundation."

Our GOD was a slight man with thinning auburn hair and modishly long sideburns, wearing flared maroon double-knit trousers and a bright-blue jacket. Speaking with the trace of a soft Texas accent, he explained that our task was to fill out work sheets representing a year of policy decisions for our respective roles and vote on issues written about in the *METRO-APEX News*, a computer-generated paper handed out at the beginning of each game cycle. It was the information from our work sheets that would go back into the computer, an IBM 1130, which happened to be upstairs. The computer doesn't have to be on hand, however. It can be in another building or even another city, in which case the information and printouts are transmitted over telephone lines.

"You'll have three hours to fill out your sheets," the director said, looking at his watch. "We hope you'll set goals for the roles you're playing. After all, if you don't know where you're going, how can you tell whether you got there or not? And we hope that, in making decisions, you'll interact with each other. Good luck."

An adviser at each players' table handed around the work sheets, printouts, and newspapers. Classroom chaos descended. All of us immediately asked questions. The advisers began answering. Seventy people talked at once, all trying to be heard. Jackets came off. Shirt sleeves were rolled up. Slide rules were brandished. Team members huddled together.

Our printout for the Dusty Rhodes Cement Company told us such things as plant capacity, units produced the previous year, per cent of capacity used, average industrial price per unit, our company's price per unit, estimated and actual sales, inventory, number of employees, average annual employee wage, taxes, carrying costs, cost of available fuels, gross and net profit, and value of pollution control equipment. Our work sheet asked us to estimate figures for the same categories for the coming year. It was worse than Form 1040.

Consulting our player's manual, we learned that our company was an epic polluter. We were spewing 8,000 pounds of particulate matter per hour into the APEX air, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Dusty Rhodes was a big plant. According to the printout, we were spending zero on control equipment. Dusty Rhodes was not community-minded.

"What's our goal?" I asked my two partners, both of whom were professional air pollution control men in real life.

"To sell as much cement as possible," they answered.

"What should we do about all that dust coming out of our stacks?"

"Nothing," they agreed. "Don't do anything until you absolutely have to. Then you ask for a variance. You get your lawyer to figure out ways to stall still further. And you try for a tax write-off. That's the usual procedure."

The first issue we had to vote on was an expressway to run through the city's inner core, which, according to the *METRO-APEX News*, would displace many low-income families and create more air pollution in the ghetto.

"What about the highway?"

"Good idea. It means we can sell cement."

I remembered articles published in *Saturday Review*'s environment supplement—"Can We Bust the Highway Trust?" "Expressway Killed in Toronto." But I was trying to think the way I thought a cement manufacturer would think. I voted yes.

"The planners were against the project last year, the paper says, and the politicians didn't take a stand. How can we get them on our side this year?" I asked.

"Apply a little pressure. Make a deal—a campaign contribution in return for a vote for the highway. Interact, like the GOD said."

I crossed the lounge to the politicians' table. "Who represents Township Number 1?" I asked. (That's where our cement plant was.)

"Hi, fella. I do," said a real-life engineer from New York State's Department of Environmental Conservation, slapping me on the back and pumping my hand.

"I'm a manager of Dusty Rhodes Cement. We're interested in seeing that the St. Joseph highway goes through this year," I told him. "You abstained the last time the question came to a vote. We know you're busy campaigning for re-election. We're prepared to make a donation to your campaign. But, first, the company wants to know how you stand on the highway."

"I'm glad you asked that question," he said, looking someone else in the eye. "Let me make one thing perfectly clear. There's a lot to be said for the highway. On the other hand, there's much to be said against it. I'm in the middle lane."

No help in that quarter.

Nearby at the planners' table, nine role players, some of whom actually work as city planners, were poring over maps of APEX. They were figuring out ways to improve the quality of life in the community by upgrading the

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ghetto. There was talk of promoting a swimming pool and playground for the inner city.

"Wouldn't a beautiful new six-lane highway upgrade the inner city?" I asked. "Think of all those gleaming Volvos, Mercedeses, and Porsches streaming in from the suburbs, dressing the place up."

"We're going to vote to subsidize the city bus line and kill the highway. For good, we hope," said a planner, without looking up.

Even less help here. I must be doing something wrong. How do *real* industrialists get what they want from *real* politicians and *real* urban planners? I wondered.

Suddenly the TV monitors lit up. "We interrupt the regular program to bring you this special newscast," a girl reporter announced from Cooper Union's closed-circuit television studio. "The APEX County Air Pollution Control Board will hold a public hearing this afternoon, at which time it will reveal its recommended new air pollution standards. The weather for APEX . . . smog, followed by fallout. Thank you, and good breathing."

"Trouble," commented a Caesar's Rendering Plant manager.

Ten role players were at the air pollution control officers' table. All of them were concerned with air pollution in their real lives either as professors, trainees, agency employees, or public health officers. APEX starts with no federal air standards. Gradually the provisions of the Clean Air Act of 1970 are introduced. It is up to the role-playing control officers to determine the pollution levels generated by the industrial plants in APEX County and bring them within the federal standards. The air controllers are given a budget. They decide how to allocate funds for such purposes as public education, plant inspection and emission measurement, the purchase and installation of air-monitoring equipment, and enforcement procedures. Duties are divided among a commissioner, a deputy commissioner, engineering personnel, and those working in technical services.

While our morning work sheets were being processed through the computer, the hearing on air standards was held. Members of the county Air Pollution Control Board reported on citizen complaints about smoke and annoying odors. Offending companies were named, Dusty Rhodes among them. Permissible emission levels of particulate matter and sulfur dioxide were announced.

The proceedings were repeatedly interrupted by shouts from the industrialists. "Where did you get your figures from?" "If you force us to spend money on controls, we'll move to another state." "You're demanding that we do something impossible. And if we don't do it, you say you'll fine us. That's crazy."

A motion was made by a manager of the Shear Power Company to adjourn the hearings on the grounds that the measuring instruments used by the control board were inadequate and that the fuel oil necessary to meet the new standards was unavailable. With that the public meeting came to a ragged end.

Late in the afternoon the air controllers informed us at Dusty Rhodes that we were violating the APEX air ordinance—a criminal offense in this instance. We were still spending nothing on controls. Next day we were taken to court on several counts for a mock trial. The air officers had prepared a careful case and rehearsed a parade of witnesses. The judge, in reality a young lawyer on the staff of the commissioner of the New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection, dismissed all but one of the counts. He fined us $50 for violating the particulate emission standard and then suspended the fine. That was a realistic action, he explained, because judges are reluctant to prosecute in cases involving criminal offenses.

The APEX game is used by some thirty-five universities around the country that give courses in air pollution control. In addition, it is used by the National Institute for Air Pollution Training of the Environmental Protection Agency in Durham, North Carolina. When it is part of a formal training program, APEX is usually run for more sustained periods than at a demonstration. Those who use it as a training program find the exercise more effective than traditional classroom lectures and seminars. Trainees become involved in their roles. They have an opportunity to try out different strategies. And they can make mistakes without cost to themselves or to a real community.

There seems to be no doubt that APEX simulates reality for some players, even in a short-lived demonstration. "It's painfully close to the bone," said a dazed role-playing city politician at Cooper Union, a man who actually works on the staff of New York City's administrator for Environmental Protection. "APEX has all the frustrations of a real city government. You can't get anything done. No one listens to you. You can't get money for programs. And you have to make decisions without nearly enough time or information."

"It's uncanny," said a real-life air control officer playing himself. "What you meet here is a bunch of clowns just like the ones we have to deal with almost every day."

But the game did not seem equally real to all the players. I, for instance, never became involved in my role at Dusty Rhodes Cement. And except for a momentary and unanticipated twinge of regret on learning that the St. Joseph expressway had been voted down, APEX for me was never more than an interesting and complex happening. What accounted for such diverse reactions?

The answer, I concluded, lay in whether the role being played was a familiar one or not. Those who played roles that matched or approximated their true professions tended to find the game realistic. At Cooper Union these were largely the air pollution control officers and urban planners. They played the game straight. And since they were basically playing themselves, they were also noticeably well-intentioned if not idealistic. The rest of us, playing roles about whose motivation we knew little or nothing—politicians, industrialists, and developers—played the game for fun, as a put-on. We easily slipped into stereotyped images. We were cynical and conscienceless. As one real-life public health engineer playing a developer put it, "We were so busy making lots and lots of money at our table that we hardly thought about air pollution. And we put almost none of our money back into the community. What we spent went almost exclusively into payoffs to politicians."

If participants find APEX to be realistic even when more than half the roles are played as caricatures, one cannot help but wonder what it would be like if all the roles were taken by people playing themselves. A demonstration that included real-life politicians, industrialists, and developers, as well as real-life air controllers, would have to be a whole new game. □

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TRAUMA: THE NEGLECTED EPIDEMIC

Our emergency care system may be hazardous to your health.

BY ARTHUR S. FREESE

A twenty-two-year-old motorist overturned his car thirty miles southeast of Atlanta this winter. Pulled from the wreckage by the ambulance attendants, he was loaded into their vehicle and rushed to a hospital. There the examining physician found the young man paralyzed from the waist down—due, the doctor said, to mishandling by the ambulance personnel. It seemed that no one had bothered to teach these attendants, employees of a local undertaker, how to handle accident victims with spinal injuries.

According to physicians who specialize in trauma (medically defined as accidental injury), this tragic episode is far from unique; such incidents probably occur somewhere in America every day. Experts returning from Korea and Vietnam, for example, have openly declared that, in case of injury, chances for survival would be better in the zone of combat than on the average city street.

Dr. John M. Howard, professor of surgery at Philadelphia's Hahnemann College of Medicine, recently described an incident that took place in his city: A man in his mid-twenties was the victim of an automobile accident. The police came promptly to the scene, but were trained neither to examine the victim nor to evaluate his injuries. They merely loaded the young man into an ambulance and rushed him to the nearest hospital.

X rays revealed that the victim was suffering from a broken leg, which the doctors splinted. They then packed the young man back into the ambulance and sent him on to another hospital, as theirs was already overcrowded. At the second hospital doctors found that the blood supply to the broken leg was blocked off, and, twelve hours after the initial injury, they performed arterial surgery to restore blood flow. The attempt was unsuccessful. Gas gangrene had set in, and the doctors were forced to amputate the leg. Nevertheless, the young man died.

In discussing this tragedy, Dr. Howard sadly summarized the causes: "Every facet of the system was at fault. Inadequate hospital evaluation and inadequate early care—a preventable death because our capabilities had not been effectively mobilized."

The "system"—emergency medical care—actually has two phases. The first stretches from the time of the accident to the time the victim enters the hospital; the second spans the time the victim spends in the hospital emergency room (now called the Emergency Department or ED). Failures in both phases afflict trauma care all over the country.

The National Research Council of the National Academy of Sciences, in its classic little volume *Accidental Death and Disability*, describes trauma as "the neglected epidemic of modern society . . . the nation's most important environmental health problem . . . a public health problem second only to the ravages of ancient plagues or world wars." Actually, trauma is what happens to every one of us: the child injured in a bad spill; the elderly person who falls and breaks a hip; the victim of a knife or gunshot wound; the person who falls from a stool or a several-story window; the victim of an auto accident; the person with a slight burn or one that leaves a good part of the body's skin destroyed. Trauma may require no more than careful bandaging, or it may require teams of surgeons working for a dozen hours on end. It also may put its victims beyond help in a matter of seconds.

The figures are enough to boggle the mind. According to the U.S. Public Health Service and the National Safety Council, each day trauma kills 310 Americans, injures 137,000, confines 32,000 to bed, leaves 1,100 with some degree of impairment, and costs our nation some $58-million. In 1971 trauma left 114,000 dead, more than 50 million injured (one out of every four Americans), and 500,000 permanently impaired—all at a cost of some $21-billion.

Trauma is a problem of evenings and nights, holidays and weekends, one that wipes out its victims' most productive years; it is the leading cause of death among Americans of both sexes, from ages one to forty-five. And, tragically, much of its toll is unnecessary. Experts say that up to a third of the deaths and much of the disability could be prevented with adequate emergency medical care. Yet for many years the American College of Surgeons' Trauma Committee was virtually alone in its war on this epidemic. Only recently, thanks to a series of studies that reveal the shocking facts, has trauma treatment begun to attract attention.

In a study of highway fatalities in California, for example, Dr. Julian A. Waller found that four times as many deaths occurred in rural accidents as in urban, even though injuries in the former were "inherently more survivable." The figures, Waller says, evidence a failure of both the ambulance and hospital phases of rural emergency medical systems. University of Michigan surgeon Dr. Charles Frey headed a similar study of 159 highway fatalities in Michigan. He concluded that twenty-eight of these people (nearly one-fifth) would have been saved and, more significantly, restored to health as good as that before the accidents, had they received the proper emergency treatment. Another nine also might have survived. In other words, one-quarter of the victims would have lived with proper care. Frey attributed almost all the unnecessary deaths to inadequately trained ambulance personnel.

Dr. William T. Fitts, Jr., professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania and editor of the *Journal of Trauma*, studied all of the 950 trauma deaths reported in a single calendar year in Philadelphia and concluded that fifty-one (5 per cent) of these deaths were avoidable. The fatal mistakes he found were virtually all made by doctors in the hospital. They involved lack of proper patient care, wrong diagnosis, or both.

The situation has many people troubled. Physicians themselves display little confidence in their own system. Dr. Robert H. Kennedy, who for twelve years directed the Trauma Committee of the American College of Surgeons, recently admitted: "I don't feel that if I'm in an accident on a trip, I can be sure of just getting to the hospital alive."

Another well-known trauma surgeon, who recently carried out a survey of the emergency departments in one of our largest cities, commented, "There's not an emergency department in this city where I'd feel comfortable having a severely injured member of my fam-

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ily treated." And Howard Pyle, president of the National Safety Council, summing up the problem in *Traffic Safety Magazine*, remarked: "The state of emergency medical services in the nation today is, in a word, grim."

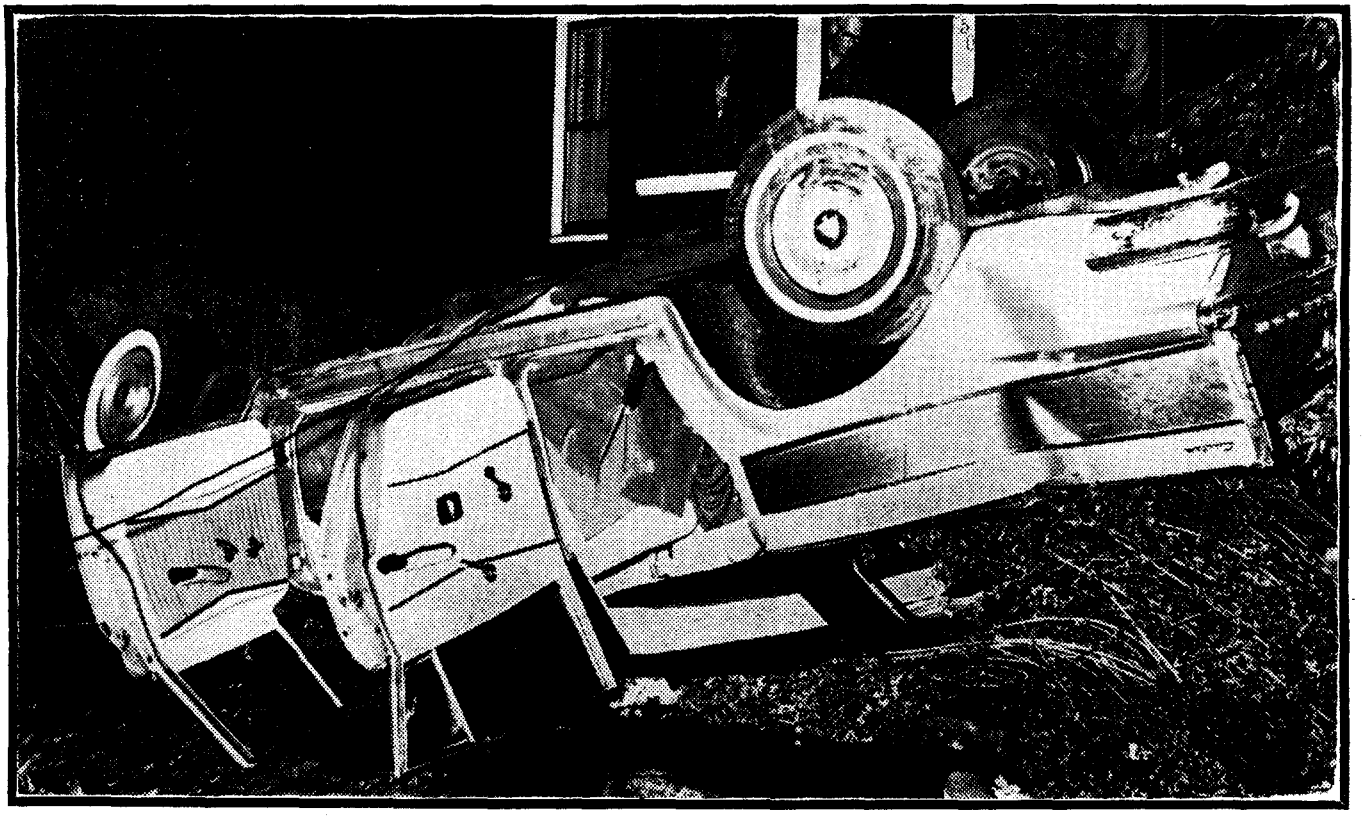
The Second World War was the watershed of emergency medical care. Before the war interns rode ambulances and staffed emergency rooms and, with the limited medical expertise then available, provided emergency care adequate to the times. But with the war came an explosion in medical know-how and technology, and also the beginning of specialization. The effect of all this was critical to emergency care. Captain John Waters, former chief of the U.S. Coast Guard Rescue and Research, points out: "The massive trend toward specialization resulted in doctors retreating into their hospitals and clinics, where they waited with sophisticated equipment and training for the dead and dying to be brought to them—hopefully in a viable condition." The burden of the first phase of trauma care, therefore, fell on the shoulders of the ambulance personnel —not doctors, but technicians.

Today's properly trained ambulance attendant, however, can perform far more lifesaving procedures than the pre-World War II physician ever dreamed of. Dr. Henry C. Huntley, director of the U.S. Public Health Service's Division of Emergency Health Services, emphasizes that "We *can* save lives with adequately equipped ambulances and properly trained personnel. It may be 50,000 or 75,000, but a figure of 60,000 is in the right ball park."

Many stories about ambulance operations are shocking. They tell of ambulance services run by undertakers making little effort to save the living because funerals are more profitable; employees of these services arguing over dead bodies while the living injured go unattended; ambulances, in a race to the scene of an accident, colliding with each other; ambulance personnel maiming victims not only by carelessness and inadequacy, but, some say, sadistic handling. More than one physician has described the majority of our ambulance attendants as nothing more than "freight handlers."

Exaggerations? Perhaps. But the stories, unfortunately, are founded in hard facts. A recent University of Iowa study found that some 60 per cent of the state's ambulance services were

A study of 159 highway fatalities in Michigan concluded that thirty-seven lives could have been saved by proper care.



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run by undertakers. Only half required their attendants to have even simple first-aid training. Almost half administered no first aid in severe injuries, and nearly two-thirds carried no splints. Less than half bothered to clean their equipment after it was used.

The most recent U.S. Public Health figures on emergency services show that nearly half the nation's ambulances are operated by undertakers, a quarter by volunteers, and the rest by commercial agencies and fire or police departments. Hospitals run only 3 per cent. The setup, however, varies according to region: In the Northeast volunteers make up a large percentage; in the South undertakers provide the bulk of service; in the Midwest commercial companies are plentiful; in states west of the Mississippi hospital-owned ambulances are common.

The vehicles used as ambulances are indicative of the state of these services. Slightly over a third of the ambulances in the country are custom-designed, and less than one-tenth are rescue vehicles, and even among these only a very small percentage meet the criteria set by the National Academy of Sciences or carry the advised equipment. Hearses still make up nearly a quarter, station wagons another fourth, and panel trucks or vans comprise a tenth of the total.

Not exactly model vehicles. Ideally, an ambulance should be high enough to allow attendants to stand erect so they can work efficiently and wide enough to hold a litter on each side with working room in between. It should carry every needed type of splint, bandage, and backboard (for spinal injuries), an obstetrics kit, oxygen and ventilation units, drug and intravenous fluid outfits, a portable electrocardiograph (EKG), and a defibrillator to shock a stopped heart back into action. It also should carry equipment to broadcast an EKG to the hospital for instant diagnosis, a blood pressure measuring device, and a stethoscope. In short, an ambulance should be a mobile emergency room. Moreover, it should carry shovels, power jacks, fire axes, and hacksaws—whatever is needed for the safe extrication of victims from a wreck.

Another essential of good ambulance service is a two-way voice communication system so that the ambulance can converse with its dispatcher and its hospitals to obtain medical advice on the handling of an emergency. With vehicles so equipped, doctors in the hospital can give tentative diagnoses and advice for treatment, and also direct the ambulance to a specific hospital for specialized care—and away from those too crowded to handle the case. The chosen hospital can then be alerted so that it can prepare for the victims. Yet, vital as such communication is, Dr. Huntley finds that only half the ambulances now in service can communicate with their dispatchers, only one in seventeen with their hospital.

How many of our ambulances are adequate for proper emergency treatment? At the National Symposium on Emergency Medical Services held last May in Philadelphia, Dr. Vernon E. Wilson, administrator of the U.S. Health Services and Mental Health Administration, noted: "Of the 25,000 ambulances used in the United States today for transporting medical emergencies, not more than 1,000 meet the recommended standards for design and equipment."

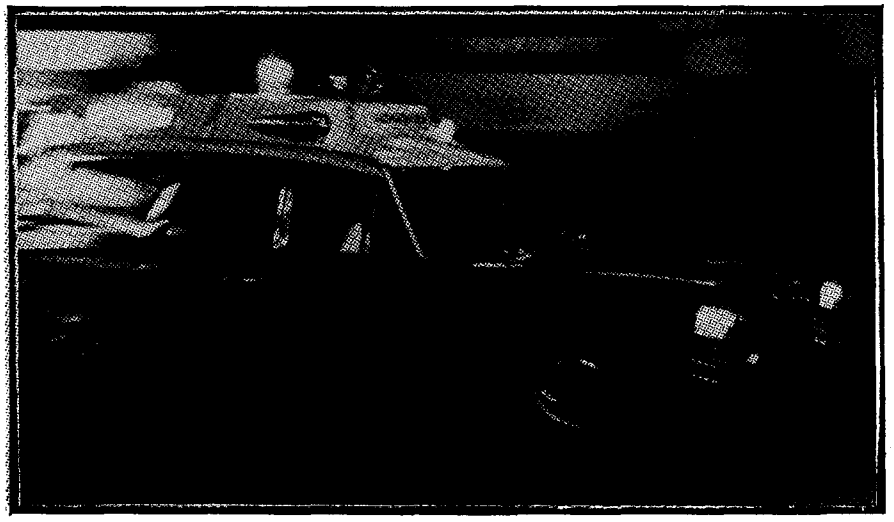
All of this equipment is virtually worthless, however, unless ambulances are staffed with what one trauma expert described as "a professional, a career man, trained, equipped, and licensed to render essential life support." Such an individual is now called an Emergency Medical Technician—Ambulance or EMT, but one can be found in only a few top ambulance services.

Most states do not have realistic requirements for training or licensing ambulance personnel. It's a sad commentary, for example, that while Pennsylvania requires barbers to attend barber college for 1,500 hours (50 of which must be anatomy and physiology) and manicurists to take 200 hours at a school of beauty culture, the state has *no requirements for ambulance personnel.* There are, of course, a few communities such as Jacksonville, Louisville, Baltimore, and Miami where ambulance personnel are properly trained. But the total is a mere handful.

The training of EMTs may soon reach the point of a two-year college program. But even now they are taught to check a victim's vital signs (heart rate, blood pressure, respiration), take a quick medical history, and observe and evaluate the victim's condition. In an emergency situation EMTs first establish and maintain an airway (after four minutes without air a victim will either die or be paralyzed for life) and administer cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR), mouth-to-mouth breathing, and closed chest massage. CPR has maintained innumerable Americans who, although clinically dead (without a pulse or respiration), were kept alive until medical action could restart the heart. Once the airway is restored, the EMT stops any bleeding, splints a broken back or neck, administers intravenous fluids, gives drugs, uses a stethoscope, takes an EKG, extricates a victim from a wreck, treats a bad burn, delivers a baby—you name it.

The value of properly organized and equipped ambulance services employing EMTs can actually be measured in lives; for example, more than 100 lives a year are said to be saved by the ambulance services of Jacksonville, Florida, in auto accidents alone. The Jacksonville Rescue Squad is often cited as the best in the country, and John Waters, now executive assistant to the mayor, is usually held responsible for its excellence. Waters, who in addition to his work with the Coast Guard has directed rescue for the Federal Highway Administration, notes: "In 1967, before

There are stories of undertaker-owned ambulance services making little attempt to save the living because funerals are more profitable.



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we started our rescue service, we had 139 killed in roughly 15,000 auto accidents. In 1971 we had only 118 killed, despite a rise in these accidents to around 24,000."

There are a number of ways to bring good ambulance service to any community. Police and fire departments are especially successful at running these operations because they already have the communications, the availability, and often a good part of the know-how. The model ambulance services of Jacksonville, Baltimore, and Louisville all use this approach. But volunteer companies also have done top-notch lifesaving jobs. Where these are not feasible solutions, experts suggest franchising private companies to operate as public utility monopolies supervised by the government. In sparsely settled areas ambulance services have been successfully based at hospitals with attendants doubling as hospital technicians when not out on runs.

A more glamorous approach to emergency service is the ambulance helicopter, which has attracted interest because of its space-age appeal. But most individuals involved in emergency care don't consider "choppers" a viable solution to the present problems; they are simply too expensive to operate. The money would be better spent on improving ordinary ambulance service and personnel, and the hospital emergency departments. Waters, however, suggests utilizing the helicopters of the military, police, and Coast Guard for emergencies. The Jacksonville Rescue Squad, for example, has arranged to call upon helicopters stationed at a local air base in case of an emergency requiring air lift.

Another way to improve emergency care would be to standardize victim-hospital communications. In other words, the toll-free 911 emergency number should become national in scope. The 911 operator should have a direct connection to a central dispatcher who can recognize the medical problem, order the appropriate ambulance, and then direct the ambulance to the proper hospital. Like the EMT, the dispatcher should be a professional and should receive a salary commensurate with the training he has. There are only 125 communities in the United States that have the 911 system in operation. We have a long way to go.

For many experts the problem boils down to a matter of economics and the public's sense of values. As Waters sees it, "We typically pay $30 per capita for police protection in an urban area and $24 for fire—yet we won't pay $1.50 for good emergency medical care outside the hospital." He went on to say, "Thirty thousand trauma victims will needlessly die this year in their homes and on the streets, wasted due to lack of emergency medical care; Americans will die valuing their hair and fingernails more than their lives!"

But the trauma victim must survive more than just the immediate care on the scene and the ambulance ride; he must also face the hospital.

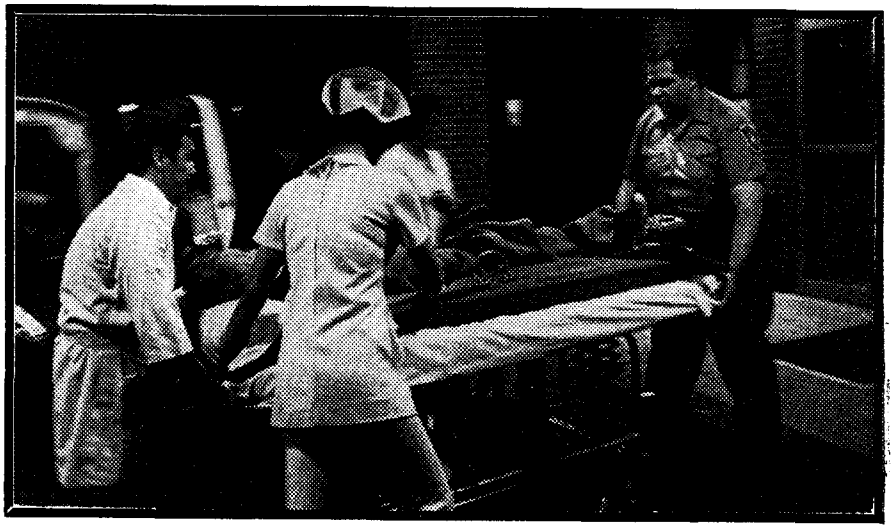
One of the biggest problems, for example, is where to take a trauma victim. Any nurse can clean and bandage a child's knee, but what about a serious burn or extensive injuries from an auto accident? This dilemma has led to a growing movement among experts in emergency medical care. Many now call for categorization, a system classifying hospitals and their EDs according to the severity of trauma they are equipped and staffed to handle. For example, Category I would include the best medical centers, capable of dealing with cases requiring highly intensive and specialized treatment. Category II would include the better general hospitals—those able to handle all but the most highly specialized trauma cases. Both would have round-the-clock physicians in their EDs. Category III would be more limited: an ED staffed by a registered nurse with a physician on call within the hospital. The victim would be resuscitated and stabilized in the ED, then passed on up the line. And Category IV would be, in effect, a glorified first-aid station with a nurse on call in the hospital and a physician (perhaps in his own office) available within a few minutes. Except for very minor problems, EDs in this category would be able to give no more than temporary aid.

The disgraceful weaknesses of our present EDs stand out starkly against these proposed categories. According to Dr. Huntley's U.S. Public Health figures, only one out of seven hospitals have EDs that could be classified in Categories I, II, or III. Of our 7,000 hospitals, as many as 3,000 would not even qualify for Category IV. Less than half of our EDs have written policies and procedures ("Indefensible," Huntley says); only one out of six have twenty-four-hour coverage by physicians, and only half have routine staff training. Other surveys reveal equally deplorable conditions: Barely one in six hospitals had X-ray and laboratory facilities available round-the-clock; only one in seven hospital administrators felt their own EDs were adequate in space, traffic flow, or location.

One of the major difficulties in emergency departments is physician coverage. Traditionally the responsibility of the intern, the ED needs the best qualified and the most experienced professionals, not the least, if lives are to be saved. Although a variety of new approaches have been tried in recent years, most have proved inadequate.

Rotation of hospital staff doctors, for example, has failed because a psychiatrist or a dermatologist can not necessarily perform a tracheotomy, deal with a gunshot wound, or use a defibrillator. Attempts to hire doctors specifically for the ED proved no better: These doctors invariably were either new practitioners trying to get started (they would quit when their situations improved), retired physicians no longer able to practice, or doctors whose personal problems, such as alcoholism, prevented them from

Of our 7,000 hospitals, only one out of six has emergency rooms staffed by doctors on a twenty-four-hour basis.



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maintaining their own private practice.

Today, successful solutions seem to depend on the institutions involved. In major hospitals, teaching institutions, and medical centers, residents (often supervised by a staff doctor) are commonly found in the EDs, with backup specialists always available; smaller hospitals use physicians specializing in emergency medicine—doctors making a career of staffing the EDs.

But politics itself infects the business of saving lives. "One of the greatest follies I've seen in some of our metropolitan areas is this business of political boundaries," Waters complains. "A fire engine or ambulance will roll up to a city line with its lights and siren going, and then refuse to cross into the adjacent city or county to render help. When human lives are at stake we've got to forget the parochialism of political entities."

Most experts agree that the regionalization of emergency medical systems is a necessity. In terms of both money and manpower, the wasteful duplication of facilities—for example, hospitals across the street from each other that offer the same highly specialized facilities, such as a burn center—simply cannot be afforded. "The pattern of the future," says Waters, "is very clear; large cities with sophisticated communications, transportation facilities, and major hospitals must provide help to the surrounding rural areas. In Jacksonville we're working on a medical evacuation proposal encompassing a twenty-two-county area of northeast Florida and southeast Georgia. We promise to offer our sophisticated Fire Control Center as the emergency medical communications nerve center for the area. A call to the center can bring a military helicopter or a special intensive-care ambulance to effect a transfer—each with our trained medical technicians."

But even if the finest emergency-care systems could be augmented nationwide, trauma would still be a serious problem. For example, one out of every ten trauma patients entering a hospital dies within a few hours, and doctors often don't know why. After forty years in the battle for better emergency care, Dr. Kennedy admits, "We still don't know what happens in trauma, and you can't lick a problem until you know what the problem is." Why does the vigorous person succumb to injuries that an older, less athletic person survives? Why do some of the body organs break down or stress ulcers appear? Why do burn victims on their way to recovery succumb to kidney failure? Why does pneumonia occur? Nobody really knows.

Until a year or so ago, only seven institutions in the country were being funded by the Institute of General Medical Sciences for trauma research. At the head of one of these, the Trauma Research Center of New York City's Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital, is Dr. John M. Kinney, professor of surgery. Says Kinney, "We're just beginning to learn more about the function of vital organs—that you don't need certain tissues in your body to function on a minute-to-minute basis for survival."

The lack of research on trauma is particularly frustrating because success in its treatment could be total. Unlike the seriously ill person, whose body organs are hopelessly destroyed and who must lead a restricted life, the victim of trauma, if kept alive, usually will recover completely. As Kinney explains, "If you can get the patient past the life-threatening period, he will be up and around, a functioning member of society once more."

Federal money is needed for this research and for improvement in our emergency services. This will require, however, that the government agree to provide funds for a relatively unglamorous form of research.

As Pennsylvania's Secretary of Health Dr. J. Finton Speller said at a recent national symposium, "President Nixon's war on cancer is a gamble in two respects: Ultimate success rests on the hope that we will discover scientific principles now unknown; and there is no way of guessing how many lives may eventually be saved." But, as Speller goes on to say, "To declare war on unnecessary death in the ditch, in the ambulance, and in the emergency department is no gamble at all."

Indeed, the tragedy of our national emergency care programs is clearly pinpointed by Dr. Fitts: "In the treatment of accidental injury, the gap between what can be done and what is being done is wider than for any other disease." The story of another trauma victim clearly illustrates the immense potential that is now being wasted.

At 11:00 p.m. on March 29, 1969, a thirty-eight-year-old professor at MIT was in a two-car head-on collision on Route 2 in Arlington, just outside Boston. At the nearby community hospital, a doctor shook his head as he examined the badly broken body. There seemed little hope of saving the professor's life, and restoring him to anything approximating normality seemed too remote even to consider. Nevertheless, two hours later the victim was in the Massachusetts General Hospital emergency ward. His skull was fractured, as were bones in his right lower leg and left forearm; his nose and most facial bones were crushed; his left hip and shoulder were dislocated as well as broken; his chest had collapsed, he had three broken ribs, and as a result he was having trouble breathing; his right eye was beyond repair and his left one questionable. Later, with tubes in his windpipe and chest, he developed pneumonia, a heart infection, and a fever of 106 degrees. A ruptured spleen necessitated more emergency surgery; one eye was removed and, for a while, he lost the sight in the other. He continually slipped in and out of mental clarity. All told there were seven major operations along with a few dozen other complications.

But on July 22, just four months after his accident, the professor *walked* out of the hospital! At least thirteen specialists had been involved in his medical care, not counting nurses, therapists, and social workers. Six weeks after leaving the hospital, he returned to his MIT duties, and the following summer he was mountain climbing.

How can we reduce the terrible toll of trauma? Dr. Kennedy points out that "It's the public that's got to do it; you can't do it by law." Toward this goal an infant movement called the Community Council on Emergency Medical Services, comprising representatives from all phases of our emergency system, has begun agitating for improved emergency treatment.

In Dr. Fitts's words, "The tools are available. There are enough men and women for the job in the population, but they must be recruited and trained. Coordination, cooperation, and leadership are needed for the Seventies." □

LIGHTNING QUIZ ANSWERS

1. *Yes.* The Empire State Building is struck by lightning on an average of twenty-three times per year.
2. *No.* The Empire State Building, for example, has been struck fifty feet below the top.
3. *No.* Thunder is defined as the noise created by lightning when its hot gases expand.
4. *No.* Thunder may not be audible at a distance, but thunder always accompanies lightning.
5. *No.* The largest single category of lightning deaths is composed of individuals who seek refuge under trees. As many as one-third of these are golfers.
6. *No.* If lightning strikes the water nearby, you may be electrocuted.
7. *No.* Lightning will not respect such minimal insulation.
8. *Yes.* Commercial airplanes, for example, are struck by lightning on the average of once in every 5,000-10,000 hours of flying time. Fortunately, almost all continue to fly.
9. *No.* Lightning can occur in snowstorms, sandstorms, and even near atomic explosions and erupting volcanoes.
10. *Yes.* Each year about 10,000 forest fires are caused by lightning in the United States alone.

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Have more than just a drink. Have one of the world's great tastes.
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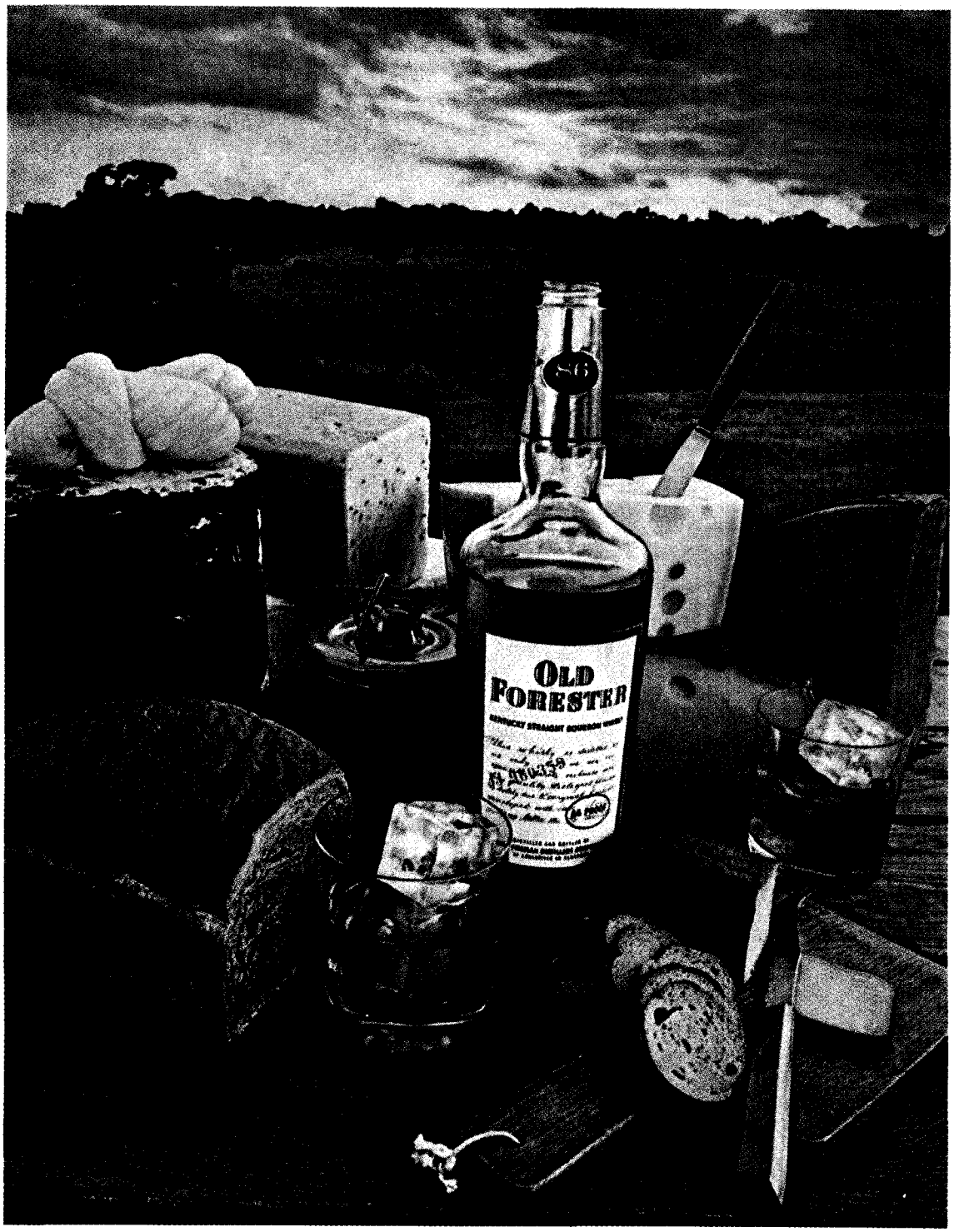

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky/86 or 100 proof/Brown-Forman Distillers Corp./At Louisville in Kentucky © 1972.

It's an Old Forester kind of day

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A New Black Star: Sara Yarborough

"Another Man Done Gone" is the final lament in the Southern chain-gang songs that form the musical base for Donald McKayle's *Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder*; it also marks the mourning of a Wife, the last of three characters (Sweetheart and Mother being the others) played by a single dancer. The triple role was danced by Sara Yarborough in a new and stunning production of *Rainbow* (first done by McKayle's own company in 1959) by the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater during its recent season at the New York City Center 55th Street Theater.

At age twenty-one Miss Yarborough is already a star. Not only does she play the three key women superbly in an otherwise all-male ballet—giving distinct and deeply felt portrayals for each woman—but she also possesses a radiance not dimmed by footlights. She is small, very slender, and with a balletic line (she was a teen-aged member of the Harkness Ballet) that sets her apart, but does not divorce her, from other members of Ailey's absolutely brilliant troupe.

Sara's accomplishments are the result of both heritage and hard work. All dance buffs know, or know of, her exceptionally beautiful mother, Lavinia Williams, whose long career has led her from show business to concert to ballet, from her native Philadelphia to Paris and finally to the post of director of the Haitian Academy of Classical Ballet and Folklore in Port-au-Prince, where she has been teaching dance to daughters and sons of presidents ever since she went there on a six-month trial basis in 1953.

Old-timers will remember Miss Williams in Lew Leslie's *Blackbirds* revue; certainly, she became part of history when she performed in the first all-black ballet, Agnes de Mille's *Black Ritual* (*Obeah*), during the American Ballet's debut season in 1940. She was a favorite in the repertory of that greatest of black dance pioneers, Katherine Dunham, and who will forget her dazzling entrance, wearing outrageously lovely pink, in *Finian's Rainbow*?

Miss Williams guided her daughter's dance training in Haiti. "At four, I took her to voodoo temples, which can be thought of as dance studios, and she mastered the drums. Later, I gave her ballet. At ten, she was starting, and very carefully, *pointe*. It was clear where she was headed. My husband and I couldn't stand in the way, so we let her accept a George Balanchine scholarship and, later, one from Harkness. She's on her own now, but I can't help flying in from Haiti to see her—maybe advising her a little—when she has a premiere."

Miss Yarborough, assigned a *tour de force* in *Rainbow* is equally impressive as The Sun in *Icarus*, as well as in *Metallics* and a number of other Ailey presentations. Yes, she is a new Ailey star.

The great Ailey star (female, that is) is Judith Jamison whose stage entrance in any number is enough to trigger applause throughout a theater. Miss Jamison is tall, almost willowy (but beautifully proportioned), and I have always thought that she looked like an Ethiopian princess. If you haven't seen *Cry*, choreographed especially for her by Ailey, you haven't experienced one of the great moments in American dance; if you haven't seen her in Ailey's masterwork, *Revelations*, you don't know what Negro humor, with unconcealed black high jinks and great personal dignity, is all about; and if you haven't seen Judith Jamison, well . . . you haven't seen one of our great artists.

The Misses Jamison and Yarborough are not, of course, the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater's only assets; they constitute a part—and a major part—of a major dance project. There is also Dudley Williams. How superb he is in Ailey's *A Song for You* and in other dances. And how sweet is Ailey's new *The Lark Ascending*, how hot *Blues Suite*, how inspirational *Mary Lou's Mass*, how beautiful the Ailey company, black, white, Oriental—and, in Sara Yarborough herself, African, American Indian, Japanese, English.

Ida of City Center—"the most popular dance usher in New York."

One of the nicest things about the City Center (once the old Mecca Temple) is that it is mainly a dance theater. People grumble about its sight lines, its pseudo-mosque decor, its backstage inadequacies; but if there is any talk of tearing down the old place, protests become rampant. My Aunt Nellie, when she got into an Irish pet over her Scottish husband, would say, "Well, he's a poor thing, but he's mine!" The world of dance feels exactly the same about the City Center.

The City Center presided over the New York premiere of Hanya Holm's monumental *Trend*, first done at the Bennington Festival in Vermont, when the center's orchestra area was closed and everyone was required (by Miss Holm) to see the choreography from mezzanine and balcony. Ballet companies, modern dance groups, and ethnic dance units from all over the world have played there. The great New York City Ballet was actually born at the City Center before becoming an "establishment" at the New York State Theater.

The City Center also has another star who never appears on stage. She is Ida, the most popular dance usher in New York (if it weren't for Women's Lib, I would refer to her by the cavalier designation "usherette"). Ida is "center aisle," and everyone knows her. She seats governors, Mayor Lindsay, heads of state, even the Chinese Ping-Pong team with a smiling graciousness matched only by her equanimity. Interlopers who try to steal seats that are not taken immediately, or at first intermission, are escorted out with understanding combined with firmness.

Ida is as charming with wildly dressed hippies as she is with, say, Mrs. Lytle Hull or with Norman Singer, who keeps dance a main attraction at the City Center. But she has no patience with the long-haired, beaded, sloppy young folk who have not taken baths within memory. "They aren't fair to my regulars," she says. "They should all be put through a car wash, in the lobby, before they're allowed in the theater." And there is something else unique about Ida. She is impressed, as are all women, by someone glamorous, such as Paul Newman. But her favorite customers, oddly enough, are critics. "I like 'em," she says. So few others do. No wonder that we who sit on the aisle at the City Center to see dancing and dancers from all over the world love our own Ida. □

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The Moral Structure of a Masterpiece: Joyce's "Ulysses"

BY BENJAMIN DEMOTT

ULYSSES ON THE LIFFEY

by Richard Ellmann

Oxford University Press, 221 pp., $8.95

Slowly, slowly, Joyce comes clear. First he was a shocker, a beast who used four-letter words. Then, for a while, his own guild held him close, making him out to be a writer's writer solely, prizing him for tricks (myth & monologue, what else?) handy for coping literarily with urban blight. He also had a spell in Gloom Alley, grouped with decline-of-culture doomsters, naysayers whose Yes invariably means No. (Hugh Kenner: "The 'Yes' of consent [by Molly Bloom in *Ulysses*] that kills the soul has darkened the intellect and blunted the moral sense of all Dublin.")

And always there were the exegetes, people who swore that the heart of Joyce's work was a puzzle, and prostrated themselves hunting clues. There *were* exegetes—and there still are, and, as Anthony Burgess recently remarked ("What, will the line stretch out to the crack of Bloom?"), there'll doubtless be thousands to the end of time:

> Innumerable Ph.D. candidates yet unborn [Burgess adds] have their thesis subjects waiting for them—an Old Norse word-count of *Finnegans Wake*. II, iii.; the identity of Magrath; the prosodic system of *Ulysses*; Joyce as Marxian allegorist; the misuse of stretto in the 'Sirens' episode; HCE and the schizophrenic syndrome. . . .

Yet in the last dozen years or so genuine breakthroughs have occurred, and spacious views of Joyce the humanist-moralist, and more serious use of his books, have become the rule. *Ulysses* is the usual focus, *Finnegans Wake* remaining a specialist's cause, and the work is more alive now, halfway to its centennial, than at any time in its past. As every schoolboy knows, the story of Dedalus and Bloom, if easier than Earwicker's, isn't a goof-off evening read: Once on a Dublin day this young artist and this not-so-young advertising canvasser wandered about the city, one aimlessly, the other on errands—and by happenstance they met—and the older did the younger a kindness—and thereby hangs all truth, all hope, all goodness. *Ulysses* isn't quite as simple as that, owing partly to the pressure of a design that draws on Homer and a half-dozen other "systems" of intellectual organization that continuously refine and subtilize one another. But it is easier today than formerly to grasp this writer's large human themes—the noblest of which is human interdependency—and their new visibility has helped to seal *Ulysses*'s rank as, on every ground, the masterwork of the century.

As for the question of who clarified Joyce's achievement, this—like most matters touching the author—is complicated. No single enthusiast is responsible for the breakthroughs just mentioned, and at least one notable contributor, the scholar-critic Robert Martin Adams, conceived his task partly as that of a debunker—although he himself is an enthusiast. (Adams established, in *Surface and Symbol* [1962], that Joyce didn't invariably talk in code.) But a major debt is owed to Richard Ellmann, author of *James Joyce* (1959), the standard biography, and of the new volume of criticism at hand.

The reasons for this aren't obscure. Early biographers and memorialists occasionally allowed a sense of the appetitive, affirming, profoundly antiaristocratic nature of James Joyce to peep through—see, for instance, the snippets of talk quoted in Frank Budgen's *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses*,

Benjamin DeMott is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

SR: BOOKS

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71 **"The Pound Era,"** by Hugh Kenner

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memories of the novelist exuberantly relishing, from abroad, the "gossipy, leisurely" life of his hometown ("What a city Dublin is!"). Yet only in Professor Ellmann's biography are these qualities of temperament held in view through a survey of the whole life that, at a thousand points, challenges and complicates orthodoxies about the artist's unremitting remoteness, fastidiousness, icy estheticism, etc. Again, more than one critic has addressed *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* as achievements in sanity and fullness of life-response, rather than merely as esthetic landmarks. Decades ago Edmund Wilson responded superbly to Joyce as a poet of domesticity; last year John Gross shrewdly measured the difference between the moral-political airlessness of the high modernist tradition and the politics of *Ulysses*. ("In its undoctrinaire way . . . *Ulysses* is among the most democratic of modern novels, and not the less so because it travels the long way round in order to arrive at its democratic conclusions.") Yet only in Ellmann's new work is a sustained effort undertaken to translate Joyce's rhythms, images, intricate narrative, and dramatic structures into "propositions"—wisdom articulated—that are open to direct inspection and assessment.

The propositions that emerge range, predictably, through the standard Aristotelian fields—ethics, politics, esthetics, metaphysics. (Professor Ellmann sets them forth in three interchapters that separate his discussion of major divisions of the novel; he conceives them as glosses that "the book as image demands . . . as registers of its meaning.") The first propositions have to do with the workings of the spirit of denial on earth, and with the means by which this spirit is overcome. The spirit of denial is linked, Joyce seems to say, with power both secular and spiritual; power begets hatred "through father-figures such as king, priest, fatherland," and it is in hatred that denial is born. (In a world structured by power, *nobody*—not the weak, not the strong—escapes bitterness and negation.) Nature and the energies of rebirth perpetually contend against denial, and human contention, in the form of imaginative sympathy, is feasible. ("The distinguishing marks of this sympathy," Ellmann comments, "are furnished by Bloom and Stephen in their completion of each other's thought.")

A second set of propositions concerns the means by which the ideal and the real are created and known on earth; the key assumptions are that the "real or the ideal, if pursued in isolation, appalls," and that neither can be said to exist, or to have the capacity to delight or improve, except when

penetrated by the other. ("Either body or soul, if angelified or animalized, is monstrous. . . . Body penetrated by soul, and soul by body, is beautiful. . . .") The third set of propositions, drawn from the final sections of *Ulysses*, concerns relationships among art, life, and love. Here Joyce implicitly defines art as the way out from ethereality, pomposity, authoritarianism, illusion, and deception; he presents it as, at bottom, an affirmation of sensitivity against callousness, of "sympathy as against detachment and statistical prying. . . ." Art cannot, in other words, be conceived of as a separate objective is-ness. Love is its mainspring, and in this lies the likeness of art to life itself, for love is the mainspring of life as well as of artistic creation. ("... [Love] makes possible the joining of first and last things . . . of death and birth . . . of nature and art . . . of real and ideal . . . of body and soul . . . of art and nature.")

As goes without saying, the foregoing propositions offend current critical dogmas prohibiting reductive or formulaic accounts of meaning in works of art. And the dogmatists have a point: Professor Ellmann's drive for compression and comprehensiveness does flatten several glosses to a point at which they appear little better than commonplaces. On the whole, however, this critical wager pays off: his interchapters at once offer striking clarifications of the groundthemes of the novel and illuminate the fundamental moral and imaginative unities of a great creative mind.

The secret of the payoff is that the critic *earns* the propositions. He roots them, that is, not in schematic structural overviews of the book but in patient, attentive assessment of the quality of response and reflection in the situational immediacies of the tale. This isn't to say that Professor Ellmann throws away existing schemas—the table of colors, techniques, organs, and other aspects of *Ulysses* printed by Stuart Gilbert, for example; or the more detailed table that Joyce made for Carlo Linati in 1920. Neither is it to say that he hints that improving structural overviews isn't fit work for commentators on his author. In addition to the chapters of "propositions," *Ulysses on the Liffey* offers a dozen pages of tables that lay out a persuasive account of the book's design, one that suggests Joyce adopted a triadic organization of chapters, each triad containing a thesis, antithesis, and synthesis:

> In all six triads, the first chapters offer large gestures and reductions of them. . . . The second chapters present instances of cruelty and good-will. . . . The third chapters accomplish their syntheses: Proteus, of space and time, human and divine, birth and death; Hades, of corruption and generation; Scylla and Charybdis, of nature and art; the Cyclops, of love and life (in theory); Circe, of love and life (in practice); and Penelope, of art and nature, of the human (as opposed to the divine) trinity, of sexual and other forms of love.

What matters, though, is that the critic knows better than to proffer charts and shorthand as authority; for much of this study, his eye is on details of feeling—the foundations on which the bare summary propositions rest. Consider, for instance, the statement about imaginative sympathy as a primary means of contention against denial. In the back of his book, Profes-

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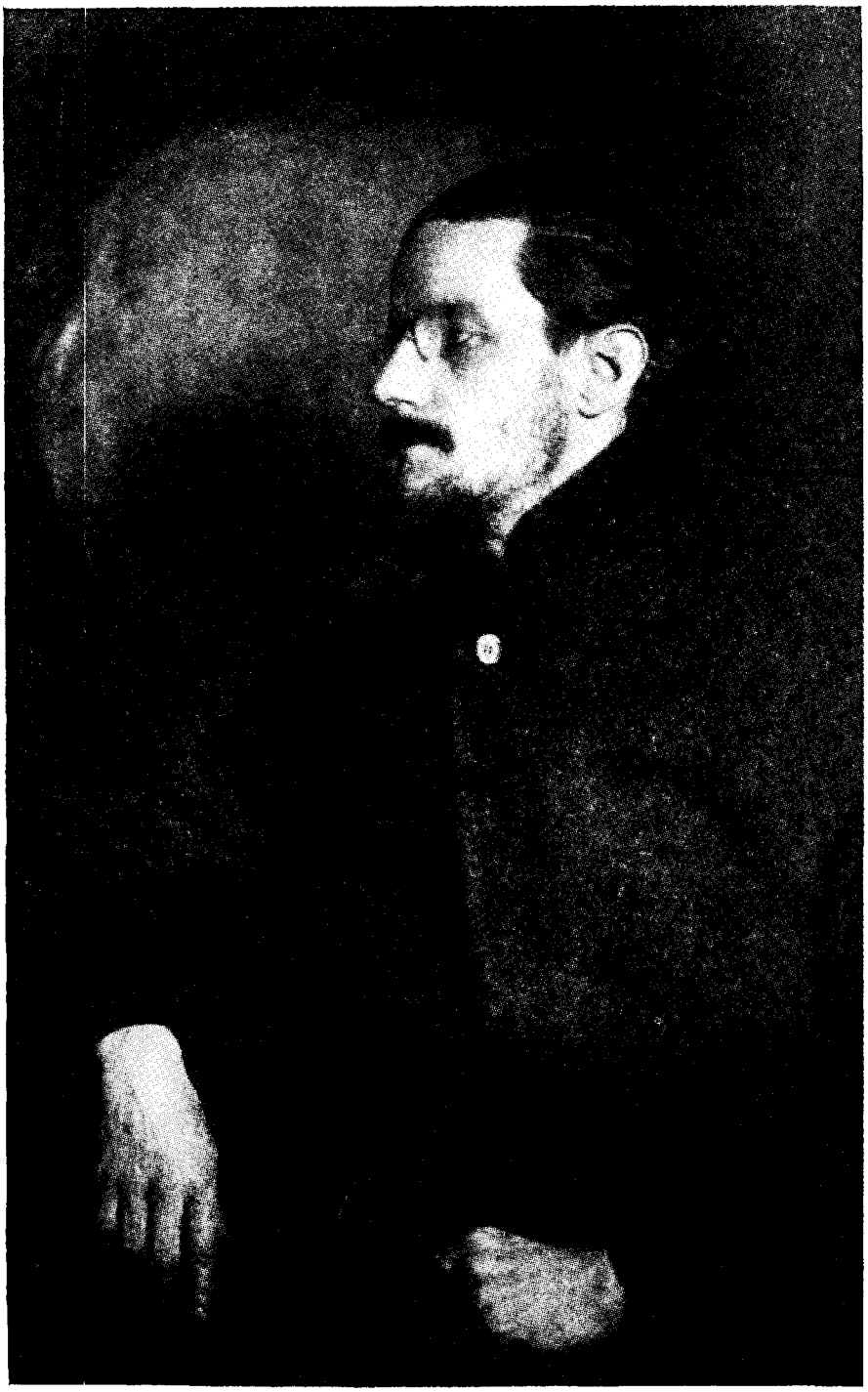

James Joyce (above) in a contemporary portrait; and Molly and Leopold Bloom (left), as portrayed by Barbara Jefford and Milo O'Shea in the filmed version of "Ulysses"—"the unity, firmness, and plainness" of Joyce's teaching in "Ulysses" "have few matches in twentieth-century writing."

sor Ellmann sets the notion out formulaically in a chart, locating the relevant episodes, identifying in key words the "contraries" that figure in the antithetical structure, and, with another set of key words, naming the means by which the contraries coincide and telling what the coincidence yields. But this code gains its force from Ellmann's concentration, elsewhere in his text, on differences in Stephen Dedalus's and Leopold Bloom's reflections —differences that remove "detachment" and "sympathy" from the category of abstractions and body them forth as particulars of moment-to-moment human response. Stephen perceives women, the critic notes, as "distant creatures, changeable as the moon and to be seen mythically as great forces of fertility and corruption. His is a young man's thinking; women are for him still objects, as the women's liberation movement complains, largely unknown objects, idealized or brutalized in the imagination." Bloom, on the other hand, is interested in women unmythical and actual. "He knows personally, or knows about, all the women who pass through his mind in companionable procession to Stephen's mostly unknown 'She, she, she.'"

And this instinct of Bloom's for the particular person opens up the nature of "imaginative sympathy," reveals how it moves within a mind, what it's like as a rhythm of rumination, how it rides on inner currents of fairness and pity, and why its spring is the habit of pressing naturally for human meanings whether the person in view is king or serf. Stephen and Bloom think differently about Queen Victoria:

> . . . for Stephen [the Queen] has been amusingly described by a French journalist as the "old hag with the yellow teeth." He is content to leave her at that. Bloom thinks of her as a widow like the widow Dignam, and comments: "Widowhood not the thing since the old queen died. Drawn on a guncarriage. Victoria and Albert. Frogmore memorial mourning. But in the end she put a few violets in her bonnet. Vain in her heart of hearts. All for a shadow. Consort not even a king. Her son was the substance. . . . Something new to hope for not like the past she wanted back, waiting. It never comes."

The critic's remark is that Bloom's "is a kindlier vision" than Stephen's. And it is because Ellmann's book repeatedly bothers to specify the terms of the kindliness—to be an alert witness, to take no decency lightly—that its labels win trust. The moral system proposed by *Ulysses on the Liffey* speaks, as Joyce does not, of "imaginative sympathy," and elevates it to the status of prime value, places it centrally among the propositions composing Joyce's moral edifice. Yet the link between the abstraction and Bloom's minute, discrete deeds of mind never disappears.

Does it follow, then, that success in public elucidation of Joyce's meanings requires only a willingness continually to take one's critical argument back into the intricacies of characterological response? Some other requirements come to mind—intimacy with the writer's life, knowledge of a hundred thousand things besides. Most needful, perhaps, is "resonance," possession of allegiances that jibe with Joyce's, that quicken in the harmony of essential understanding, and now and then wake the advocate in the critic. The present writer remembers from a dozen years

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back an elation rising in the strong notes in the introduction to Professor Ellmann's biography—passages that spoke out for Joyce's lack of "side" as a value and that established from the start the biographer's own unambiguous sympathy:

Yeats was aristocratic and demanded distinctions between men; Joyce was all for removing them. Shaw was willing to accept any man so long as he was eloquent, but Joyce took for his central hero a man not outwardly eloquent, thinking in fits and starts, without Shaw's desire to be emphatic or convincing. . . . Unimpressive as Bloom may seem in so many ways, unworthy to catch marlin or countesses with Hemingway's characters, or to sop up guilt with Faulkner's, or to sit on committees with C. P. Snow's, Bloom is a humble vessel elected to bear and transmit unimpeached the best qualities of the mind. Joyce's discovery, so humanistic that he would have been embarrassed to disclose it out of context, was that the ordinary is the extraordinary.

"A man of small virtue, inclined to alcoholism," he described himself to a doctor, and to Louis Gillet, the French Academician who wished to exalt him, he said, "Don't make a hero out of me. I'm only a simple middle-class man." He surrounded himself with people who were mostly not known: some were waiters, tailors, fruitsellers, hotel porters, concierges, bank clerks, and this assemblage was as inevitable for Joyce's temperament as marquises and marchionesses were for Proust's.

The biographer's best, in *James Joyce*, flows from this easy inwardness with the novelist's standards of value. It is the same with *Ulysses on the Liffey*. The deepest insight in the book is that which edges out from Joyceian willingness to accept Everyman as an artist to the set of propositions concerning love and art in life. The critic argues that "when Joyce insisted that his esthetic was not in the least pretentious or elitist, but was based entirely on the naturalness of the artistic process, he did not refuse to accept the implications." Joyce acknowledged that "art is a permanent component of human life," and that it must not, therefore, "depend for its existence upon elaborate training," and that "the artistic faculty must be possessed by all, in greater or less degree." Professor Ellmann moves from here to the remarkable moment in *Ulysses* at which Bloom recovers his dead infant son, Rudy, to life in a vision, images him forth in the form of "a fairy boy of eleven . . . ." And he reads in the passages lessons about human possibility that no democratic society yet heard of has even begun to learn:

Rudy . . . is like a statuette of a child, something to buy it may be in Woolworth's, and yet the effect is not maudlin, but genuinely tender. . . . It is as an artist that [Bloom] now vindicates himself, creating out of love an image which has independent life. Earlier in the day he remembered his lovemaking with Molly and re-created it in his imagination. Here, out of love for his dead child, he does more than remember, he reshapes Rudy's misshapen features and raises him from the grave. He fathers and mothers this new-old child. This is not the art of Michelangelo, it may be closer to Grandma Moses, but it is art nonetheless. Bloom's rescue of Stephen was motivated by Agape, which is the requisite of art as of nature; his vision of Rudy, sired by paternal love but borne maternally out of memory and desire, is Bloom's way of damning death (as Stephen damned it) and of making life easter in us.

Praise for a critic must in the end turn back to the artist: the good critic of Joyce sees what he sees because it is there, because the unity, firmness, and plainness of the "teaching" have few matches in twentieth-century writing. ("The simple affections," says Ellmann, "please Joyce better than anything else.") *Ulysses*'s voices are numberless—some speak almost by accident, so it seems, as when Dignam's boy remembers his pa:

The last night pa was boosed he was standing on the landing there bawling for his boots to go out to Tunney's for to boose more and he looked butty and short in his shirt. Never see him again. Death, that is. Pa is dead. My father is dead. He told me to be a good son to ma. I couldn't hear the other things he said but I saw his tongue and his teeth trying to say it better. Poor pa. That was Mr. Dignam, my father. I hope he is in purgatory now because he went to confession to father Conroy on Saturday night.

And there are voices that are in no conceivable way "accidental"—Molly swimming in roses at the end:

I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colors springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why don't they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that made it all

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THIS IS POETRY?

Poets give their views and definitions of poetry in these lines selected by Brenda Heloise Green of East Cleveland, Ohio. Who said what? If you're not sure, turn to page 86.

1. Poems are made by fools like me. ( )
2. Poetry is the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits. ( )
3. Poetry . . . takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquility. ( )
4. All poetry [is] a putting the infinite within the finite. ( )
5. If . . . it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me, I know that is poetry. ( )
6. To have great poets, there must be great audiences, too. ( )
7. [A poem] begins in delight and ends in wisdom. ( )
8. The poetry of earth is never dead. ( )
9. I could no more define poetry than a terrier can define a rat. ( )
10. A poem should not mean / But be. ( )

a. Robert Browning
b. Emily Dickinson
c. Robert Frost
d. A. E. Housman
e. John Keats
f. Joyce Kilmer
g. Archibald MacLeish
h. Carl Sandburg
i. Walt Whitman
j. Wordsworth

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who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes

Numberless voices—but the powerful impression of unity persists because, in the deep structure, the values are both beautiful and sound. They are "live options" for human beings, not fantasies. They are the gift of a celebrant, somebody unbitter, unconcerned about proportions—but a celebrant of practicable generosities and attainable decencies. *You could do this much,* he says. *We could do this much.* To have him present and speaking still, and still being spoken for—spoken for more brilliantly now, more movingly than ever in the past: it's not salvation, but sure it is a piece of sunrise-lovely luck. □

THE POUND ERA

by Hugh Kenner

University of California Press, 606 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by C. David Heymann

■ The storm of controversy surrounding Ezra Pound's political *persona* and his subsequent internment in a mental hospital in Washington, D.C., did little to help his reputation as founder of the modernist movement or as the major poet of the twentieth century. As late as 1951, Hugh Kenner, a devoted disciple could claim with some justification that "There is no great contemporary writer who is less read than Ezra Pound." Kenner's full-length study of Pound's poetry, the first published in this country, may or may not have acted as catalyst; in any case, since 1951—the year *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* appeared—the traffic of detailed and far-reaching investigations of and about Pound in the way of exegetical studies and explications, theses and dissertations, memoirs and biographies, has been practically nonstop. In the past decade alone, no fewer than 150 critical analyses of Pound's work have seen the light of day in print. No poet in the English language, during his own lifetime, has been given so much coverage. Thus it is fitting, now that Pound is no longer producing, that some sort of landscape be sketched, "an X-ray moving picture,"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1505

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1505 will be found in the next issue.

AFW DVB XFU NVTYYSBR DU

DSS WXSBOO AFWV KTXR TO

TX D OYSTXU.

ONWSSA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1504

All men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but each . . . asleep, is in a world of his own.
Plutarch

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1501

You can get almost everything accomplished if you don't care who gets the credit.
Ned Hay

WIT TWISTER NO. 270

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

What awkward — — — — — —
— — we poor mortals be!

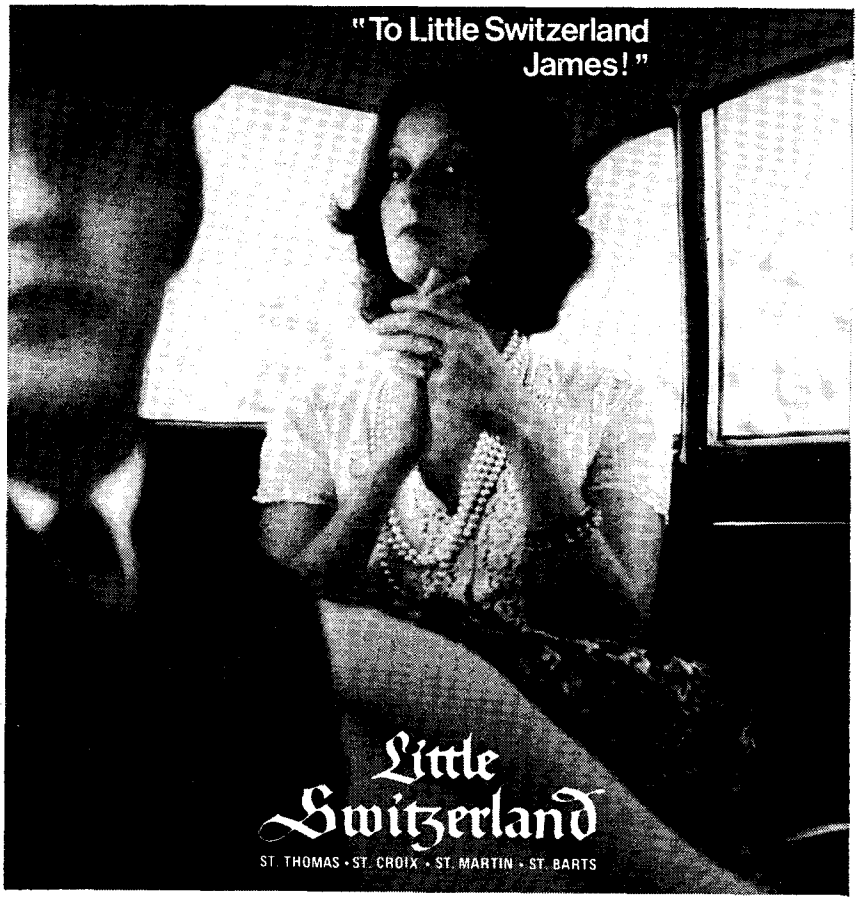
From all that would — — — — —
— — — us, we'd be free;

Yet with the first of freedom's growing-pains,

We grow afraid, and look for
— — — — — — — — reins!

A.S.

(Answer on page 87)



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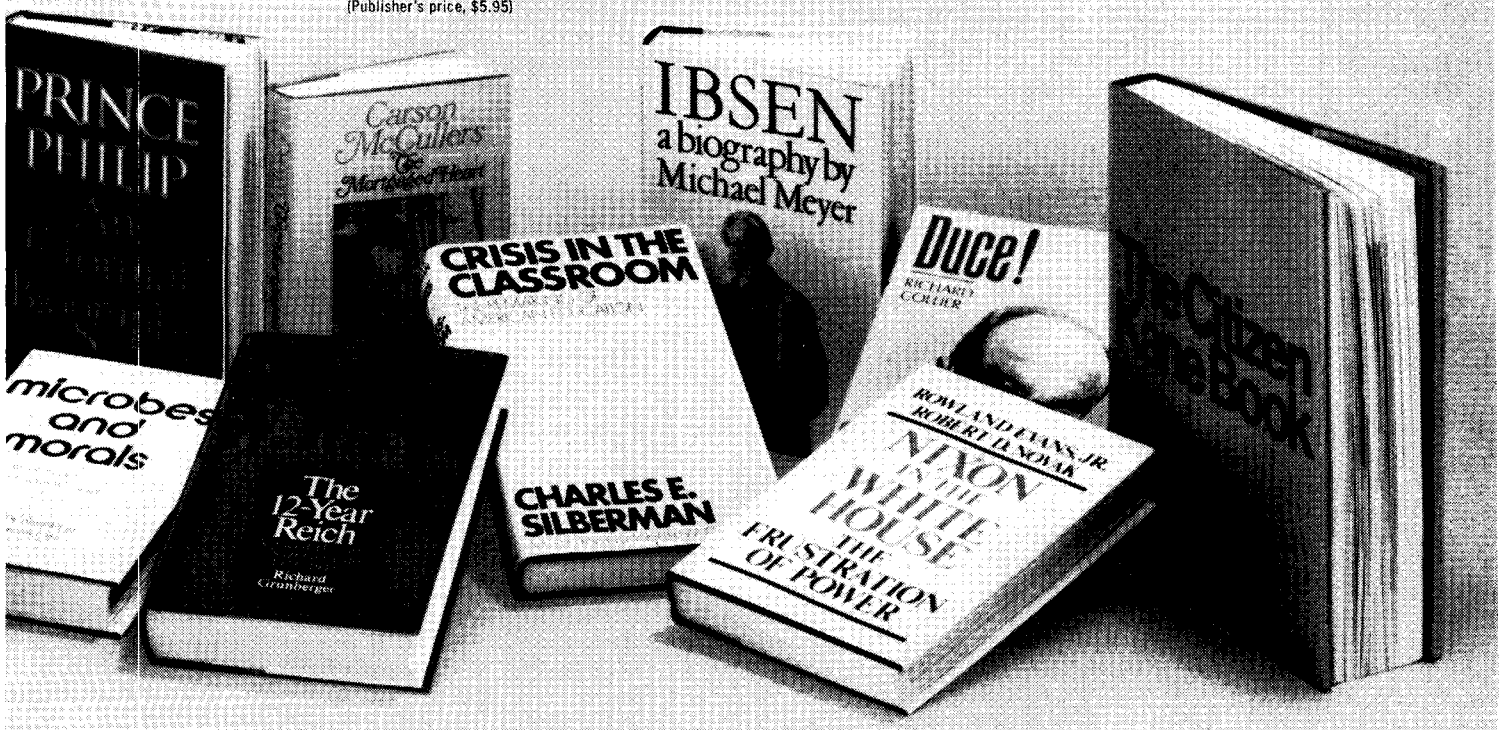

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as Kenner calls it, of a "Second Renaissance" that produced the likes of Eliot, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, and their contemporaries, and of which Pound was unquestionably the central and moving force.

Indeed, when he was not rallying support on behalf of one cause or another, or exchanging insults with some member of his coterie (often half in jest, as when he wrote his infamous "Cat-piss and porcupines!!" letter to Harriet Monroe in 1919), the busy impresario could be found either at the helm of the movement of the moment (Imagism, 1912-1913; Vorticism, 1914-1915) or editing and trying to get into print the work of a compatriot. Herein, we are told, lies the tragedy: All this activity prevented *il miglior fabbro* from getting on with his "real" work—the composition and setting down of the *Cantos*.

What ultimately holds Pound's epic together as a work of art is an organization Kenner terms "an esthetic of glimpses," wherein the poet eschews symmetry, continuity, and smoothness in favor of abrupt, unforeseeable, apparently arbitrary transitions, not only between sections of one passage but between sentences and phrases The details consolidate ideogrammatically, as Pound would have it, into what he calls a "periplum"—his form of Homer's *periplus*, a coastal journey into meaning. But whereas this particular methodology works for the *Cantos*, it does not cohere as well in a book of criticism, and Kenner here, in imitation of the Master, has unfortunately chosen to use it.

One result of this technique is that, except to the most erudite and sophisticated of modern poetry specialists, it tends to confuse rather than clarify. *The Pound Era* is a veritable thesaurus of names, places, and dates. On one page alone, for example, Kenner makes direct reference to such diverse figures as James Russell Lowell, Ernest Hemingway, Wyndham Lewis, Wallace Stevens, Louis Zukofsky, Henry James, Ivan Pavlov, Orville Wright, Henri Poincaré, Albert Einstein, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Hart Benton, Ernest Fenollosa, and Pablo Picasso. After a taste of this, one could wish that Kenner had exercised the same caution he tosses in Pound's wake: "To know clear simple principles in a time of confusion, this is a great resource. . . ."

When all is said and done, it becomes apparent in this study that we are dealing with subject matter whose scope is enormous. This is the era, according to Leslie Fiedler, "of war, exile, and the death of honor." With Pound at its vortex, this period (roughly from 1910 to 1945) was marked by diversely fluctuating patterns and ceaseless change: the expatriate movement, the First World War, the return to America (though Pound never did), the great disillusion, the Depression, the rise of Fascism. Along these lines we can begin to understand what motivated these artists; why Pound, a modern-day Odysseus (in the tradition of Henry James), studied Provençal and what he learned from it; why Eliot, who later gave up his American citizenship to become a British subject, went on foot to study prehistoric cave drawings prior to composing *Tradition and the Individual Talent*; why it was both necessary and natural for Joyce, living as he did in a peaceful Italian seaport, to discern a Homeric plot in a Dublin day; what Lewis, nearly blind and barely enduring his final days in faraway Canada, originally had in mind when he founded *Blast*, the "new Futurist, Cubist, Imagiste Quarterly" of the Vorticist movement. The lack of cohesion notwithstanding, Kenner's enthusiasm, his desire to tell us everything in a single volume, is considerable. The problem is there is so much to tell.

C. David Heymann is a lecturer in the department of English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

Ezra Pound—during a "Second Renaissance," Pound was "unquestionably the central and moving force."

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SOCIALISM

by Michael Harrington

Saturday Review Press, 436 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Peter Clecak

■ Nearly a decade ago Michael Harrington launched a national debate on poverty with *The Other America*. His latest work, *Socialism*, is a most powerful, sophisticated, and comprehensive treatment of a larger, related theme.

The book opens with this soberly hopeful appraisal: "Socialism has known increments of success, basic failure, and massive betrayal. Yet it is more relevant to the humane construction of the twenty-first century than any other idea." Harrington, who defines socialism as a "movement of self-emancipation of the people that uses democracy to make the economic system as classless as possible," sustains his hope for the movement's future by interpreting its defeats, past and present, as the consequence of premature political attempts to enact the vision. Socialism depends upon the unprecedented development of technology, he asserts, and it can become a historical reality only when "a conscious majority . . . masters that productivity and puts it into the service of human need."

Harrington shows that, until the middle of the nineteenth century, the history of socialism was the history of utopian dreams and messianic nightmares. He then turns to Karl Marx, the pivotal figure who first provided the vision with a comprehensive sociology of change and a possible mode of entry into history. Three especially lucid chapters attempt to rescue the best insights of classical Marxism from the distortions of later Marxists—Lenin, Stalin, Mao—and from the shamefully ignorant treatment it has received in the American academy. Rather than engaging in a restoration of sacred texts, Harrington critically explores the twists and turns of nineteenth-century Marxism in an effort to isolate the large truths that have survived.

Marx's central view of capitalism—as a system with inherent tensions between increasingly social means of production (technology) and the private mode of appropriating the surplus (profit)—is, says Harrington, "one of the most usable truths of the twentieth, and twenty-first, century." Marx's insight into the conditions and politics of the transition to socialism also remains relevant. According to Harrington, the socialism of the "unknown Marx" (the demythologized, nineteenth-century thinker) was generally "political and democratic. . . . It was reformist with a revolutionary purpose, in that it saw an alliance with trade-union gradualism as a step toward the abolition of classes. . . . But it was fearful that bureaucracy would usurp democratic power, and therefore fought tenaciously against the equation of socialism with state ownership pure and simple." As Harrington reminds the reader, Marx expected socialism to occur initially in economically advanced capitalist nations, which had a democratic working class.

Michael Harrington—persuasive socialist

Here, at last, in a broad scenario, were political solutions to the old radical paradox of powerlessness. The scenario, of course, failed, generating new forms of this paradox as variants of Marxism spread into every part of the modern world. Harrington, by locating the main element of his definition of socialism in classical Marxism, establishes a clear vantage point from which to survey and condemn the varieties of what he considers false or antisocialist "socialism."

In two chapters Harrington sketches in the history of the Soviet, Chinese, and Cuban experiences, as well as varieties of "military socialism" in the third world. In each instance he demonstrates that in the absence of the preconditions of socialism men must either fail to enact the vision or betray it. The Soviet model, "which became the prototype for a system that now rules one-third of the globe," illustrates the dominant pattern: Instead of building socialism, Lenin and his successors (men of grossly dissimilar talents, beliefs, and moral characters) succeeded in a brutal program of modernization that has culminated in an antidemocratic, totalitarian, class society. Despite its rhetoric, the Communist elite now systematically extracts large portions of the surplus from a politically helpless population. The Soviet failure prefigures the outcome of the contemporary search for "substitute proletariats" (the peasants, the urban poor, the mythical new socialist men), especially in backward nations controlled by antisocialist "so-

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cialists," where "the state is substituted for the bourgeoisie as an agency of modernization."

If, in parts of the East and the third world, socialists assumed complete political power only to discover their impotence against the larger forces of backwardness, others in the West have encountered the more subtle paradoxes associated with limited power. Harrington's assessment of the tortuous social democratic paths in Western Europe and in America (where this tradition has ". . . never learned to pronounce its own name") illuminates a stubborn irony: welfare measures of all sorts have improved the lives of millions of people while they perpetuate the larger system of inequality, power, privilege, and needless poverty. In other words, capitalism has to some degree survived on partial socialist victories. Though Harrington finds contemporary social democratic programs in Europe and America too timid, he also rejects fantasies of abrupt minority revolution as politically senseless and morally compromising.

Finally, there is the haunting problem of charting a way out of the current impasse. "The future," Harrington observes, "is going to be collective" —barring, that is, a nuclear catastrophe, the grimmest mode of collectivism. Whether the forms of collectivism—totalitarianism, authoritarianism, and democracy—all constitute *political* options then becomes the overriding question. While Harrington skirts the problems of the transition to socialism in economically advanced Communist nations, he argues (following Marx) that the prospects for socialism in the third world depend upon the reorganization and extension of abundance in the capitalist West.

At this point, desire and analysis tend to blur. Whereas the arguments for democratic socialist planning and a gradual weakening of corporate power in America are compelling, the political means of transition remain unconvincing, for Harrington, like the rest of us, always comes up against the old paradoxes of partial power. Nevertheless, he recasts the debate within generally realistic historical parameters. Harrington makes a strong case for political coalitions of the old and new working classes and the young as a means of promoting democratic planning in the near future and socialist planning in the long haul. Such tactics strike me as the only sane alternative on the Left. Surely the Sixties demonstrated the futility of antipolitical, revolutionary "solutions."

Harrington rejects Communist alternatives for the third world and thereby assigns a staggering role to the technologically advanced Western nations—one that would entail a reorganization of the world market as well as the gradual elimination of neo-imperialism. At the very least, Harrington's controversial contention "that imperialism is *a* policy of capitalism, not *the* policy" needs further examination and discussion. And even if the democratic Left should manage to curb the disastrous phenomenon of the new imperialism, the chances of establishing Harrington's economic and political preconditions of a democratic socialism throughout the third world would still range, in my opinion, from slim to nonexistent.

Against this contemporary backdrop, Harrington's conception of the socialism of the future seems nearly as utopian as earlier visions. However, this ultimate vision of a democratic socialist society without money or compulsory work, a society of new men, nicely avoids the excesses of less sophisticated utopian myths. Moreover, Harrington takes seriously the obvious challenges of ecological limits, and the enormous political obstacles. But not seriously enough. Reacting to the pessimism of such critics as Robert Heilbroner and Kenneth Boulding, he cites as promising trends unforeseeable technological innovations, population control, and new attitudes toward consumption. These potential developments strike me as possible keys to survival, though not to the global abundance necessary for the new society and the new man.

Harrington's book is a persuasive contemporary restatement of some old truths. Socialism has become conservative in many respects, but why abandon it on that account? It remains as radical as ever.

Peter Clecak teaches political thought at the University of California, Irvine. *Radical Paradoxes*, his book on the American Left after 1945, will be published next year.

TED KENNEDY:
Profile of a Survivor

by William H. Honan

Quadrangle, 180 pp., $6.95

TED KENNEDY:
Triumphs and Tragedies

by Lester David

Grosset & Dunlap, 274 pp., $7.95

THE EDUCATION OF
EDWARD KENNEDY:
A Family Biography

by Burton Hersh

Morrow, 510 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Carroll Kilpatrick

■ Publication of three books about Edward Kennedy a few months before the Democratic Convention may tell us more than all the primaries can about what is likely to happen in Miami Beach this July. Although Kennedy has proclaimed his noncandidacy, and thereby avoided the primaries, William H. Honan, the author of the briefest of these books, insists that Kennedy is running. After a cross-country tour with the senator last November, Honan became "convinced that, despite his repeated protestations and denials, I had witnessed the commencement of the third Kennedy quest for the presidency of the United States. . . . The fact that Kennedy has made a serious thrust toward capturing his party's nomination in 1972 now seems to me beyond argument."

Likewise, Lester David, in a straightforward narrative account of the youngest Kennedy's life and career, concludes that Teddy has every intention of seeking the job, but the author stops

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short of predicting when Kennedy will run.

Only Burton Hersh makes no judgment about the campaigning ahead. The author of the longest, most detailed and psychoanalytical of these studies, Hersh leaves second-guessing to the men he interviewed and, ultimately, to the reader. Yet he, like Honan and David, does not doubt that Teddy is the most political of the Kennedys, as well as a more effective and popular senator than was his brother John. Hersh ends his book without a conclusion, as though he were already at work on a next, momentous chapter.

For a long time, of course, political experts have said that Teddy Kennedy is a potential candidate for the presidency. He came close to encouraging a draft movement in 1968 after his brother Robert was killed in Los Angeles and while he remained at Hyannis Port, he sent emissaries to Chicago to check out the convention situation for him. In the end, he said no to Mayor Daley's importunings and, later, to Hubert Humphrey's plea that he accept the vice presidential nomination.

Ever since, Kennedy has denied that he is a candidate in 1972—and acted like one. He has often said that President Nixon will be hard to beat this year, and the astuteness of his observation (which his fellow Democrats have been slow to recognize) persuades some observers that Kennedy really has his eye on 1976, when he will be only forty-five and Nixon will not be running. Unless the President surprises everyone by grooming an appealing successor, Kennedy would seem to be a natural then.

Richard Scammon, among other political analysts, believes that Kennedy's best bet, and Humphrey's, too, would be a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket now. If they should win, Kennedy would be in line to succeed Humphrey in four or eight years. And, while a defeat would end Humphrey's presidential chances, it would not impair Kennedy's. Furthermore, the issue of Chappaquiddick could be debated this year, so that in four years it might no longer be a major problem.

Edward Kennedy—after a series of tragedies, the "Kennedy magic" still lives.

But why should Kennedy run now, when he has a safe Senate seat and, if Nixon wins this November, the best prospects of any Democrat to win the top spot in 1976? At present, the Democratic party is divided; won't it be stronger four years hence? By then, won't there be a "time-for-a-change" feeling in the country? The realities of American politics answer that, if the prize is within Kennedy's grasp at Miami after the other candidates have cut each other to pieces, he might not be able to resist grabbing it. He would be a formidable candidate even after a convention blood bath. If he should then lose the election to Nixon, there is still no reason why he could not have another chance in 1976.

These books, all portraits of a noncontender who cannot be discounted, duly document the landmarks of the Kennedy career. It was a full ten years ago that Edward Moore Kennedy, the younger brother of the President and of the attorney general, was elected to the Senate from Massachusetts. Two years earlier, the newly elected President and his father had virtually forced the governor of Massachusetts, Foster

"Kennedy . . . radiates that infectious and indefinable thing the professionals call 'star quality.' His physical presence turns heads. There is something about him that seems *interesting*, something about him at which one wants to get a closer look. Kennedy understands this, and prudently underplays his glamor. The glittering smile is always a little restrained, the boyish enthusiasm kept under tight control."

—Ted Kennedy: Profile of a Survivor

"... he has resolved the problem of personal fear. Though he may react viscerally to sudden loud noises, he has done considerable soul-searching and decided that he will not allow fear to paralyze him, to dominate his life, or to drive him from what he wants to do, even though he reportedly said: 'I know that I'm going to get my ass shot off one day and I don't want to.'"

—Ted Kennedy: Triumphs and Tragedies

"Locked as securely as he himself could arrange inside Edward Kennedy floor strategist, and Edward Kennedy diligent bland Child-of-the-Senate-who-does-his-extra-credit-reading, and Edward Kennedy worrier over the worldwide unprotected . . . there comes the dazzle and report sometimes, like lightning through the bars, of unchanging old Teddy Kennedy the Kid. Something about the Kid is ageless. . . ."

—The Education of Edward Kennedy

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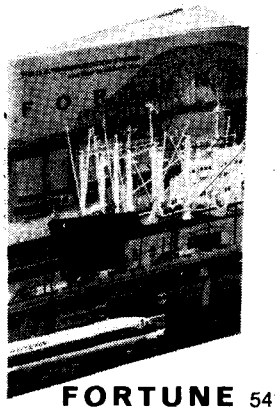

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Furculo, to appoint as a successor to John Kennedy someone who would keep his Senate seat warm for Teddy. It was not a pretty spectacle, and Edward McCormack, who opposed Kennedy for the nomination, was justified in saying during their first debate in 1962: "I ask, since the question of names and families has been injected, if his name were Edward Moore, with his qualifications, with your qualifications, Teddy, if it were Edward Moore, your candidacy would be a joke." Kennedy seemed devastated by the harsh attack, but he recovered and easily beat **McCormack** in the primary and George Lodge in the election. In Massachusetts the Kennedy power and money were unassailable.

Then: one brother assassinated; an airplane accident that immobilized him for most of a year; the second brother's murder; the stunning victory over Russell Long for Democratic whip of the Senate; the accident at Chappaquiddick; the surprising defeat for the whip's post by conservative Robert Byrd of West Virginia—and still, clearly, the Kennedy magic lives.

Not one of the authors suggests that Ted has been the ablest of the Kennedy brothers. In fact, they acknowledge that he is a slow learner and was undistinguished, at best, in college. Yet they maintain that his Senate record has been good, that his political instincts are superlative, and that he has a charm that sets him apart from other politicians, Democrat and Republican.

Honan, David, and Hersh all argue that Kennedy's tragedies have strengthened him, made him more serious and studious, and have developed in him a new sturdiness. Again, all three are sympathetic to the senator, but not uncritical. Honan's profile, based on three *New York Times Magazine* articles, gives a satisfactory if somewhat euphoric picture of the man without any attempt at depth. For those who want a quick review, it is worthwhile. David's work is a complete biography, fitting Teddy into the Kennedy family, describing in detail his ups and downs and the qualities that have brought him within striking distance of the highest office in the land. It is a highly readable report.

Hersh has done the most thorough—and infuriating—job of all; he has all the facts, he probes deeply, yet the reader is thrown off by gross overwriting. In an introduction James MacGregor Burns says that some readers of Hersh will be "put off" by the "ample imagery and metaphor in this book." That is an understatement.

Carroll Kilpatrick is White House correspondent for *The Washington Post*.

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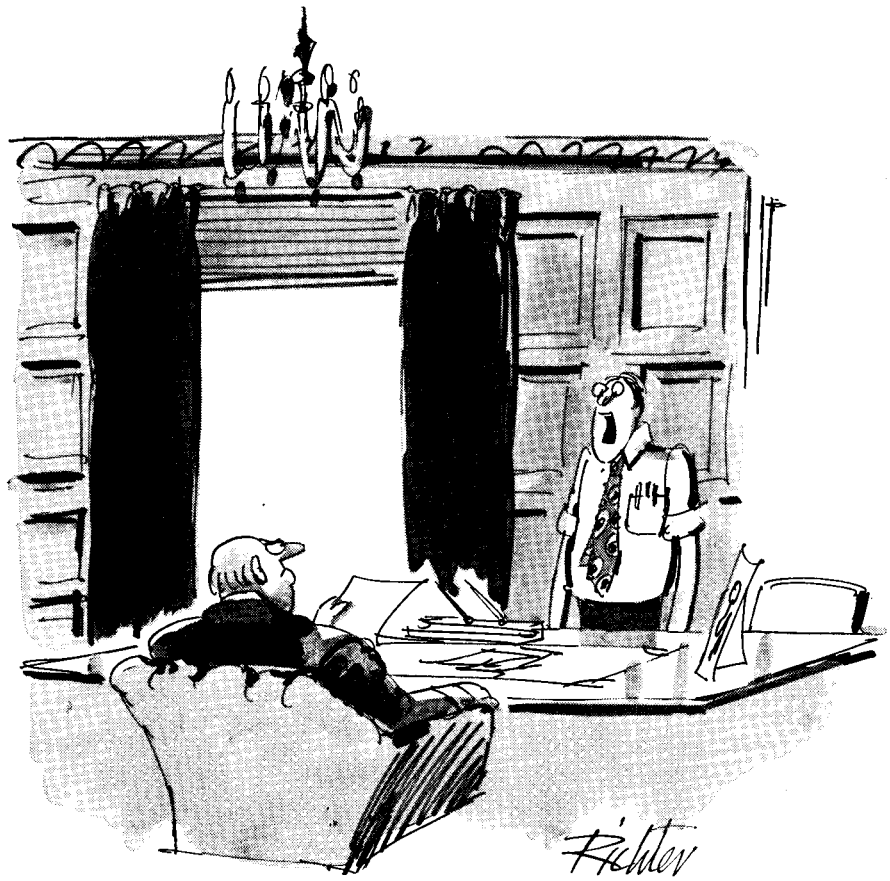

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IMPEACHMENT:
Trials and Errors

by Irving Brant

Knopf, 202 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Herbert Mitgang

■ The vindictive effort by cat's-paws of the Nixon administration to impeach Associate Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas because of his liberal views was an episode that cannot be dismissed even though it failed. The attempt alone demonstrates that Nixon, Mitchell, *et al.*, the leaders of an administration that prides itself on "law and order," are at a considerable remove from the Constitution, and certainly from the history of impeachment as it has been hammered out since the Bill of Rights.

The motives for the move, which was led by the House minority leader, Gerald C. Ford, were plain. President Nixon's political allies had tried, under orders, to put over two legal hacks, Clement F. Haynsworth, Jr., and G. Harrold Carswell, for the Supreme Court, but the Senate turned them down. The resentment of failure required a scapegoat. What better choice than Douglas, a champion of civil rights and individual liberties, who, in addition, had a life-style that flouted the standards of the administration's moral philosopher, Billy Graham? With Douglas off the bench, Nixon could make the judicial branch of the federal government a servant of the executive and, more specifically, of the Justice Department.

In *Impeachment: Trials and Errors*, the historian Irving Brant, an authority on James Madison and the origins of the Constitution, takes off from the Douglas case for a full-fledged examination of law and politics that will stand the test of time. Brant discusses impeachment proceedings of the past, filling in many areas that were debated by the Founding Fathers. The distinction he draws between "high Crimes and Misdemeanors"—the grounds for impeachment given in Article II of the Constitution—and maladministration and misconduct by word or deed could have been studied profitably by the anti-Douglas forces.

Mr. Brant's comments on the Senate's attempt to impeach Andrew Johnson, in 1868, are likewise instructive:

> For more than half a century . . . the author of this book held the popular view of the [Andrew] Johnson impeachment: that although it was well for the country that the attempt failed, it reflected Johnson's incompetence as President. This deeply embedded concept vanished in a flash . . . when the author read the official record of the trial in the 1868 *Congressional Globe*. The record shows that regardless of the merits or demerits of Andrew Johnson, the attempt to remove him from office by impeachment was the most insidious assault on constitutional government in the nation's history. It was carried on in direct violation of the limitations deliberately placed in the Constitution to prevent such a happening.

To prove his case—and it's hard to think of a better authority than a Madison scholar—Mr. Brant cites the efforts made by Madison and Jefferson to head off legislative tyranny of the sort later perpetrated against Johnson and attempted against Douglas. The author demonstrates that the phrase "high Crimes and Misdemeanors" is meant to be a narrowing concept rather than a dragnet for head-hunting senators. The proposal that misadministration be grounds for removal was dismissed by Madison, thereby helping to ensure the separation of powers between the White House and the legislature.

The first impeachment proceedings, instituted in 1797, were directed against Senator William Blount of Tennessee for having schemed to defraud Indian tribes. The trial ended with the simple finding that senators could not be impeached. But a related and far more dangerous attempt—namely to perpetrate the Alien and Sedition bills—succeeded. Libertarians fought hard against the Sedition Act of 1798. Mr. Brant points out that one of President Jefferson's earliest actions after he took office in 1801 was "to free all editors, publishers, letter writers, and lawyers who were still in prison as violators of that law." The act's first victim, Congressman Matthew Lyon of Vermont, had been jailed because he wrote that President Adams was "swallowed up in a continual grasp for power, in an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp, foolish adulation, and selfish avarice." Harsh words, but the essence of a free press, as Jefferson realized, is the freedom to criticize and, still more, to ridicule public personages.

Mr. Brant provides an impressive and pointed summary of the impeachment proceeding against President Johnson and delves into several other cases. He concludes by saying that Congress ought to resolve not to impeach the President or other civil officers "for conduct which would not cause a senator or representative to be expelled from his seat." Congress will never pass that one, but at least the principle is well argued in this excellent book.

Herbert Mitgang of *The New York Times* is also a member of the New York bar. *Get These Men Out of the Hot Sun*, his satirical novel about presidential politics in 1976, was published recently.

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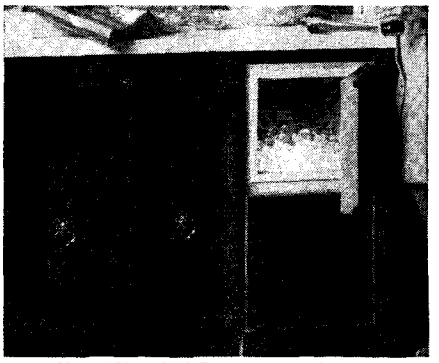

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THE WAR WAS BETTER

by Miodrag Bulatovic
translated from the Serbo-Croatian by B. S. Brusar
and adapted by Michael Wolfert

McGraw-Hill, 424 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Vasa D. Mihailovich

■ A self-proclaimed Communist world leader from Montenegro invades Italy after chasing the Italians out of his own country. With Agatha Christie he begets a child who looks like Lenin. A German general tests the piercing capacity of his pistol on human bodies. A former Italian general opens a brothel. And a major makes love to a turtle. These are but a few of the madding scenes and characters from *The War Was Better*, an utterly zany novel by Miodrag Bulatovic, a Serbian writer who has been the most talked-about (albeit more abroad than at home) Yugoslav author for two decades now.

Known to English-speaking readers through translations of *The Red Cock Flies to Heaven, Hero on a Donkey*, as well as a few stray stories, Bulatovic here presents his public with what he calls "a novel-elephant"—an apt description in view of the work's bulk and scope. To be sure, *The War Was Better* is restricted in time (World War II and shortly thereafter) and space (Montenegro, Italy, and France); yet it is often difficult to say when and where the action is taking place and to know who is fighting whom and why. While former foes come to terms with each other, the picaresque antihero, Gruban Malic, continues his quixotic battles with unabated energy.

Readers of Bulatovic have met this madcap before. A grotesque innkeeper in *Hero on a Donkey*, Malic there ingloriously does away with himself in a chicken coop; here he bounds back into life. It sounds unlikely? Never mind. Bulatovic has never been after logic, and the modified antinovel technique he employs in this wild work demands of the reader a frequent suspension of disbelief in order to experience the novel as a dream, a nightmare, or a drug trip.

For *The War Was Better* is a first-class surrealistic trip backward into the war and postwar days, an emotional circus replete with atrocities, absurdities, and dementia. It is not, however, a war novel in the true sense of the term, nor is it a typical antiwar novel. Rather, Bulatovic uses the war in the Balkans as a pretext to mock war in general and to show what it does to man. To note one principal effect: It releases sexual energy in some of this book's characters while stifling it in others. The result is a rash of aberrations and perversions—among others, pyromania, necrophilia, bestiality, and incest. This mayhem of riotous instincts is pervaded by the author's irreverence for God, Mother, Flag, and political idols of all cults. The origins of such disrespect are to be sought in Bulatovic's rampaging imagination, as well as in his desire to ridicule war (including the lofty rationalizations men use to engage in it) and to show its devastating consequences.

The author's basic world view, as revealed in this novel, is fourfold: Life is absurd, man is mad, war is pornography, and sex is the most powerful driving force. The association with Wilhelm Reich's ideas suggests itself. But while Reich's idea of sex is that of a healthy drive which, when suppressed, erupts into war and revolution, in Bulatovic's scheme sex is demonic, even though, in an atmosphere of total madness, it may seem a redeeming force. Here, fornication becomes analogous to war.

Although *The War Was Better* suffers from unwieldiness and occasional lapses of taste, it is an eloquent and important protest against the failures of modern civilization. Moreover, its sheer zaniness and heady flights of fantasy make this Yugoslav's latest outburst—which has yet to be published in his own country—a delight to read.

Vasa D. Mihailovich teaches Slavic languages and literatures at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

TIGHT WHITE COLLAR
by John L'Heureux

Doubleday, 180 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John W. Hughes

■ John L'Heureux's first novel, *Tight White Collar*, is a tense, fast-moving narration of one day in the life of Ransom, a highly intelligent and liberal member of the Society of Jesus. Ransom is a dissenter, a follower of Pope John and Vatican II, who hopes to bring about change "within the system." He seems to oscillate between the extremes of a compulsive piety and a secretly cynical irony, and this emotional tightrope act helps him to come to terms with the Pauline bureaucracy of the church. The texture of L'Heureux's style—the naturalistic immediacy shot through with occasional patches of Joycean interior monologue—enables the author to transubstantiate Ransom's experiences into metaphors of a divided sensibility.

This division, this hidden inauthenticity, is suddenly exposed when Ransom is forced to return home for the

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funeral of Bernie, his Protestant brother-in-law. The dogmatic certitudes and polarities of Catholicism—which Ransom (who, like John L'Heureux before he left the order, is a well-known "underground" priest) has never really questioned—begin to crumble under the pressure of this confrontation with the Other. On his way home, Ransom is swamped by the contingency that overwhelmed Roquentin in Sartre's *Nausea*. As he reads his breviary on the train, he considers how ugly, menacing, and undignified the people around him appear. They seem very much like personifications of "the snake that stops its ears," that demonic and unredeemable evil which has haunted Catholicism for centuries, causing the church and its philosophers to hunger greedily for transcendence. And yet, Ransom wonders, isn't the serpent of quotidian chaos and uncertainty far less evil than the self-righteous wrath of the Elect?

This questioning gains momentum after Ransom arrives home for the funeral. Although he maintains his priestly demeanor at his parents' home and among the Protestants at the funeral, he begins to see beneath the pieties and petty frauds that have formed the basis of his family relationships. Some of the dialogue in these scenes, as well as the Robbe-Grillet-like memory flashes, is amateurish and mechanical, but the overall pattern rings astonishingly true. Especially admirable is L'Heureux's narration of Ransom's funeral oration, which counterpoints the words of St. Paul with Ransom's *sotto voce* questioning of those very words:

> That passage from St. Paul, he thought, doesn't prove a damned thing. All it says is that if Christ isn't risen, then our faith is not well founded. Well, maybe it's *not* well founded. Maybe we *are* wrong and this whole business is just a gigantic charade. God's little joke. God's sick joke. I must be losing my mind. I do believe. Help thou my unbelief. . . .

Death is the muse of poetry, said Schopenhauer, and Jesuit-trained revolutionaries from Hopkins to Joyce to L'Heureux have had to come to terms with a death wish concealed within the edifice constructed by Paul and Aquinas. It's no accident that the Jesuits, created as a kind of Waffen SS to beat back the heresies of the Reformation, have in fact spawned some of Western civilization's greatest heretics. Stephen Dedalus escaped from the dogma of Aquinas by uniting himself with Leopold Bloom, the despised Other whom the church had for so long repressed (and secretly loved, just as Hitler secretly loved his supposedly Jewish grandfather). Thus Ransom, during the return trip that comprises the last section of *Tight White Collar*, begins to understand that the people on the train—the grotesque sandwichman, the hippies, the noisy children—are like gargoyles on a Gothic cathedral, symbols of the human reality that Christian love has always viewed with the most intense form of hatred.

Before his journey is over, a final, ambiguous revelation catapults Ransom beyond Catholicism into a dialectical consciousness that is at once older than the church and new. For the sense of a rebellious dialectic that concludes *Tight White Collar* is common to both the critical intransigence of Job and the "permanent revolution" of the present-day people of China.

John W. Hughes is a freelance writer and critic.

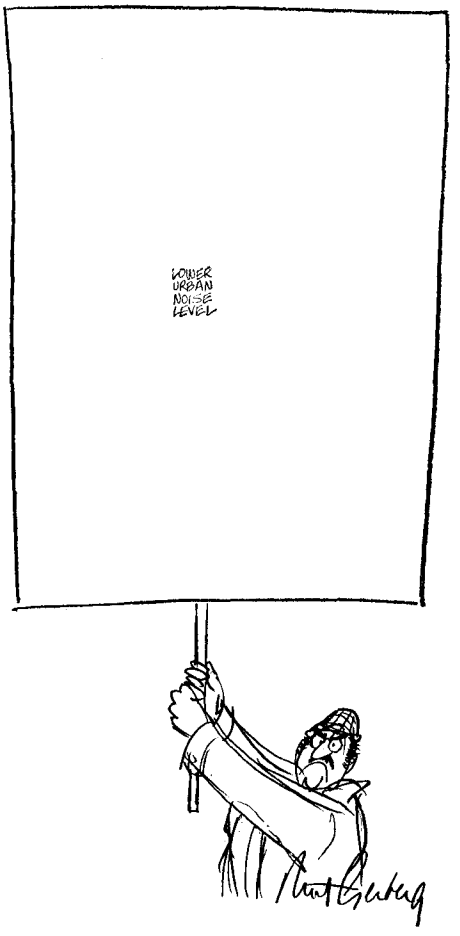
CAPTAIN BLACKMAN
by John A. Williams

Doubleday, 336 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Leonard Fleischer

■ A few years back John A. Williams, commenting on William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, wrote: "A novelist embarked on a historical work becomes a historian in effect, and he must evaluate his character in terms of the time in which his character lived. He is required to be *both* a novelist and a historian." According to Williams, Styron failed to provide an accurate historical context, thus rendering his portrait of Turner fatally flawed.

In his latest novel Williams himself turns to black history, and while it is evident that the author has done his homework, his failure here is as a novelist. *Captain Blackman* is an ambitious attempt at a fictional chronicle covering about two centuries of black military history. Its hero is named, appropriately enough, Abraham Blackman; his archenemy of many years, now his battalion commander, bears the equally symbolic name of Ishmael Whittman. Blackman, who had been conducting seminars in black military history, is badly wounded in Vietnam, and the present action of the novel focuses on his injuries and the efforts to save his life. But the more revealing sections of the novel consist of long historical flashbacks—Blackman's "dream"—in which the hero is transported back in time, first to Revolutionary War battles, then, in chronological order, to the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Indian wars, the Spanish-American War, World War I, the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the Korean War, and finally Vietnam. Functioning both as participant and observer,



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Blackman provides the narrative link connecting these historical events.

The novel is a stinging polemic demonstrating how blacks have been used by a racist military establishment that encouraged them to fight and die for a freedom ultimately denied them. In addition, Williams has resurrected a pantheon of black heroes and martyrs to serve the needs of a people for a proud and viable tradition. *Captain Blackman* is, in one sense, a rebuttal to Styron's demythologizing of Nat Turner. Thus, we witness the gallantry of Peter Salem at Bunker Hill, of Oliver Law fighting Franco's troops, and so on. Also chronicled are such brutalities as the massacre of black soldiers by Confederate troops at Fort Pillow, Tennessee, and the dishonorable discharge of 166 blacks—including combat heroes—following a mysterious outburst of violence in a Texas town in 1906. The novel is sprinkled with actual documents and letters, causing one to speculate whether Williams's aims would have been better served had he chosen to eschew the demands of fiction and write a straightforward historical account. Instead he has combined history with heavy-handed allegory, and the resulting focus placed on his symbolic protagonist dilutes the impact of the novel. At first Blackman is endowed with the knowledge of future events as he predicts to the bewildered forces at Lexington that blacks will have to wait a long time for their freedom. In later sections, however, the hero is more an innocent victim than an ironic prophet. It is left to an Indian to forecast the truth: ". . . one day you'll tire of the white man killing you one by one, like stragglers in a buffalo herd, and you'll fight. That will come after you've helped him to kill me. But it will come."

Captain Blackman has the merit of bringing a buried past to our consciousness and our conscience; the work, however, suffers from a doggedly mechanical structure. Williams provides his hero with a black female counterpart named Mimosa Rogers who, whether incarnated as a southern slave or a Foreign Service employee in Vietnam, keeps reappearing just about every time Blackman is about to fight in another war. Other characters also emerge from time to time, and although the author is apparently commenting on historical cycles and patterns, his fictional techniques seem cumbersome and intrusive. In short, John Williams has provided a welcome history lesson, but an indifferent novel.

Leonard Fleischer teaches black American literature at the University of Akron.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS
1 f, 2h, 3j, 4a, 5b, 6i, 7c, 8e 9d 10g.

Criminal Record

Fact

Mortal Consequences. *By Julian Symons. Harper & Row. $6.95.* This is not a book for escapist whodunit readers, but for those who take their gore seriously. Scholarly yet lively, *Mortal Consequences* is a history of the literature of crime and detection that fascinates as it informs. It also occasionally piques, for Mr. Symons is not only a historian but a critic with opinions. He traces the development of the detective story from the works of Poe and Wilkie Collins up to the present-day crime novel, then explores the reasons behind the popularity of these novels. The author caps his work with predictions regarding the future of the classifications (Spy Stories, Police Novels, etc.) within this vigorously evolving branch of literature.

Fiction

Monday the Rabbi Took Off. *By Harry Kemelman. Putnam. $5.95.* Admirers of the Rabbi Small series will be happy to know that a fourth adventure awaits them. This time the rabbi and his family set out for Israel. The action alternates between Massachusetts, where Rabbi Small may or may not be losing his congregation to the rabbi substituting for him, and Jerusalem, where he soon becomes embroiled in troubles involving a TV commentator, the commentator's son, and plotting Arab militants. What mystery this book has to offer trails far behind its Yiddish charm and Israeli travelogue.

Squaw Point. *By R. H. Shimer. Harper & Row. $5.95.* Squaw Point is an island off the Alaskan peninsula with nothing more exciting on it than a fish freezing plant and a cannery. Things pick up decidedly when Preacher White, a greedy evangelist, is found with a knife stuck in him. The plot is satisfactory, but what distinguishes this first novel is the author's knowledge of life as it is lived on the windswept, treeless islands of western Alaska, and her ability to evoke that life on paper. Mrs. Shimer's description of a seal hunt is vivid and harrowing.

A Murder to Make You Grow Up Little Girl. *By Laurence Oriol. World. $5.95.* Eight-year-old Sophie is summering on the Riviera with her parents and their adult friends. One night, Sophie witnesses a murder on the beach. However, since she likes the murderer she won't reveal who it is—and neither will the author until she gets good and ready. The book, though short, is too long for its content, and the title—despite its missing comma—is the high point.

The Queen of America. *By Russell H. Greenan. Random House. $5.95.* The queen, as the young lady fancies herself, is a homicidal maniac. After making a brief but bloody appearance in the early pages of this novel she is confined to a mental institution. The reader is then obliged to pass his or her time in the company of a bizarre cast of noninstitutionalized characters. They are all interesting, but the story is essentially a stage wait for the reappearance of the mad murderess. While Mr. Greenan's talent is impressive, one had hoped for more after his promising first book, *It Happened in Boston?*

Somewhere in England. *By Reg Gadney. St. Martin's $5.95.* All that is known about a major Nazi war criminal is that his initial is "G" and that he is believed to be hiding in England. The uncovering of G is a project in which, for a variety of reasons, a number of nations take an active interest. David Peto, leading a quiet life as a researcher in films of the Nazi death camps, knows nothing of the international intrigue surrounding G until an explosion of nitrate film, which may have killed a coworker, catapults David into the center of the action. The novel is well-plotted, yet a certain lameness in the telling robs the story of much of its potential excitement.

The Dracula Archives. *By Raymond Rudorff. Arbor House. $5.95.* Come back to the days of the heart held in thrall, the time of maidenly swoons, manly sobs, and villainy beyond imagination. Raymond Rudorff has done a marvelous job of recreating—albeit with tongue in cheek—the world and style of Bram Stoker's horror masterpiece, *Dracula.* The three interrelated stories of *Archives* catch the reader up on the vampire's ancestry. As did Stoker, Mr. Rudorff uses diaries and letters to give his dark legends a sense of reality and immediacy. The result, unfortunately, lacks the gripping terror of the work on which it was modeled. Still, this is highly inventive stuff and great fun. I believe Bram Stoker would have approved. This Stoker fan does.

Haskel Frankel

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71: critters, restrict, stricter.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Prophet and Poet

In her review of Virginia Hilu's *Beloved Prophet* [*SR*, April 15], Nancy Wilson demonstrates that Barbara Young was right when she expressed fear that misunderstandings might arise from interpretations of Gibran's correspondence with Mary Haskell. Apparently, the concept of spiritual love has not gained much current credence.

During her work with Gibran, it was my privilege to be close to Barbara Young. While Mary Haskell was his mentor in diction and grammar, Barbara Young, a poet in her own right, worked closely with him on the imagery and poetic English in all his works published by Knopf; she also worked on at least three posthumous works.

We lived in what was known as Poetry House on East Ninth Street. Many times Barbara Young and Gibran worked all day and through the night until, as he would say, the windows were white. This was exactly right, because the large north windows of his Tenth Street studio would catch the first light of day. There was an endless exchange of ideas, the evolution of phrases and sentences, and a wrestling with words to find exactly the right equivalent for his Arabic expressions.

Barbara Young's biography of Gibran, *This Man from Lebanon* (1945), conveys the full spirit of her devotion.

Henry S. Evans
Morristown, N.J.

Retort to "Report"

I'd like to comment on a book reviewed by David W. McCullough [*SR*, April 8]. The book is *Report from Engine Co. 82*. I resent the way its author, Dennis Smith, almost put down Puerto Ricans. First of all, the firemen are paid by the "people's" taxes, especially by the working-class people! If there's an emergency (such as an OD or an accident), you can't spend time looking for a public phone in the Bronx (half of them don't even work!) to call a cop. So naturally you run to the nearest corner and pull the alarm. At a time of an emergency you don't think of the proper person to call; you try to get help as fast as possible. I think that Smith should have seen the two sides, instead of making the firemen look like poor overworked persons. As McCullough stated, fireman Smith earns about $11,000 a year. That's more than some professionals get paid. I think that they should work for the people. Also, if the houses were repaired once in a while, they wouldn't be so susceptible to fire.

Aura Valle
New York, N.Y.

On Conspiracy

Re: Fred J. Cook's review of Gerold Frank's *An American Death* [*SR*, April 8]. The "official verdict" in the death of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.—i.e., "The murder was the work of a lone assassin; no conspiracy was involved"—is, as Cook suggests, impossible to believe in the light of available evidence.

Indeed, in the paragraph that follows the foregoing quotation, Mr. Cook provides rather more evidence of a conspiracy than apparently existed in the recent Harrisburg "conspiracy" trial when he states: "Ray insisted that most of it [the $7,000 he spent in his months of liberty] came from a mysterious contact named Raoul. . . ."

Are we to assume from this that "Raoul" gave Ray, an escaped convict, "most" of the $7,000 as a humanitarian gesture to assist in his rehabilitation?

It seems to me to be painfully obvious that a conspiracy did exist and, further, that a conspiracy has existed ever since to suppress the facts.

Dr. H. F. Dobson
Kansas City, Kan.

Sinner Speaks Out

In his review of Herbert Mitgang's novel *Get These Men Out of the Hot Sun* [*SR*, April 8], Arthur Cooper writes: "The Nixon administration has not fared well with people who write books—or with many who read them, for that matter." The statement is true if limited to that class of liberals who write anti-Nixon books, read and review only each other's books, and write other similar books in what can only be described as incessant acts of mutual self-gratification. Those of us whose spectrum of reading covers a broad range and who do not equate every volume's literary merit solely with its denigration of the Nixon administration see more clearly. Mr. Cooper, a *Newsweek* associate editor, actually slaves over his discovery that Vice President Spiro Agnew is the author's "chief bête noire." Mr. Agnew is the archfiend who said, in substance, "When you've seen one news manipulator slant the news under the guise of objective reporting, you've seen them all, and all are morally wrong." His sin was to demand that partisanship be labeled partisanship. I too am a sinner.

John H. Rasse
Marshall, Mo.

Remanded to Reader

You were most generous in the space given to a review of my book *In the Midst of Wars: An American's Mission to Southeast Asia* [*SR*, April 1]. I'm appreciative of your generosity. I found the review to be rich in human comedy.

It is not often that a man writes as honestly as he can about the events he participated in, only to be lectured later that he should have described what he didn't do or see or hear simply because other writers, with their own axes to grind, claimed that he did these other things. I guess that leaves it up to your readers to find out for themselves, by reading my book and by determining from my eyewitness reporting on a turbulent era, about how truthful I strove to be. I believe that I told it like it was.

E. G. Lansdale
Alexandria, Va.

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(Continued on page 88)

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DARROW SCHOOL — Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents. Balance of responsibility and freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Accredited, coed college prep boarding school for students in grades 9-12. Specialized education in Art, Dance, Drama, Music. Full academic program. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Affiliated with National Music Camp. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

YOU NEED TO FIND A SCHOOL where you count, where green fields and great trees abound, where much that is new and some that is old are important! This is SANFORD SCHOOL. (An established coeducational resident and day school.) Admissions Secretary, Box 110, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

175 YEARS OF QUAKER COEDUCATION. Day and boarding. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Individual guidance. Senior projects. Maine ecology program. Community service. Teams in major sports. 1½ hours north of New York City. Write: Admissions Director, Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601. Tel. 914-462-5558.

COLLEGES

ACCELERATED COLLEGE ADMISSION — September 1972. High School Juniors, academically and socially ready for college, may become college students with full standing in this unique 2-year Associate in Arts program. Enter freshman year directly. Generous financial aid, based on need, available to those who qualify. Write: Director of Admissions, Box S, Bradford College, Bradford, Massachusetts 01830.

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MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL Teacher Training Course in MIAMI offers A.M.I. diploma—worldwide recognition. Write: Director of Admissions, SOUTHERN MONTESSORI INSTITUTE, 1517 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida 33129.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

SHIMER COLLEGE. The bright, but bored, student who is ready to move ahead should consider Shimer College. We have 21 years of successful experience with our special early entrance program for well prepared high school juniors and seniors. In addition to time saved through early entrance, 40% of these students have reduced college costs by earning their B.A. degree in 3 years or less. All work college level; Oxford, England program; and new Chicago Center. Shimer is a coeducational fully accredited 4-year liberal arts college of consistent excellence. Openings for September 1972 and February 1973 for early entrants as well as graduating high school seniors and transfers. SHIMER COLLEGE 11, Mount Carroll, Illinois 61053.

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COLLEGES

BETHEL COLLEGE prepares students to cope creatively with the complexity and pace of change. Are you interested in scholarship, peacemaking, and conflict resolution? Or career preparation to cope with the future? Write Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas 67117.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Racially nondiscriminatory admission policy. Educational Development Center, 41 Seminary Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PERSONALLY LABELED Bloody Mary Mix—"The Nooner," the ultimate gift. Available in 6 or 12 can cases. Send $1.00 for sample can (not personalized) and ordering information to The Little Kitchen, Dept. SN, P.O. Box 65, Middletown, Ohio 45042.

PERSONALS

CAROL BROWN has cottons too: bleeding madras and rajah, Metsovaara Finnish, Dutch-African, India prints and plains. And of course spectacular Irish tweeds and blankets. Putney, Vermont 05346.

PLAY ALONG RECORDS! Classical, Jazz. Famous Music Minus One LPs. Free 64 page catalogue. Write MMO, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

UNUSUAL DRIFTWOOD MOBILES. $7.50. Free brochure. Drift House, 4337R Cottage, Sacramento, California 95825.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

MANGOS—Aristocrat of tropical fruits, Persian Limes, shipping now through August. Avocados from July 15th. Airport Fruit Shippers, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159. Free Brochure.

THINGS YOU WILL NEVER FIND anywhere else! You will find them at the New York Flea Market every Sunday, 26th Street and 6th Avenue, NYC.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $6; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 5-2-B, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

"HOW TO TEACH a Baby To Read." Proven method. Amazing new book shows how. No C.O.D.'s. Guaranteed. Complete book with diploma, $4.95. Teaching Aids, Harriman, Tennessee 37748.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

WANTED: Assistance; singular autobiography; greatest genius. Shirley Gilbert, 39 West 67th, NYC, 10023.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER KIT. Quickly makes attractive glasses, bowls, candleholders, etc. Complete instructions. Recycle at home, club, scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 96S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC, 10016.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

PERSONALS

HOLLY AND BILLY got it together. At last. In a beautiful celebration in San Francisco at the Swedenborgian Church of the New Jerusalem, with all the family gathered around the altar to hear them say thoughts about sharing love, kindness and friendship. The mother of the groom wept. A fireplace took away the early evening chill. A flute and cello played Mozart and Bach. Suzanne made flower bouquets from her garden. Bill designed two rings for Holly to have. Stephen was his brother's witness and Tina was there for her sister by Greg. The father of the groom photographed us all. Larry Keenan was there, too. The grandparents were pleased and proud. The nine small nieces and nephews stood quietly watching. Afterwards, in the garden, Holly threw her bouquet of field flowers and roses. Janie and Annie caught it. Only one nephew fell into the pond. The parents of the bride led us over the Golden Gate bridge to a place in the hills and by candlelight and dinner, we toasted and celebrated until midnight. Edward said they should get 4+ for ambiance. He then read his gift, a poem. Lulu looking so lovely, presented her woodcarving. We hated to split, but it had to be done. Holly and Billy left for Tahiti.

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY! Give dad the American Eagle of Peace—unique, excellent reproduction of antique American "Spenserian" penned drawing dated 1891. Perfect for framing. Only $3.00. Also World's Largest Crossword Puzzle—$3.98. Sincerely Yours, Box 532, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

LP SAMPLER $1.00, complete with music book. Play or sing-along. State instrument played/or vocalist. Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

TWIN OAKS COMMUNITY. Walden Two-inspired, handcrafts, beautiful rope HAMMOCKS. Brochure available. Dept. S-1, Louisa, Virginia 23093.

"FIGHT CRIME-PUNCH A POLITICIAN TODAY." This and three other prize-winning, full-size, full-color posters. $2.50 each. John Armor, 6106 Chinquapin Parkway, Baltimore, Maryland 21239.

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POSTERS OF PAST-1,000. Catalogue 25¢. Pioneer, Harriman, Tennessee 37748.

ENCOUNTER AIDS. Free information. Uniquity, Box 990-S914, Venice, California 90291.

ORGANIC TREE SERVICE—Total tree care. All work by organic method. Your tree's health depends on you. Call 212-UN 1-8343.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc., 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

THIS UNDYING QUEST, a book of poems, by Grant Hyde Code. $5.00. Stanton & Lee, Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, 620 Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts 02144.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. August 16th to August 30th. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature. Bread Loaf, Box 204, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

SITUATIONS WANTED

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

CAMP-SCHOOL REPRESENTATIVE. Contacts, experienced M.A., California based. Box G-610.

CARPENTER, experienced, tools, seeks half-day work arrangement. Box G-718.

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DARTMOUTH FRESHMAN COED. language major, seeks summer position caring for children of vacationing family; East, Europe. Box H-101.

MOTHER'S HELPER—College student, loves children, seeks position 6/5-9/15 living with family, traveling, summer home. References. Box G-792.

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER (Protestant) seeks full-time position or part-time with additional employment opportunities. Male, 48 years, degrees, 26 years' experience. Box G-750.

ADVENTUROUS, CREATIVE, YOUNG WOMAN, experienced teacher, seeks governess position with family traveling abroad, July-August. 367 Harvard Street #3, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

MULTILINGUIST GENTLEMAN offering service as personal assistant, will travel. Box G-785.

LIBRARY TECHNICIAN. Experienced. Full charge qualifications. Northwest or overseas preferred. Box G-761.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS—Minimum age 20, established boys' camp Berkshire Mountains, Massachusetts; Arts & Crafts, Riflery, Scuba, Typist. Write Camp Lenox, 37 Wood Valley Lane, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

OVERSEAS JOBS DIRECTORY. High pay. Adventure. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS throughout the country seek teachers with teaching experience and independent school background. Excellent references are essential. The majority of vacancies currently listed are in the fields of math, science, languages and elementary education; also a number of vacancies for school Business Managers and Development Directors. If you are seeking professional growth and/or a change in geographic location, please let us help you. Some fee-paid positions. Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

SUMMER JOBS—Over 100,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. (Also foreign teaching.) Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $7.00. Special—rush $5.00 now for new 1972 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 50¢ regular mail, add $1.50 first class.)

TEACHING POSITIONS In Foreign Countries. New 100 page guide contains information about organizations seeking teachers. Includes requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. Guaranteed satisfaction. Special price $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K4, Ames, Iowa 50010.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706R2, Orinda, California 94563.

RECENT WIDOW, living alone in midtown Manhattan, requires a "live in" qualified housekeeper with references. Box F-997.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, Ranching, Maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925). Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

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(Continued on page 90)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 89)

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS wanted for part-time child-care of two three-year-olds, and some housework July, August. Your own fully equipped cottage by Vermont lake, plus hourly wages. Box G-786.

SPEECH, HEARING, Developmental Language Pathologist. Elementary, secondary program. Background, audiometric assessments, group counseling. ASHA/CCC pending. Contact Mr. Harold S. Kenney, New Canaan Public Schools, 156 South Avenue, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840.

TEACHER POSITIONS—Sidwell Friends Middle School, Washington, D.C. For experienced open classroom, Math, Science teachers. (Students age 10-14.) Resume Frank Barger, 3825 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., D.C. 20016.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, all appliances. Living and dining rooms are 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN (Vermont) Estate—33 acres, 2,000' lake frontage, extensive landscaping, private roads. Rambling main residence overlooks lake. Charming guest house, gate house, other buildings. Will consider dividing. $310,000. Lang Associates, Realtors, Burlington, Vermont 05401. 802-864-0541.

POCONOS—Dream house, beautiful setting, 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, modern kitchen, deck, stream, pond. 6 acres woodland. Box 50, Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania 18335. 717-421-8697.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

For Rent

HORSE PEOPLE & COUNTRY LOVERS—Intact 1840 Colonial, renovated with charm. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 living rooms, each with fireplace. Country kitchen plus full dining room. 150 acres. 3 stocked ponds. Outdoor ring and miles of private horse trails. 2 hours midtown NYC, near Stone Ridge. Rental $400 month unfurnished. 914-687-9166.

For Rent—Furnished

TENNIS ANYONE? You don't need to seek out congenial singles, doubles, or mixed doubles partners at Mattakesett. From your first day, we'll match the game of your choice . . . no first week of watchful waiting to find the right playing friends. Membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (6 fast drying clay courts, one all-weather court) is automatic for owners and renters of the private homes on the Mattakesett property. Renters (minimum of one week) have use of a heated swimming pool, bicycles, sailboats and clamming equipment. For the youngsters, there's a recreational program. Mattakesett homes include 3 bedrooms, 2½ bathrooms, superb furnishings, all appliances, washer, dryer, heating, fireplace, linens, and optional maid service. Miles of unspoiled sandy beach are adjacent to the property where each home has an ocean view of Edgartown Bay and South Beach. Limited available weeks. Early reservations are recommended. Telephone Ron Thompson, Manager, 617-443-9922, or write to him c/o Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-68, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

PROVENCE, near Avignon. Large, ancient, beautiful house, charming village. Completely furnished. Bechstein grand. Available June by month or year. 714-626-0404; 626-8511, Ext. 3266.

CAREFUL TENANTS for attractive 3-bedroom redwood house, on Mendocino coast, California. $110 week, summer; $200 monthly September-June. Box G-768.

FRANCE, ROYAN—4 bedrooms. Beaches, forests, language center. September-July. $175 month includes utilities. Johnson, 16 rue Orchidees. Paris (13°).

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

TOURAINE: Chatelain rents converted farmhouse 200 km Paris. 3 bedrooms, baths, kitchen, study, large salon, working fireplaces, central heating. Barn could be studio or garage. $3,500 per annum. Write B.P. 13, 41 St. Amand-Longpre, France.

VACATION RETREAT—Modern house, 140 acres woodland, mountain meadow. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, all appliances. Swim, fish in Battenkill. Superb view from sundeck. Manchester, 16 miles, Saratoga Springs, 34 miles. First time offered. $1,000 month. All utilities. Contact Jerome Wright, Cambridge, N.Y. 518-677-2784.

For Summer Rental

SUMMER RENTAL-COLORADO—Completely furnished deluxe cabin, silverware, linens, etc. 8,750 feet high, 22 miles north of Durango in heart of San Juan National Forest. Fishing, riding close by. Sleeps 5, 2 full sized baths, fireplace, all utilities. Write for details. Specify time wanted. By week or month. Write Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 West Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky 40202. Phone 502-583-3816.

LONDONDERRY, VERMONT—Secluded 3 story A-frame. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, electric kitchen. Near swimming, golf, tennis, theatre, shopping. $175 week, $600 month. Available June, July, September. Allen, 5M, 333 East 30th, NYC, 10016.

WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT. Large cedar, woodsy house, river, back road, quiet. Call 203-868-2162.

UNIQUE VERMONT RETREAT in 3,500 acre wildlife sanctuary. Luxurious house in beautiful mountain setting. 4-bedroom suites, game room, spring-fed ponds, miles of wooded trails, golf courses nearby. July through September, $3,500. Patricia McDonald, Lang Associates, Realtors, Burlington, Vermont 05401. 802-864-0541.

SAN FRANCISCO—RUSSIAN HILL. Architect's published home. Best location. 5 bedrooms, decks, roof garden. June, $1,000. SR Box G-765.

SOUTHERN VERMONT COTTAGE—Sleeps 2+. Stream. $80 weekly. Box G-754.

POPHAM BEACH, MAINE—Oceanfront cottage. Sandy beach. Fireplace. Electric kitchen. Available July. SR Box G-784.

N.C. MOUNTAINS—Country estate, cool nights, warm days, magnificent views from mountainside. For July rental, completely furnished, while family travels. 8 rooms, 3½ baths, plus extra apartment or maid's quarters. Riding trails on estate of 240 acres, also tennis, swimming, golf nearby. Responsible principals negotiate direct with owners. Box G-775.

WHITINGHAM, VERMONT—Hilltop farmhouse, piano. Near swimming, riding, Marlboro. $100 week. SR Box G-783.

HOUSE IN WOODS—Fireplace, golf, swimming. Modern conveniences. 2 hours from NYC. Tel. 914-583-6006.

SECLUDED MOUNTAIN CHALET—View Franconia Notch, N.H. 4 bedrooms, fireplaces. Reasonable. Box G-762.

VERMONT—Cottage, 3 large bedrooms, 3 baths, living-dining room, fireplace, kitchen. Tennis on premises. Two championship golf courses, two lakes, all nearby. $200 weekly. Orla Larsen, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

BERKSHIRES—Charming 3-bedroom, fireplace, rowboat. July 1st-August 14th, $1,200. 313-769-2496.

NEAR WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—Charming 5-bedroom lakeside cottage. Private dock, 3 boats. $125 weekly. Young, Old Winter, Lincoln, Massachusetts 01773.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER HOME on private lake. Sleeps 3. Swimming, fishing, boat. $125 weekly. Box G-791.

HOUSES/APARTMENTS

For Sale/Rent

MOVING TO METROPOLITAN ST. LOUIS? University City is an exciting place to live. Central suburban location. Nationally recognized schools and universities. Cosmopolitan integrated community of 48,000. Outstanding city services. 13 parks, golf course, indoor-outdoor pools, new library. Contact University City Residential Service, 7515 Melrose, University City, Missouri 63130. 314-726-0668. A FREE service.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

FAMILY OF 8 looking for summer location in northern U.S. Father wants house on a lake, mother wants a ballet class nearby. June 15th-July 15th. GPO Box 4043, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00936.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

RENT-FREE VACATIONS. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED modern apartment overlooking gothic cathedral. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Heart of Valencia, Spain. $350 monthly. Photos available. Morris, 235 Hillgreen Place, Arcadia, California 91006.

For Rent—Semifurnished

NYACK, N.Y.—3½-room, river view. $250 including utilities. SR Box G-658.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN, off Park Avenue. 3½ rooms. Mature adult only. June-September. 212-SA 2-2606. 8:00-10:00 a.m./p.m.

BERKELEY. Reduced. $210. New 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Close to University, theatres, buses. Kalmar, 2034 Blake, Berkeley, 94704. 415-849-4770.

MANHATTAN—West side. 2 bedrooms, Steinway. Doorman. 6/1-9/30. 212-864-6892.

NYC-CHELSEA—4 rooms, a/c, June-October, $350. 212-884-3100, SR Box G-794.

APARTMENT WANTED

To Buy

PARIS-ENVIRONS. pied-a-terre, cooperative building. Send details. Box G-770.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating, Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla, Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Water view site. Protected, private. Uncommonly lovely. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-9712.

UP-COUNTRY PROPERTY—profits and pitfalls. Full details in the Spring/Summer "Yankee Guide to the New England Countryside," on newsstands now or send $2.00 to Yankee, P.O. Box 5, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, SR, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. AD4762.

MID-VERMONT. Charming, restored revolutionary home, barn, lodge, etc. Secluded 100 mountainside acres. Magnificent view. $149,000. Owner. 914-949-3787.

IDEAL 5-ACRE RANCH, Lake Conchas, New Mexico. $2,975. No down, no interest, $25.00 monthly. Vacation paradise. Money maker. Ranchos, Box 1095S, Alameda, California 94501.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT—Land, Homes, Farms. Ueland-Nichols Real Estate, Woodstock, Vermont 05091. Member of RealNet. 802-457-1322.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 905-B, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP, North Rumford, Maine 04278. Farm/wilderness living. Coed 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, history.

INNOVATIVE SUMMER COMMUNITY—Coed, 15-18. Challenging ecological and work projects. Spontaneous outdoor activities and fun! Northern Michigan. Innisfree Project, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Investigate Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. 26th summer. Unregimented ranch/travel program. Boys, girls 13-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra), 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find Out! Brochure! Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

SUGAR MOUNTAIN MUSIC CAMP—Blueridge Mountains of North Carolina. Almost entire staff from Sun Valley Music Camp, Sun Valley, Idaho. In beautiful new location. Write: Dept. R, P.O. Box 6111, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

HEART'S BEND—A real back to nature farm camp in lovely Vermont. Accepting 15 children. Run by educators. 6 weeks, $650. N. Lynn, Director. 802-365-7616.

WOOLMAN HILL, SUMMER PROJECT, Deerfield, Massachusetts 01342. Crafts, organic farming, rural skills. Coed, 14-16.

SUBTROPICAL RANCHO RUIDOSO. Kids, 10-15. Horses, pool, Gulf trips, old Mexico. Route 1, Box 1755, McAllen, Texas 78501.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE. Cottage colony in towering pines. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Breakfast and dinner included. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

YOU'LL FIND WILD RICE PANCAKES south of Canada. Shingwauk Village . . . for that northern Minnesota vacation on your mind. Everything that's special about northern Minnesota is Shingwauk Village . . . from a crystal lake to "wild rice pancakes" . . . great fishing . . . swimming pool . . . golf . . . supervised children's activities . . nonhousekeeping cottages . . . hearty home cooking. Vacation on your mind? Check the map, you'll find northern Minnesota just South Of Canada . . . right in the middle of: Shingwauk Village, Box 37, Aitkin, Minnesota 56431.

UP-COUNTRY FARM VACATIONS. Details and prices in the Spring/Summer "Yankee Guide to the New England Countryside," now on newsstands or send $2.00 to Yankee, P.O. Box 5, Dublin, N.H. 03444.

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W.I. Vacation villa beautifully furnished. Private beach, large pool, lighted tennis court, 4 bedrooms, each with own bath, for eight persons. Staff of 4 with best chef on the island. Weekly $650, April 15th to December 15th. Write SR Box G-588.

HELLO FROM CHANTERWOOD! Reserve now your favorite cabin or cottage especially for busy Tanglewood weeks. Lakeside location, deep woods, fine food. Hi-Fi outdoor concerts, tennis, ideal swimming and boating on two connected lakes, other sports. Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $14, doubles $27 daily EP. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from July 1st. Bar. Open April-September. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

VACATIONS

LITTLE DIX BAY, VIRGIN GORDA. British Virgin Islands. There is still a place where you can enjoy true peace, relaxation and an utterly unspoiled environment, combined with the quiet luxury of fine resort living.

AT LITTLE DIX BAY, nature's on your side and so are we. Around a crescent bay, green mountains sweep down to a powdery white sand beach and turquoise, transparent waters. Accommodations are secluded, informal yet supremely comfortable: cone-topped cottages, or spacious rooms with patios and gorgeous views. From the main pavilion, see pelicans diving and the Caribbean gold of the sunsets.

ALL WATER SPORTS—use of sailboats, snorkel masks, fins, water skis, and water taxis to nearby cays and beaches—are free: included in our rates. So is tennis. The snorkeling and scuba-diving are among the finest in the world.

THE CLIMATE IS FANTASTIC: sunny, beautiful, cooled year round by the trade winds. With our lower summer rates, May 1st-November 1st, we get $35 per day per person double, including all meals. For a brochure or reservations see your travel agent, or call or write Resort Representation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel. 212-245-8055; Chicago 312-372-4489; Washington, D.C., 202-347-4951; represented in the West by Glen W. Fawcett.

OPERATED BY Rockresorts, Inc.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM — Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

VERMONT. Luxury resort and condominiums on scenic hillside. 9 hole golf, heated pool, championship tennis, fishing. Low May, June rates. Fox Run, Box O-SR, Ludlow, Vermont 05149. 802-228-8101.

RELAX IN SAN FRANCISCO? Yes! At Cecil Hotel, 1 block from Union Square. Courtesy coffee, sundeck, ping-pong, enclosed pool nearby. Family rates. Write for brochure, 545 Post Street, San Francisco, 94102. 415-673-3733.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE. informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

NEW MEXICO RANCH RESORT—Bring the children to one of America's finest ranch resorts located just 5 minutes from historic Santa Fe. Enjoy the clean, invigorating mountain air and the wholesome activities supervised by trained counselors. Riding, swimming, fishing, golf, tennis, trap and skeet shooting, pack trips and cookouts. Fascinating shops, art colony and world famous opera in nearby Santa Fe. Excellent food and accommodations. Special Holiday Package including daily horseback riding available. For complete information and reservations, contact James R. Thorpe, Manager, The Bishop's Lodge, Box 2367-R, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501. Telephone 505-983-6378.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

SUNNY BARBADOS—At half price during Summer and Fall! Comfortably cooled by Trade Winds on the sparkling Southeast coast; sand beach. 1- and 2-bedroom guest houses, tastefully furnished, maid-cook included. $80-$125 May through November. $150-$300, December through April. Susan D. Moran, 12811 Three Sisters Road, Potomac, Maryland 20854.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn, motel, efficiency apartments on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

PROSPECT HOUSE RESORT HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $84-$132 weekly. Charles Baker, Host. Reservations suggested. Write: FOLDER, Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

(Continued on page 92)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 91)

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal rental. Also for summer months. $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Write SR Box G-433.

A COOL, CLEAN TEN MILES AT SEA . . . serene island, quiet, fourteen-guest inn, June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotelitis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling trade winds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded LAMBERT'S COVE INN. Pines, gardens, meadows. Delicious food. Walk to beach. May-October. RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

FABULOUS MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA efficiency apartments near Naples-on-the-Gulf. Furnished, garden-type, air conditioned, kitchenette, cablevision, pool. At 3 mile beach. Excellent fishing, golf, tennis, shelling, restaurants, stores. Only $80 weekly, $270 monthly (4 weeks). Contact Norman Myers, Box 906, Burlington, Vermont. Tel. 802-862-5757 or 802-864-4100.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

YOUR OWN PRIVATE FLOATING VILLA. Aquavilla is a new resort in Eleuthera Bahamas, where each couple gets a spacious private suite of rooms floating atop crystal clear Bahamian waters. Complete water sports center, brand new tennis court, and The Captain's Table restaurant. And all for about half what you'd spend at other island resorts. See your travel agent or write our reservations office: Aquavilla Reservations, Box N7535, Nassau, Bahamas.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Advance reservations recommended for August. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

NEW SWISS CHALETS, completely furnished, electric kitchen, carpeted, 2 bedrooms, full bath, fireplace, beautiful view. Week, month. Alpina, RFD, Wallingford, Vermont 05773. 802-446-2754.

VACATIONS

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet hillside facing Mt. Washington. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $80 up weekly including your choice of 2 or 3 meals daily. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Dept. 6, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

WHAT MAKES ME GREAT? The scent of pine, a breeze from the sea, a beauty spot 'neath friendly mountains. This is a gracious summer resort with sumptuous food. June 18th-September 18th. Asticou Inn, Northeast Harbor, Maine 04662.

BEACH PLUM INN, Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea. Beautiful accommodations, superb food, American Plan. All sports. $21-$31 daily per person. May 26th-September 25th. 617-645-9454.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

ECONOMIZE IN SAN JUAN—Modern apartment, beautiful beach. Lindner, P.O. Box 126, Tuckahoe, N.Y. 10707.

N.C. SMOKIES—Spend your vacation in a cottage in a secluded valley near Highway 19. All modern conveniences. Reasonable at $65 a week. Write: Cottage, Box 2235, Station A, Charleston, S.C. 29403.

SUITS-US FARM—Parents and children love it! Animals, pony and hay rides. Bonfires, fishing, heated pool. Tennis. Also, golf, auctions, antiques nearby. Private bath available. Brochure. Bovina Center, 3, N.Y. 607-832-4369. Always hot coffeepot.

ELK COVE INN on Mendocino coast. Private beach. Continental food. Box 367, Elk, California 95432. Phone 707-877-2641.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

CARIBBEAN—An intimate inn. Mary's Boon on Juliana Beach, St. Maarten. P.O. Box 278-A, Philipsburg.

WYOMING—Log houses. High, wild, cool, mountains, forested, real rough ranch. Also spaces for camping. Send $2.00 for photos. Rogers, Fletcher Park Route, Wheatland, Wyoming 82201.

DON'T MAKE PLANS for a summer vacation till you've read "Discover More Than an Island." It tells how you can enjoy a life of luxurious ease at a magnificent Resort-Estate—on a secluded tropical island with golf, tennis and ¼-mile beach. For your copy, write Dept. E, The Key Biscayne Hotel & Villas, Key Biscayne, Miami, Florida 33149.

ESCAPE INTO YESTERDAY, where once was heard the padded footfalls of Indian Braves, splashing paddles and carefree songs of rugged voyageurs. Glide through silvery waters on a mighty inland ocean. Experience firsthand wilderness primeval. Touch the pages of a historic past and leave your own footprints amongst the sands of time. Relive the promise that was your destiny. Rub shoulders with a yesterday, a nineteenth century experience, both primitive and luxurious. Write Wilderness Adventure Cruise, Venture Manitoba Tours, Winnipeg, R3C 2Z6, Canada.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Beauty, history, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, air conditioning. 802-247-5766. Write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 206, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

VACATIONS

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

COLONIAL ATMOSPHERE RESORT on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

UNCROWDED, UNSPOILED, WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont, U.S. 7.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

A COUNTRY INN . . . if there ever was one. Claremont Hotel, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 31st-August 11th, 1972. At York University's Centre for Continuing Education. Fifteen novelists, poets and playwrights including Hugh Garner, Tom Hendry and John Colombo will conduct seminars. Write: Writers' Workshop, 2275 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

CONFERENCE CENTER, Berkshires. Available for small groups. Weekends or longer. All facilities including meals. Inviting informality; tennis, swimming. Box 88, Hancock, Massachusetts 01237. 413-738-5032.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Ceramics, weaving, sculpture. Brochure (SR). Brant Lakes Art Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES FOR EDUCATORS. Summer 1972. Graduate and undergraduate credit programs in Europe, U.S.S.R., England, Israel, New Zealand and Africa covering elementary and secondary subjects. Information: Dr. Frank Klassen, American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BRITISH THEATRE. Summer 1972. Plays, workshops, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. $1,195 pays all. Write: Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

MEXICO PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS. Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Cuernavaca, Oaxaca. Brochure. Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, INTERNATIONAL Summer Schools, July 1st-22nd, Oxford, St. Peter's College "Shakespeare in His Age." July 8th-29th Cambridge, Caius College, "Modern Britain" (Economy, Politics, Education). July 29th-August 19th Cambridge, Caius College, "Modern English Literature and Drama." Lecturers include senior members of Oxford and Cambridge University. All ages may apply. Lectures, room and board at the college. Excursions, parties, dances. Write: Mrs. Pat Simpson, 560 2nd Street, (OR), Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

CASTALIA—Summer Seminar in Italian Switzerland. July 24th-August 31st. Study Jung and Hesse, Comparative Religion, Mythology, and Humanistic Psychology with internationally known scholars. Also, participate in drama, yoga, group process, and filmmaking. Excursions to Florence, Zurich, Basel, and Salzburg. Magnificent setting. $1,375 includes everything. Credit possible. Write: CASTALIA, 29 Hubbard Drive, White Plains, New York 10605.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute, SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Collma, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

LONDON THEATRE WORKSHOP, 1972. Exciting vacation/study at Imperial College of London University. Theatre, Action Seminars, Cinema. Students and non-students. $545. July 29th-August 26th. Box 7124, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53213.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

ART IN ROME. Tyler School of Art of Temple University offers both summer session and graduate or junior year or semester abroad. Fully equipped studios on the Tiber near Spanish Steps. Painting, print making, sculpture, art history. Contact: Rome, Box 2910, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19126.

AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND. Leysin American School for University Preparatory Studies. International Environment. Coeducational, grades 9-12, boarding, 200 boys and girls. Experienced, qualified U.S./international staff, teacher-pupil ratio 1:10. Solid academic program, advanced placement, PSSC Physics, Chemstud, BSCS Biology; strong Mathematics, Foreign Languages. Curriculum related European tours. Alpine and winter sports. Excellent college admissions record. Affiliated with the American College of Switzerland. Write: Leysin American School, 1854-T Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street New York, 10017.

FILM AND PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP—Create within the context of Norden Fjord World University. Complete living and working facilities. Write: PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

STUDIES ABROAD

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 21 years' experience. Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

PRAESTEGAARDEN FOTOSKOLE—A unique setting for study and realization in cinema and photography. Summer and Winter program openings. Praestegaarden Fotoskole, Klim Strand, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

FLEMING COLLEGE, FLORENCE—American, two-year coeducational, A.A. degree-granting college offers courses in languages, fine arts, drama, film, English, literature, math, science, history and government. Based in Florence, Italy. Outstanding faculty. Residence on or off campus. Research trips, two-week stay in European homes, and exploration of Italy give an international dimension to all studies. Incorporates interim, pre-college year offering concentration in any of above areas. Contact: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021.

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EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

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NEW YORK CITY. HOTEL BEDFORD. 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure. 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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CIRCUS! HURRY! HURRY! Become a Rigger, Performer. Concessionaire. Small, coed teenage groups work, entertain, travel with professional circus in Montana, Canada. Also includes rafting, horseback riding, camping. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC, 10024.

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LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

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THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY: Participate in the excavation of a 16th century wreck off the coast of Bermuda, August 1st-21st; cost $1,275 plus air fare; scuba certificate required. Survey and excavate the port of Sparta on the coast of Greece, August 8th-29th; cost $1,175 plus air fare. Write Educational Expeditions International, 68 Leonard Street, SR3, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178.

AFRICA-PYGMIES, Zulus, Swazi safari. August 15th. $2.550.

NEPAL-EVEREST deluxe trek. November 15th. CAPERS 400 CLUB, 960 Larrabee, Los Angeles, 90069.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1988

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Am. sculptor (1830-1910; "Indian Hunter", "Freedman"; first and last names)	38 75 129 144 209 7 21 56
B. *Shortened*	58 72 136 157 182 69 99 103 115 126 150
C. Fashionable health and holiday resort of Gloucestershire, England	155 174 190 13 27 35 64 151 203 19
D. Christopher Morley novel (2 wds.)	142 161 180 1 74 102 119 200 149 28
E. Stuff and nonsense, applesauce (comp.)	83 105 121 145 199 3 172 185 207 71 43 55
F. Beyond one's power	175 39 85 100 123 196 15 50 66 152 189 80 111
G. Sydney is its capital (3 wds.)	114 135 146 177 194 168 188 30 54 67 92 101 128
H. Carped at	134 156 204 6 18 62
I. Play by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston (2 wds.)	70 84 139 163 9 26 124 160 181 20
J. Kern-Harbach song from "Roberta"	93 96 11 29 61 127 170 210 107
K. "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds, / That sees into ___ my grief?" asks Juliet. (3 wds.)	16 41 73 198 23 33 45 108 166 120 179
L. "The daughter of Zion is left . . . as a lodge ___ of cucumbers." (3 wds., Isaiah 1:8)	197 8 31 51 87 138 186 206 25
M. Corresponded; was equal to	104 130 36 122 184 79 117
N. 3 wds. after *the*: date in 1775 when Dawes, Prescott, and Revere made their famous ride	137 81 132 60 91 113 154 169 98 2 147 193 208 176 5 14 106
O. Renunciation	40 78 94 192 201 133 90 112 140 187 59
P. Estonian city on the Gulf of Finland	76 37 88 125 47
Q. Legendary spirit of the sea (2 wds.)	65 143 158 183 49 4 32 89 48
R. Gave as due or merited	53 118 165 202 110 159 77
S. Brassicaceous herb, *Camelina sativa* (3 wds)	205 171 17 131 167 109 86 57 82 12 52 148 24 22
T. Daughter of Zeus; goddess of evil, infatuation, and mischief	10 162 191
U. County town of Argyllshire, Scotland	178 97 153 116 68 42 195 63 211
V. County town of Norfolk, England	95 164 141 46 44 173 34

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 V	2 C	3 O		4 B	5 E	6 K	7 N	8 Z^2		9 Z^2	10 L	11 C	12 Q		13 Z	14 H
	15 W	16 P	17 B	18 E	19 F	20 D		21 Z^1	22 I	23 F	24 K		25 S	26 Z^1		27 M	28 P	29 Z
30 Y		31 Y		32 S	33 Y	34 B	–	35 F	36 P	37 U		38 X	39 V	40 C	41 J	42 I	43 Z^2	44 D
45 R		46 F	47 L	48 H	49 Z^1	50 O	51 R		52 Y	53 G	54 Q		55 K	56 I	57 X	58 A	59 D	60 P
61 J		62 V	63 S	64 L	65 T	66 Y	67 P	68 U	69 A		70 B	71 Y		72 A	73 O	74 I		75 S
76 Z^1	77 T	78 H	79 X	80 V	81 G		82 K	83 W		84 R	85 L	86 Z^2	87 P	88 S		89 R	90 N	91 D
92 X	93 E	94 Z^2		95 B	96 M	97 Z^1		98 G	99 B	100 W		101 U	102 R	103 K	104 Y	105 T		106 N
107 Z	108 V		109 U	110 G	111 B	112 E		113 H	114 W	115 O	116 I	117 P	118 M	119 B	120 K	121 Z		122 M
123 Y		124 W	125 R	126 O	127 V	128 K	129 Z^1	130 Q	131 T	132 U		133 B	134 Z^2	135 Z^1		136 Z^2	137 N	138 G
139 F	140 Z	141 P		142 Z	143 F	144 O	145 H	146 B		147 X	148 V	149 E	150 N	151 Z^1		152 Y	153 Q	154 I
	155 S	156 M		157 H	158 R	159 B	160 A		161 Z^1	162 W		163 A	164 X	165 F		166 J	167 G	168 Y
169 K		170 O	171 M	172 Z		173 Z	174 K	175 Q	176 C	177 X	178 T	179 I	180 P		181 Q	182 K	183 E	184 Z^1
185 D		186 S	187 W	188 O	189 U	190 F	191 T		192 Z	193 J	194 X	195 M		196 H	197 C	198 T		199 Y
200 I	201 E		202 U	203 Z^2		204 S	205 D	206 Y		207 B	208 J	209 Y	210 P	211 F	212 I		213 C	214 W
215 M	216 K	217 Z^2	218 Q	219 E	220 V	221 G		222 N	223 D	224 S		225 F	226 O	227 A	228 L	229 B		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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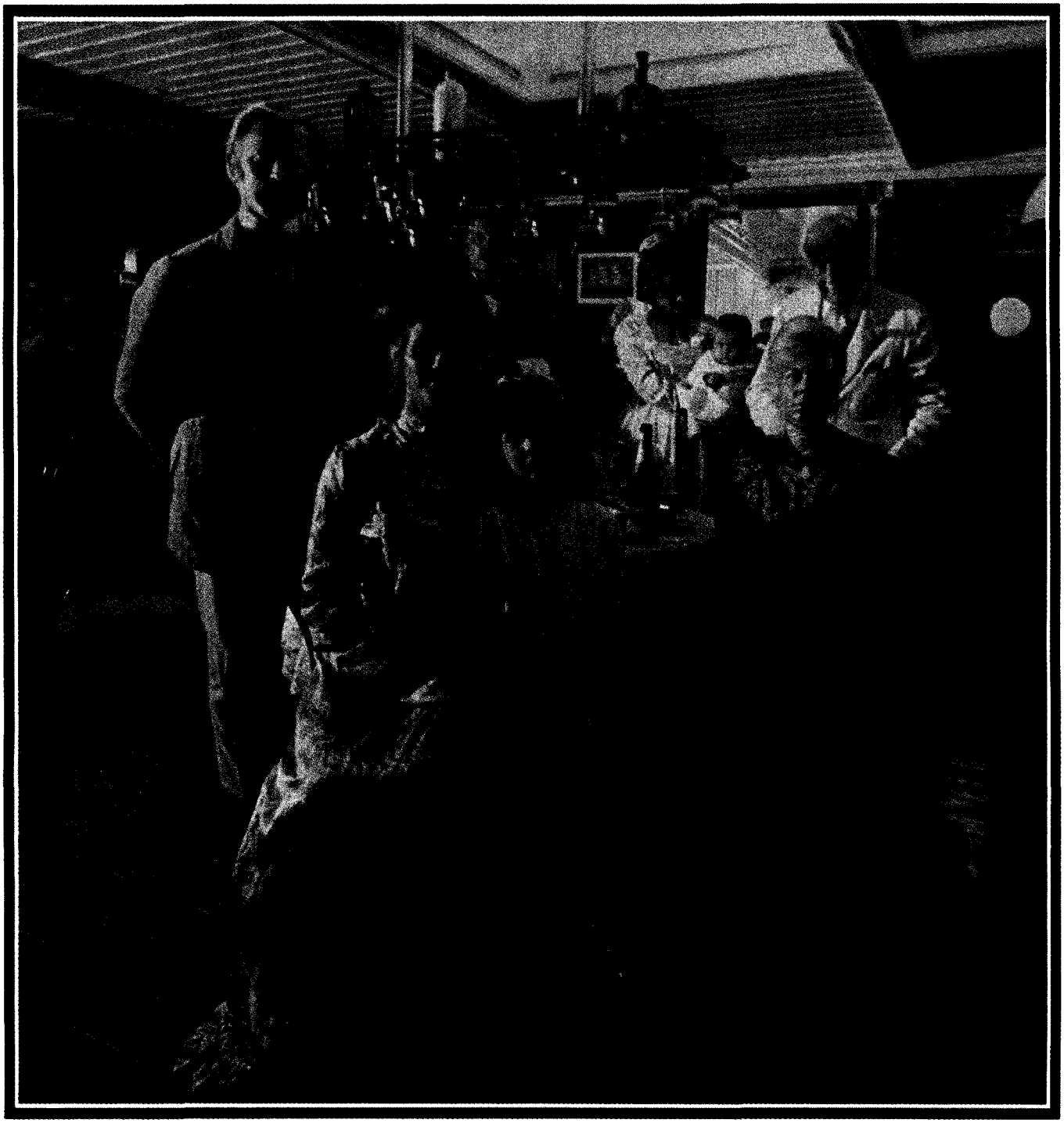

It was Deauville, Monte Carlo, The Grand Tour, and Mumm was the word.

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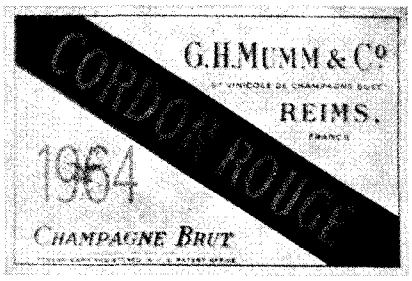

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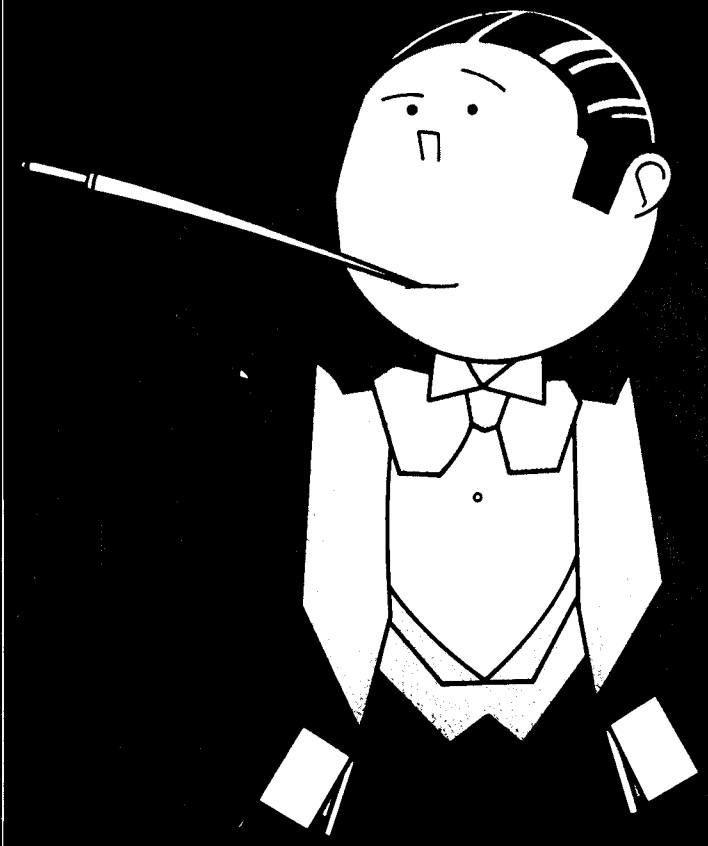

The cigarette holder then.

The cigarette holder now.

It works like a cigarette holder works.

PARLIAMENT
RECESSED FILTER WITH CHARCOAL
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

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